Vol. LXXVII. No. 3 March 1925

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Illustrated

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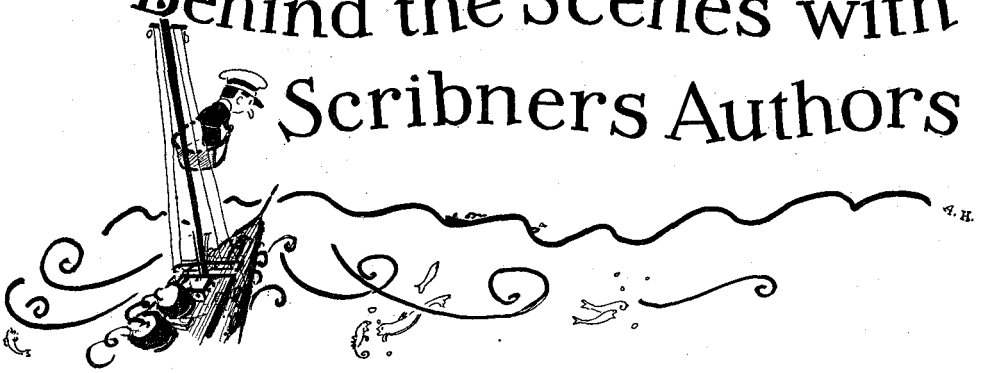
Behind the Scenes with Scribners Authors



FOR once we are allowing ourselves to be betrayed into dogmatic statement. And the statement is this: *the most encouraging characteristic of this age is its restlessness.*

If this be heresy, make the most of it!

Rank Schism

This quality, to which the graybeards attribute all the evils of our present civilization, is the very essence of life. Whatever progress this staggering old planet has achieved is due to it; the poignant and beautiful books and pictures and music and sculpture have come out of an inner restlessness which would not be stilled until it attained release and expression. And restlessness is innocent of that greatest evil of all, stagnation.

President Hopkins of Dartmouth in an address recently made before Harvard students spoke of the educated man:

> Such a man must have been humble in the presence of great minds and great souls, must have been simple in contacts with his fellows, and must have been indefatigable in his desire to cultivate and to maintain the power of his mind and to accumulate that knowledge which makes up the data of accurate reasoning.

Are You Educated?

If for "simple," we substitute "transparent," we should be surprisingly near the title and the idea of George Sarton's essay in this number. Doctor Sarton, as he said in a recent letter to Michael Pupin, is the only person in the world who makes his living by the study of the history of science. He is editor of *Isis*, an international quarterly devoted to the history of science and civilization. The publication of the magazine in Brussels was halted by the German invasion, and Doctor Sarton, a native Belgian, came to this country. Now he spends much of his time in the Harvard Library. As for his essay in this number, we can characterize it in a phrase as a philosophy of life in six pages.

For those who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, and sensitive fingers to touch, restlessness comes as a matter of course. It is an eagerness to experience and to understand, demanding the full use of all our powers.

The Devil's Advocate Quotes Scripture

We refer those men of the church who salve their own consciences by bewailing the tendencies of the present age to the parable of the talents. For we are unprofitable servants who bury our talent in isolation from the world, in self-satisfaction, in fear of becoming spotted by contact with the naughty people about us. We never knew anyone to obtain anything by sleeping. Now, if the morticians of modern civilization had said "aimlessness" that would be something else again.

* * *

Simple and indefatigable, says Doctor Hopkins. The educated man is restless, but he doesn't bruit his learning abroad, nor make his restlessness a pose. And the educated man rarely becomes an evangelist.

He affects the world by example, and not by posing as an example. The carpers had better talk of lack of balance and lack of real education, which is driving the restless to seek release in externals, continuous movement and action without thought.

> The educated man is a man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of the word in all the affairs of his life.

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We quote this time from Ramsay MacDonald, the doughty Scot, who is not a university man save by adoption. The former Premier has come closer to a definition than most of the academicians.

Our transient grant of life is short. Not by wasting it in inconsequential things, not by accepting things as they are and remaining in our own particular little rut, hoping that something will turn up to lift us out and shove us into the place where we wish to be, can we hope to find any satisfaction.

There is much talk of art in the abstract. Even those who do not understand it, respect it. But there is not enough respect for the art of living. There is more talk of vocations and lines of work, but none at all of the vocation of living. What use is the detail if the whole is worthless? What use is work as such? What satisfaction in grubbing away from day to day in an office if it is not leading to some end? What use the amassing of money if there is nothing to do with it?

Wanted: Propaganda for the Art of Living

And what use is there of living in a country such as this if no effort is made to grasp its significance, its relation to the rest of the world, its connection with the past, its place in the future?

It seems to us that a yawning abyss is left in present-day writing between the Scylla of the optimists and the takers-for-granted, on the one side, and the Charybdis of the pessimists and the damners of everything regardless, on the other. The Scyllies devote their whole effort to justifying things as they are and to glorifying them to heroic proportions. They shout from the housetops that this is the greatest country in the world without doing anything to make it so. And one soon grows weary of their superlatives and their pitiable defenses and their myths.

The Charrions probably got that way from being megaphoned at so long by the Scyllies. They derive their satisfaction from trotting out their superiority complex for an airing upon any or no occasion. They get the greatest joy from their hates. They are much more necessary than the Scyllies. And America is becoming more grateful for their barks, because in the last century the opticians who dispensed rose-tinted spectacles had the monopoly.

Between the Devil and the True Blue Booster

Between the two extremes there is a course which is rarely charted. And we take pleasure in presenting one of the few who sail the channel. He is Struthers Burt, and in his essay, "The Epic Note," he shows the modern attitude toward life. "We live in as gallant, desperate, gorgeous, and uncomfortable age as the world has ever seen," he says. But he also sees hope for the poor old human race and especially for America. "I think there is nothing like the physical beauty of America. And it is a fairly hopeful place. Any land having such beauty is bound to be."

There's Hope for the Old Boy Yet

We also note with a deprecating gesture that the moving picture which the Associated First National Pictures is making out of "The Interpreter's House," that successful first novel of his, is to be called "I Want My Man."

John Hays Hammond links up the West of yesterday with the America of to-day. His is the ability to tell a thrilling tale of adventure and the greater ability to see the significance of it. He sleeps with a murderer in Arizona, and discovers the significance of it in South Africa. His first paper on "Strong Men of the Wild West" appeared last month.

About the time the West was coming into prominence the South was going under a cloud. She is just beginning to recover something of her former light, and Gerald W. Johnson has had no small part in that battle to emerge. He was for a time a writer of militant editorials on the Greensboro, N. C., *News*, and is now instructor in journalism at the University of North Carolina, where Judge Winston resides as the Nestor of the undergraduates, as told in the Christmas number of SCRIBNER'S. Much that is derogatory has been said of "the late Confederacy," and Gerald Johnson would not have us don the cap and bells of the optimist. But he does see encouraging signs. And perhaps one of the signs that he does not see, which others do, is the very fact that Johnson himself is not lynched.

He Goes Unlynched

There is a distinctly hopeful note and a pun which we will even excuse in the title of Doctor Guérard's article. His

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contribution this month holds particular interest in view of coming papers by him on our own race problem: "Southern Memories: Sidelights on the Race Problem" and "The Last Taboo," in which, as he says, he "mentions the unmentionable."

Myths are all right if you know they're myths, thinks Caroline E. MacGill, and she discusses some of the most potent of the American ones, about which all too little has heretofore been written. These are among the defenses which the Scyllies, referred to above, use.

Myth MacGill

Miss MacGill also contributed an interesting note in the spirited discussion which raged around Leigh Morton's first story, "Mrs. Denton Gets Off," which was published in the May SCRIBNER'S. Miss Morton now brings us another story, "Three Moments," from her Cambridge environment. Although she is a native New Englander, she says she has found it a good atmosphere to get away from—frequently—and a good one to get back to, and she thinks it is not really her element.

She Stirred New England

Coming back to Boston, our attention is directed to another woman who did not sink back into the course of gentility and respectability and self-effacement decreed for New England women. And Isabella Gardner added much to the interest of life in Boston during her lifetime, and did it an inestimable service by leaving to the public her collection of art. Fenway Court was opened for the first time to the public on February 8. Elizabeth Ward Perkins presents an intimate sketch of this remarkable woman and her masterpiece.

Sarah Redington's "Our Asolo" and the pictures which accompany it start the wanderlust in us. We have heard William Lyon Phelps talk about it, and once again we regret having neglected this spot when it was not the shrine of Duse, and spoiled by tourists. We wonder if it can rival the charm which Perugia holds for us. Sarah Redington makes us suspect that we shall have to divide our enthusiasm.

John Erskine's scholarly mien may hide from some the fact that he has a keen and fresh appreciation of beauty. To see him presiding over a meeting of the Poetry Society, one would judge perhaps that he was the author of technically correct verse of classic mould, remote from life and feeling. To all such and to those who already knew of Mr. Erskine's power we point out "Mediterranean" in this number.

A Scholar and —

The takers-for-granted dismiss machines and those who operate the machines as so much grist in the mill of life. It has to be, in order to keep things as they are. But the transition period from the time when man was a craftsman to the time when he released a lever so many times an hour so many hours a day was not accomplished without serious results. The work which Charles S. Myers is doing and which he describes in "Humanizing Industry" is a great one. The attempt to restore interest in the work and pleasanter conditions for labor is one of the most important in forwarding co-operation between capital and labor. The essentially human side of the relationship between the two has been neglected until quite recently and the progress has been almost tragically slow. Doctor Myers is one of the most important psychologists in Great Britain, formerly director of the Psychological Laboratory at Cambridge University and consulting psychologist of the British armies in France.

Humanity: Grist for the Mill

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon wrote "Songs of Unrest," and so, we believe, would agree with us in our major premise concerning restlessness. Her poem in this number would seem to bear us out. And as ultimate proof, she chucked a nine to five job in New York to wander for a year about Europe. We have heard rumors of her journeyings hither and yon. The latest is that she has settled down under the shadow of Notre Dame de Paris to write a novel.

The Story-Tellers

Thomas Boyd's story "Responsibility," in this number, strikes us as one of the best, if not the best, of his tales which have appeared recently in SCRIBNER'S. There is a great deal of significance in this story, and Boyd's whole record of the war is well worth considering before the tom-toms begin to beat for the next fracas.

Luke Thomas is one of the new writers, a son of Augustus Thomas, playwright.

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THE CLUB CORNER

CONTEMPORARY FICTION

Contemporary fiction, and especially the short story, is an interesting study. During the months since the beginning of 1924, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has presented the work of twenty-five fiction writers. This does not take into account "The White Monkey," by John Galsworthy, which ran serially from April until December and, since its appearance in book form, has been breaking records as a best-seller.

The interesting part about these people is that practically all of them are writers who are just beginning to accumulate a literary reputation. They belong to the future. Among them may be noted Henry Meade Williams, son of Jesse Lynch Williams; Louise Saunders, McCready Huston, whose first story appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE in 1923; Sidney Howard, Edward C. Venable, who has been staging a literary renaissance within himself; Edward L. Strater, Clarke Knowlton, and many others.

A LIST OF NEW WRITERS

Specializing in new writers and belonging to no literary clique or school, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is a particularly interesting place to study the progress of the short story. Stories of character, in which the main interest is psychological; stories which depend upon situation for their point; stories in which humor is the chief feature —all these are to be found in the list below, which contains the names of twenty-five authors and their distinctive stories which have appeared in this magazine, beginning with the January, 1924, number.

Blodgett, Ruth Robinson.—"The Curve of Adventure" (September, 1924).

Brooks, George S.—"Pete Retires" (December, 1924).

Boyd, Thomas.—"Rintintin" (April, 1924), "Unadorned" (May, 1924), "Sound Adjutant's Call" (July, 1924), "The Kentucky Boy" (January, 1925), "A Little Gall" (February, 1925), "Responsibility" (this number).

Carstairs, Elizabeth Nail.—"The Rich Man's Son" (November, 1924).

Clark, Valma.—"Service" (October, 1924).

Crawford, Charlotte Holmes.—"The Point of Recoil" (October, 1924).

Crichton, Kyle S.—"For Sale: Med Show" (February, 1925).

Desmond, Shaw.—"Trick o' The Loop" (August, 1924), "Pad and the Mom" (September, 1924).

Dreher, Carl.—"Retrieval" (February, 1924).

Glenn, Isa Urquhart.—"The Coffee Cooler" (November, 1924).

Gould, Frances L.—"Marcus Maddern: Misanthrope" (March, 1924).

Howard, Sidney.—"Such Women as Ellen Steele" (January, 1925).

Huston, McCready.—"Not Poppy—" (May, 1924), "One Night Only" (September, 1924), "Immune" (December, 1924).

Knowlton, Clarke.—"The Apollo D'Oro" (April, 1924).

Macaulay, Ward.—"Smilson" (January, 1924).

Marvin, George.—"Harbin Night's Entertainment" (April, 1924).

Morton, Leigh.—"Mrs. Denton Gets Off" (May, 1924), "Three Moments" (this number).

Saunders, Louise.—"Sentinels" (August, 1924).

Strater, Edward L.—"At Mrs. Hopkins' Elbow" (March, 1924).

Torgerson, Edwin Dial.—"Letters of a Bourgeois Father to His Bolshevik Son" (January, 1925).

Van de Water, Frederic F.—"Three Minutes of Silent Prayer" (December, 1924).

Venable, Edward C.—"Bachelors of Arts" (March, 1924), "Mr. Manton at Sea" (June, 1924).

Welles, Harriet.—"Progress" (June, 1924).

White, Frederick.—"He Could Catch Trout" (October, 1924).

Williams, Henry Meade.—"Tides" (July, 1924).

TRUE AMERICANA

To the American programme which we published last month, we add from this number:

"American Mythology," by Caroline E. MacGill.

"The Epic Note," by Struthers Burt.

"Strong Men of the Wild West," by John Hays Hammond.

"The Battling South," by Gerald W. Johnson.

Doctor Guérard's article in this number is interesting in connection with the study of race and immigration questions. In later numbers Doctor Guérard will have two very pertinent discussions of our own race problem.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS

Any group studying sociology and labor conditions will welcome "Humanizing Industry," by Charles S. Myers, in this number. It is a very interesting account of what agencies in Great Britain are doing to restore interest in work and co-operation between capital and labor.

A NEW CLUB PUBLICATION

The Club Corner has received a copy of the first number of *The American Women's Club Magazine*, published by the American Women's Club in London. Mrs. Curtis Brown is president of the club and editor-in-chief of the magazine, with Mrs. Hal O'Flaherty as assistant editor.

The club has had an interesting history, part of which is retailed in the magazine. Started in 1899 as the Society of American Women in London, it assumed its present name in 1916.

The magazine is interesting in appearance and make-up and, we should say, one of the outstanding publications by a women's club at home or abroad.

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KEEP OUT OF THE APRIL SHOWERS WITH THESE

The radio mind, skill in parking a car, and the "moral blizzard" of Prohibition are some of the features which H. A. L. Fisher discovered when he came to America recently after an interval of fifteen years.

"America After Fifteen Years," in the April SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, gives the reaction of an Englishman, Member of Parliament and of Lloyd George's Cabinet, who is noted for his forthrightness and original way of expressing himself.

* * *

Edith Wharton in the same number describes "Telling a Short Story," showing that her skill in analysis is not confined to the characters in her own stories. She knows how short stories are written.

We are not all writers of stories, but those of us who merely read them will be glad to go behind the scenes with this master and see the wheels go 'round.

* * *

Greenwich Village was astounded recently by a revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which had the characteristics of Greek tragedy. Only recently a musical comedy, "Topsy and Eva," built on Mrs. Stowe's classic, opened on Broadway.

But most of us will remember "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as we saw it done by a travelling company, perhaps under a tent. Has there been a town or hamlet in these United States which has escaped it?

In the vernacular these were known as "Tom Shows," and J. Frank Davis has contributed to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE a paper by that title, an interesting presentation of a unique American institution.

* * *

Can we climb over those barriers erected for us by our ancestors?

Edward G. Spaulding, professor of psychology at Princeton, discusses the question in "Walls of the Past."

* * *

N. P. Babcock contributes "From Park Row to Early Colorado," the story of his sudden transition from the staff of a metropolitan daily to the editorship of a country weekly, and his experiences there.

* * *

George Ellery Hale barks up the family tree of the telescope and finds that King Tut-Ankh-Amen was mixed up in it. We remember telescopes after an eclipse such as we had in January. And this tells how the thing started.

* * *

Other features: "Travelling with Creusa," by Arnold Whitridge, and "Sir William Osler and the Thirteen Pensioners of Ewelme," by Caroline Ticknor.

* * *

Roger Burlingame, Isa Urquhart Glenn, and Edwin C. Dickenson contribute stories of unusual interest.

* * *

And as the April showers bring May flowers, so the April SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE promises further flowering of interesting people in May.

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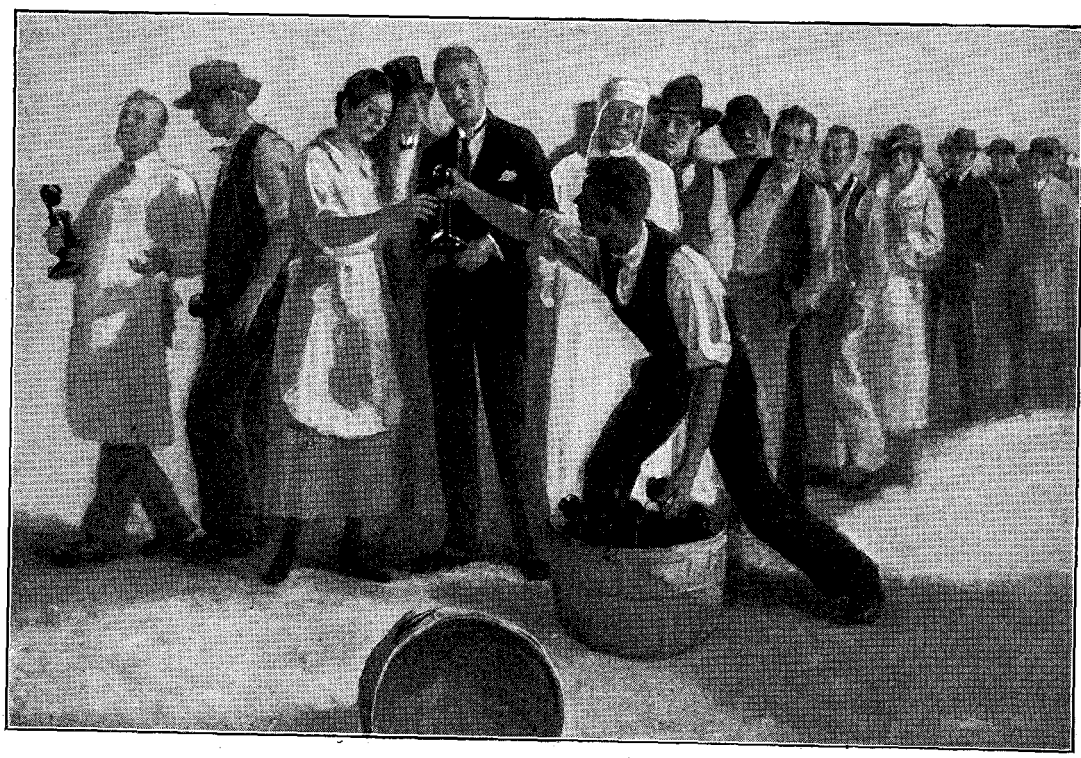

Give us Telephones!

Following the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

The telephone shortage is never far away. If for a few years the telephone company was unable to build ahead, if it neglected to push into the markets for capital and materials for the future's need, there would be a recurrence of the dearth of telephones. No one could dread that so much as the 350,000 telephone workers.

Bell System engineers measure and forecast the growth of communities; cables, conduits, switchboards and buildings are planned and developed years ahead, that facilities may be provided in advance of telephone want. Population or business requirement added to a community must find the telephone ready, waiting.

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INCLUDED in the new books now ready, or announced for early publication, are: "King Edward VII," a biography by Sir Sidney Lee; "Collected Poems of James Stephens"; "The Adventure of Wrangel Island," by Vilhjalmur Stefansson; George Cohan's "Twenty Years on Broadway and the Years It Took to Get There"; "The Educational, Literary, and Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson," in a collected edition, of which volumes one and two are ready; W. L. George's "Story of Woman"; "John Keats," by Amy Lowell; "Fighting the World," by Count Michael Karolyi; "Lenin," by Leon Trotsky.

• • •

THE new fiction comprises: May Sinclair's "The Rector of Wyck"; "A Voice from the Dark," by Eden Phillpotts; "Rosalie," by Charles Major; "The Monster," by Harrington Hext; "The Kenworthys," by Margaret Wilson, author of "The Able McLaughlins"; "O. Henry Prize Stories, 1924"; Sabatini's first American novel, "The Carolinian"; "His Wife-in-Law," by Marie Oemler, author of "Slippy McGee"; "Arrowsmith," by Sinclair Lewis; "O'Malley of Shanganagh," by Donn Byrne.

• • •

AMONG the newer French books just received from Paris are: "Émile et les Autres," par Charles Derennes; Renel's "La fille de l'Île Rouge"; "Arlette, jeune fille moderne," par T. Trilby; "Les Amours de Li Ta Tchou," par Charles Pettit; "Lettres de Pierre Loti à Madame Juliette Adam" (1880–1922); "Du Cameroun au Caire par le désert de Libye," par Bruneau de Laborie; Mauclair's "Claude Monet."

• • •

Mail and telephone orders receive special attention

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God Bless Father—and Keep Him Safe

—is a prayer that goes up from a million small lips this night. Fathers do well who are worthy of its tribute.

It shows so clearly in the back of the small mind the realization that Father will feed us, clothe us, shelter us. It is putting into words the wife's smile for her husband when he comes home after the long day—the children's shout of joy as the familiar footstep sounds on the porch, and the key clicks in the lock.

All credit to the Fathers who deserve it. Many of them go even beyond providing against the dangers of today and tomorrow. Some of them even say "I will make sure that *every month* of their lives, they shall receive the means upon which they may live in comfort and safety."

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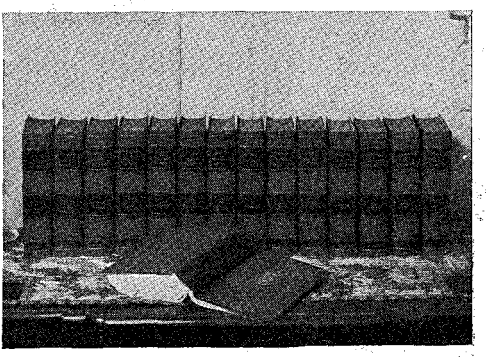

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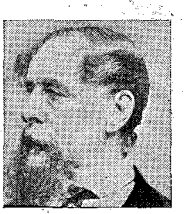

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II. Nicholas Nickleby
III. Martin Chuzzlewit
IV. Oliver Twist; Pictures from Italy; American Notes
V. Barnaby Rudge; Hard Times
VI. David Copperfield
VII. Our Mutual Friend
VIII. Uncommercial Traveller; Christmas Stories
IX. Bleak House
X. Christmas Books; Great Expectations
XI. Old Curiosity Shop; Reprinted Pieces
XII. Dombey and Son
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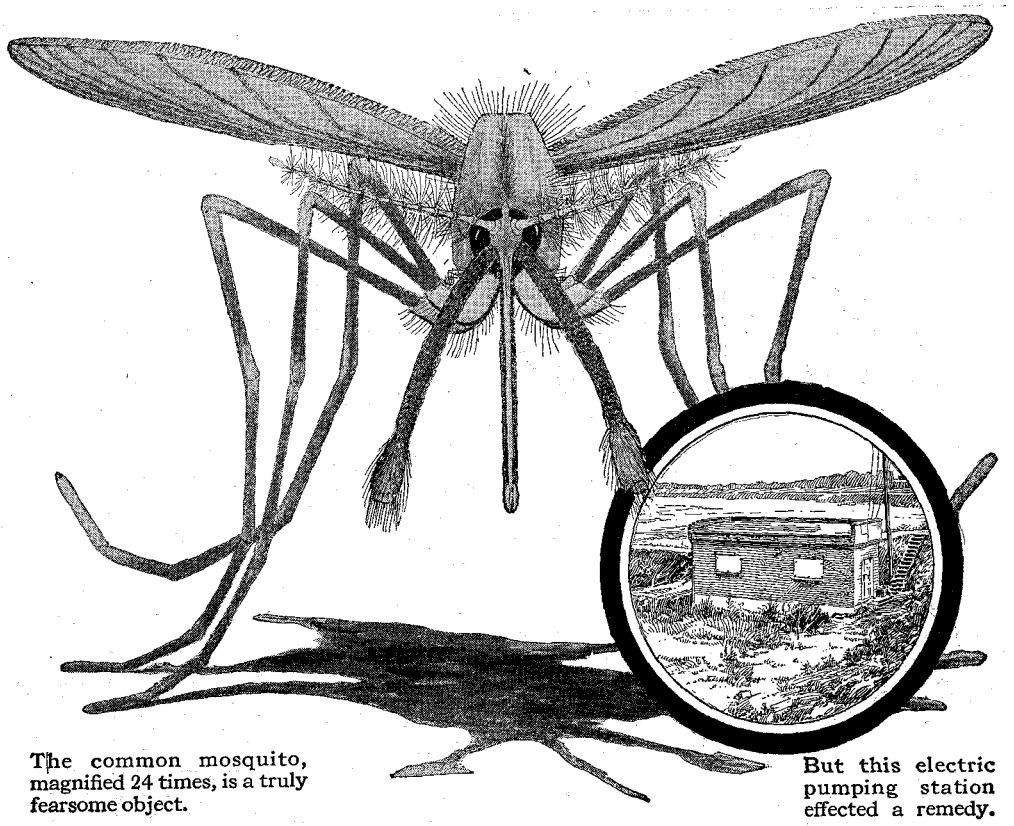

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Do what Toledo did

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Once Toledo had a nuisance, a tract of swamp land near the lake, a breeder of mosquitoes, foul odors and fogs.

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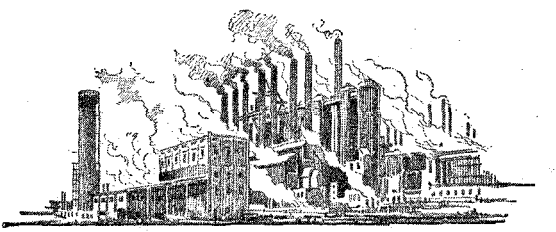

The Service of Sheet Steel to the Public

WITHIN the last two decades the American people have begun to learn the advantages of sheet steel. In every branch of industry, in agriculture, in transportation, in the home, sheets have proved their superior service and economy for a vast number of important uses.

Rightly applied, there is no more economical and durable roofing material. The advantages of Sheet Steel for many varied industrial applications are known to every engineer. In the modern public building, hospital, hotel, office, restaurant and home, their fire resistive qualities, strength with light weight, economy of space, sanitary cleanliness and ease of application make them invaluable. The ease of forming sheets and the development of machinery for that purpose have enabled the manufacturers of a great range of products to increase the efficiency of their commodities or to cheapen costs, or both.

In 1905, American mills produced less than one million tons of sheets. By January, 1924, the annual productive capacity had increased to nearly five million tons. Yet this 500 per cent increase in the use of sheets, large though it is, represents only a small part of their potential usefulness.

There still remain wide fields in which there is as yet little realization of the better and more economical service which Sheet Steel can give.

But the public in general does not know that sheets are differently made for different uses and that all sheets are not alike. It does not know which gauges will give the best service for certain uses. And so consumers sometimes buy sheets which are not of the right quality or gauge for the purpose intended.

To inform the public regarding the superior service of Sheet Steel for many uses, the different kinds of sheets, and the right sheets to employ for specific purposes and how to be sure of getting them, the Sheet Steel Trade Extension Committee has undertaken a campaign of education in which this is the first announcement to the general public.

You will probably be interested in the booklet, "The Service of Sheet Steel to the Public." It will be sent free, postpaid, on request.

SHEET STEEL
TRADE EXTENSION COMMITTEE
715 OLIVER BUILDING
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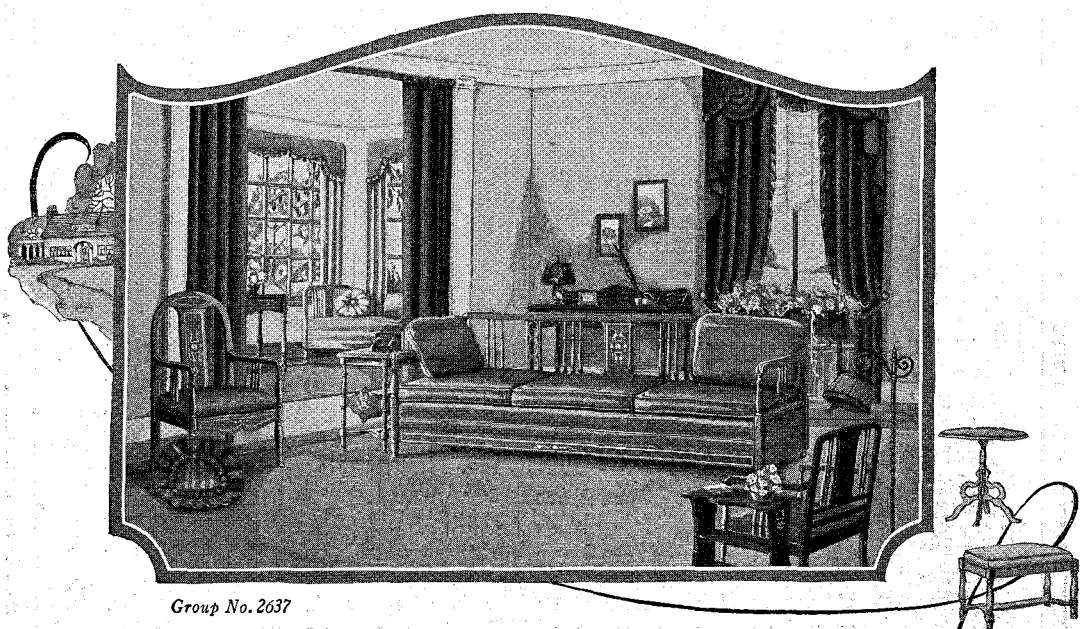
PULLMAN
DAVENPORT BED



Group No. 2637

Where the Spirit of Home Is Found

Colorful beauty plus satisfying comfort are the two features that identify the spirit of home with this Pullman-equipped living room.

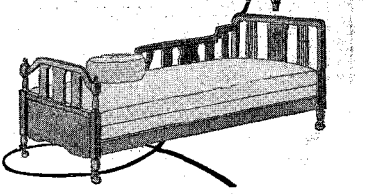
The several pieces of furniture, each an example of rare design and master craftsmanship, are finished in tasteful two-tone enamel and hand-decorated.

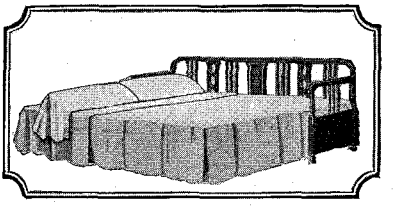
Your local furniture dealer will show you the complete Pullman line of davenports and davenport bed suites, revolving-seat day beds and chaise lounges, as well as the equally popular assembly of hand-decorated pieces. As illustrated in the above setting, this decorated group includes desks, consoles, gate leg, tilt top and davenport tables, book troughs, magazine racks and ferneries.

We shall be glad to send at your request an interesting booklet on interior decoration

PULLMAN COUCH COMPANY

CHICAGO Pullman Davenport Bed "Comfort" ILLINOIS





The davenport bed, day bed and chaise lounge illustrated are equipped with the Pullman revolving-seat bed fixture. Immediately above is shown a Pullman ready for night-time duty.

A single operation—a simple turning of the seat—has converted this beautiful piece of daytime furniture into a full size restful bed.

A yielding and restful sleeping surface with a regular bedspring and removable mattress is thus provided. This and the bedding are hidden within the davenport when not used as a bed.

Pullmans with chairs to match may be purchased either with or without the bed feature.

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Vladimir de Pachmann *loves* the Baldwin piano. Through the medium of Baldwin tone, this most lyric of contemporary pianists discovers complete revealment of his musical dreams. For a generation de Pachmann has played the Baldwin; on the concert stage and in his home. That loveliness and purity of tone which appeals to de Pachmann and to every exacting musician is found in all Baldwins; alike in the Concert Grand, in the smaller Grands, in the Uprights. The history of the Baldwin is the history of an ideal.

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V. de Pachmann.

Baldwin

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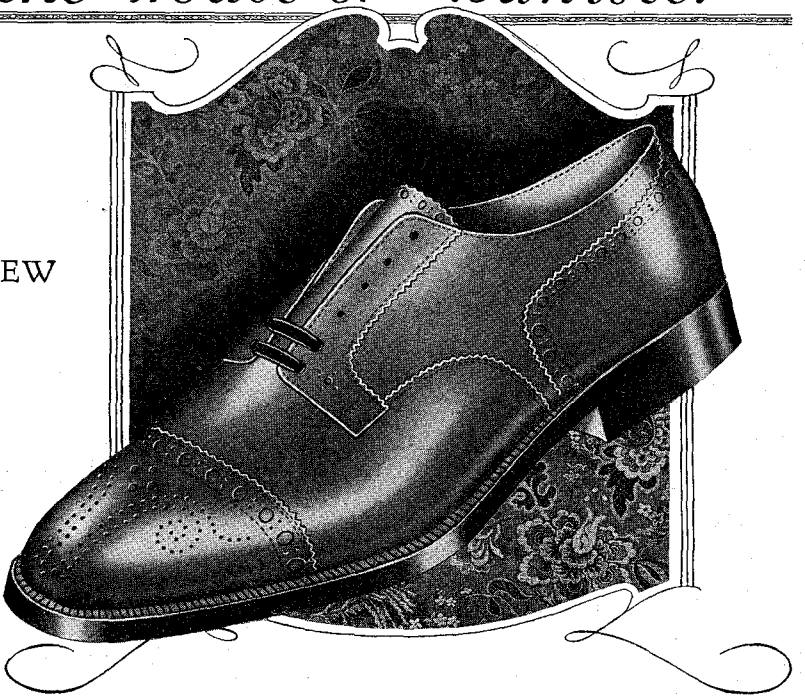
The
RENFREW



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But men who do things, who wrest from life the best it has to offer, choose for their own comfort and appearance what their critical judgment tells them is right for them.

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Are you acquainted with a Banister dealer? If not, it will pay you to write for the names of those nearest you.

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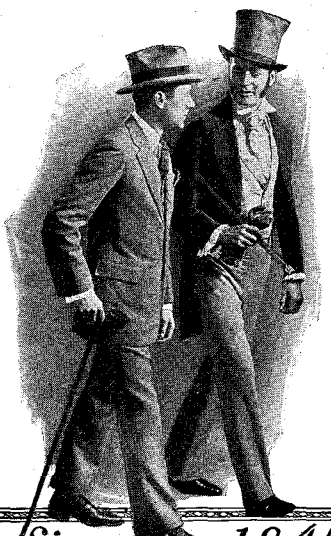

BANISTER *Shoes*

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The Fifth Avenue Section of Scribner's Magazine

Pages 17 to 32 following MARCH 1925

Your Home—Its Spring Needs

MARCH is none too soon to begin to think about plans for the summer house. Every year there is a certain amount of redecorating and refurnishing to be done and it is well to begin in good time, so that everything will be in readiness for summer comfort and pleasure.

Then, too, there is the garden to be considered. If you are going to try out a new idea in plant arrangement, this is the time to choose the seeds. If a new fountain or piece of sculpture is needed, it is best to select it in good season. Shrubs should be considered now and the hedge started early.

So, in order to help you with ideas, the pages of the Fifth Avenue Section this month have been filled with interesting things for the house and garden. Furniture, finishing touches, sculpture, seeds, and plants are all pictured and you have only to write me at SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, to have any of the things bought for you, or information concerning them sent to you. Remember that I am here, anxious to help you in every possible way.

Virginia Walton

EASTER CRAVATS

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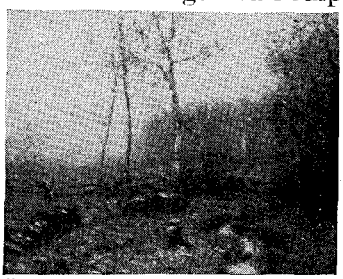
The MILCH GALLERIES

Dealers in
American Paintings and Sculpture



"Gray December Morning," by Bruce Crane

Landscapes by WILLARD L. METCALF To March 7th

Landscapes by BRUCE CRANE March 23d to April 11th

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Art Galleries

667 Fifth Avenue New York

PAINTINGS—DRAWINGS

BRONZES *by* PAUL MANSHIP

HAVE *you* taken the fullest advantage of the services of the Fifth Avenue Section? If you have never used the Shopping Service I wonder whether you realize just how much it can do for you. Through it you can buy not only the articles that are illustrated in the Fifth Avenue Section each month but anything you may wish. You simply have to write, telephone, or come to see me and send me a check or money order for the amount you wish to spend and the article will be purchased promptly and sent to you. If you just want to know the names of the shops at which you can buy something you have in mind, I will be only too glad to send them to you.

Remember, I can always be reached at Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Telephone Murray Hill 7880.

VIRGINIA WALTON

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Works of Art Now on View in New York

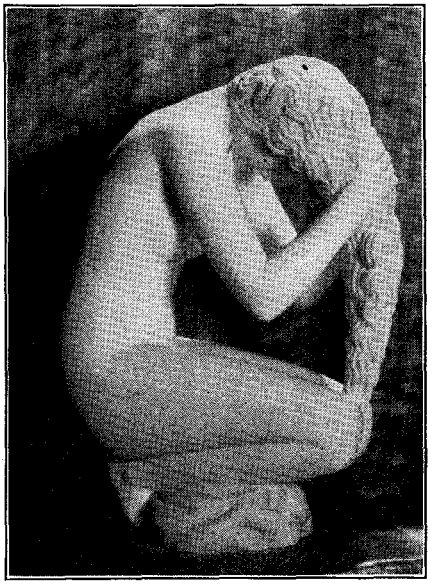
Madison Galleries of R. Emmett Owen, 202 Madison Avenue (at 35th Street). From February 25 until March 30 will be held the spring exhibition of New England landscapes by R. Emmett Owen.

Arthur Ackermann Galleries, 10 East 46th Street. From March 1 to March 31 etchings by Frank W. Benson will be on exhibition.

Arden Gallery, 597 Fifth Avenue. From February 24 to March 12 a collection of French peasant furniture will be shown. From March 17 to April 18 will be exhibited photographs of gardens by members of the New York Chapter of American Society of Landscape Architects; also garden sculpture, garden furniture, and decorations from the Arden Studios.

Howard Young Galleries, 634 Fifth Avenue. An exhibition of work by "The Aquarellists," composed of leading American artists who use watercolor as a medium, will be held between March 2 and March 16.

Scott and Fowles, 667 Fifth Avenue. Throughout the month of February Paul Manship's most recent sculpture will be on view. During March an exhibition of the recent sculpture of Elie Nadelman will be held.



One of Paul Manship's most recent works is this figure in white marble. It is also to be cast in bronze.

(*Continued on page 21*)

Ainslie Galleries, 677 Fifth Avenue. The following exhibitions will be held at this gallery in the near future: February 16–28, work by Galan J. Perrett, Bertha Linneman, Wm. Hurd Lawrence, Merritt Jennings. March 1–15, work by Eric Maunsbach, Flora Lauter, Emily Hoysradt, Oscar Anderson. March 16–31, work by A. Sheldon Pennoyer, Isabel Whitney, Mrs. Sybil Dowie.

C. W. Kraushaar Art Galleries, 680 Fifth Avenue. Paintings by Maurice Prendergast will be shown from February 16 to March 1.

Frank K. M. Rehn, 693 Fifth Avenue. From March 2 to March 14 the work of William L. Carrigan will be on view. At the same time will be shown water-colors by Howard Giles. From March 16 until the end of the month Leon Kroll's work will be exhibited.

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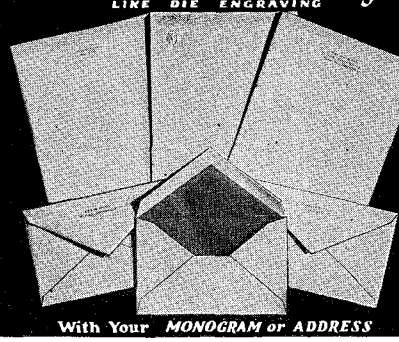

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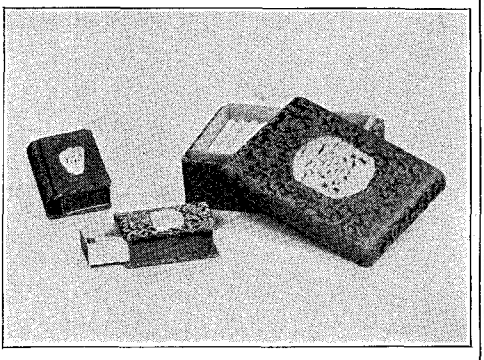

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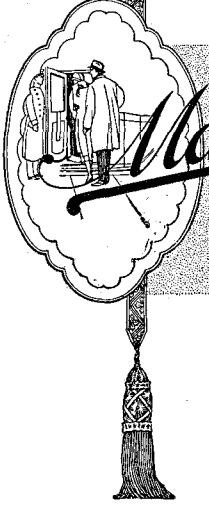

Maillard
Confections
Imported Bonbonnieres
Luncheon – Tea

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ARTS & CRAFTS
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9 Park St. BOSTON

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Works of Art Now on View in New York

(*Continued from page 19*)

The Ehrich Galleries, 707 Fifth Avenue. Paintings and sculpture by Dorothy Rice will be shown from March 2 to March 16.

Arthur H. Harlow and Co., 712 Fifth Avenue. Marine paintings by Charles R. Patterson will be on exhibition from March 2 to March 21.

Milch Galleries, 108 West 57th Street. From February 16 to March 7, landscapes by Willard L. Metcalf, and sculpture, including a marble bust of Mrs. John Henry Hammond, by Gleb Derujinsky will be exhibited. Paintings by John Noble will be shown from March 9 to March 21, and from March 23 to April 11, landscapes by Bruce Crane.

National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, 215 West 57th Street. The Thirty-fourth Annual Exhibition will be held this year in the galleries of the Fine Arts Building, 215 West 57th Street, from February 25 to March 14.

Macbeth Gallery, 15 East 57th Street. The following exhibitions will be held at this gallery in the near future: February 10 to March 2, "The New England Year," by Charles H. Davis, N. A., and an exhibition of water-colors of Egypt and Jerusalem by Taber Sears. From March 3 to March 23, paintings by E. W. Redfield. From March 24 to April 13, paintings by Daniel Garber, N. A.

A charcoal sketch that is most interesting is "Baboons," by Paul Branson.

Knoedler Galleries, 14 East 57th Street. From February 16 to February 28 the work of the New Society of American Artists will be shown.

Butler Galleries, 116 East 57th Street. Etchings by Lee Hankey, Walcott, and others will be on exhibition from February 16 until March 2.

Ferargil, Inc., 37 East 57th Street. From March 1 to March 15 will be held an exhibition of the work of Janet Scudder. From March 15 to the end of the month, American pottery, sculpture, and garden paintings will be exhibited under the auspices of the Garden Club of America.

The Sherman Studio, 28 East 85th Street. Oil paintings by Margery Ryerson will be shown during the entire month of March.

Metropolitan Museum of Art. The following exhibitions will continue during March: Chinese Paintings; History of Etchings. No new exhibitions are contemplated.

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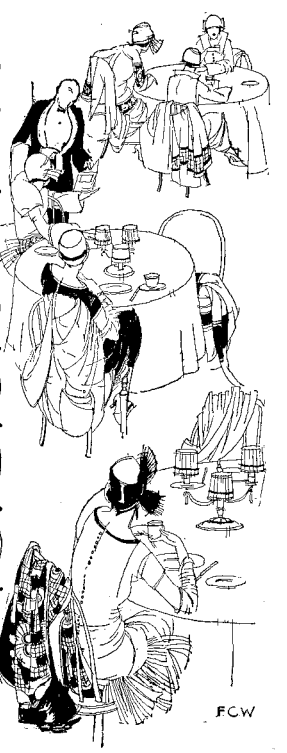
you may have complete catering
service in your home
"At Sherry's" you may entertain
with home-like privacy
Louis Sherry
300 PARK AVENUE



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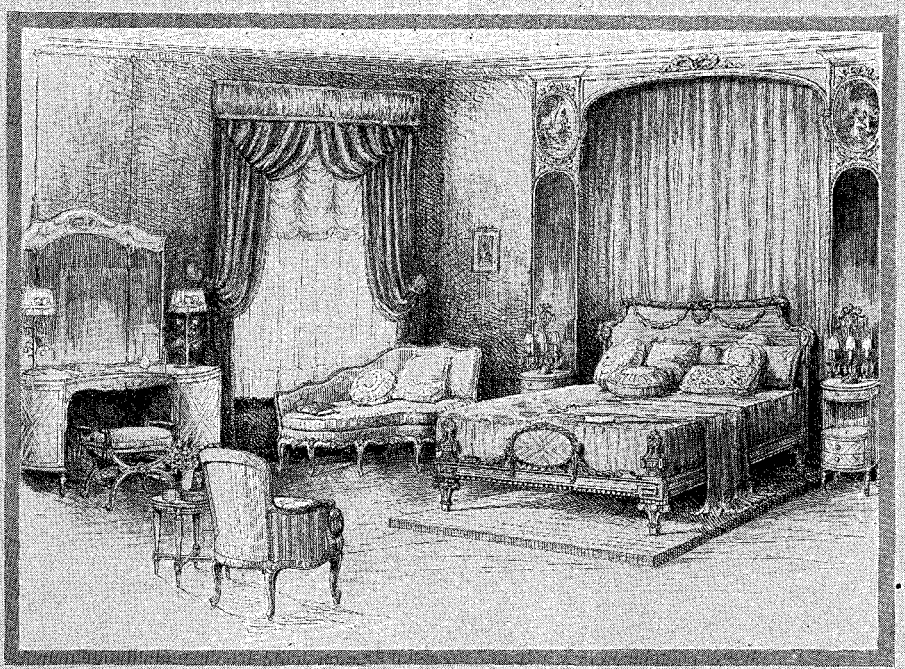

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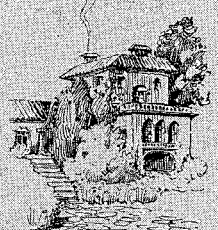
New York Galleries
INCORPORATED

GROUPED round a bed of XVIII Century inspiration, the facsimiles of historic pieces pictured here are identical in finish as well as in form with their mellowed prototypes of antiquity. Such furniture contributes beauty and charm to an interior in a manner that bespeaks accustomed well-being.

¶ As a producer, in its own shops, of fine, hand-wrought cabinetry, this establishment presents many unusual pieces not elsewhere obtainable. A visit to these Galleries will impress you with the fact that the possession of beautiful furniture does not necessarily entail an extravagant expenditure.

¶ Whether you contemplate the furnishment of an entire house or but a single room, the aid of this organization of experienced decorators will prove helpful in developing each detail of the background, lighting fixtures, draperies and furniture.



Madison Avenue, 48th and 49th Streets
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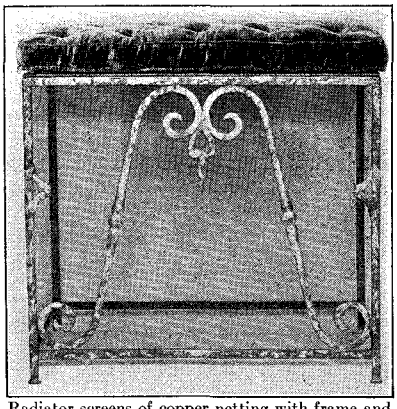
THE FIFTH AVENUE SECTION OF SCRIBNER'S
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

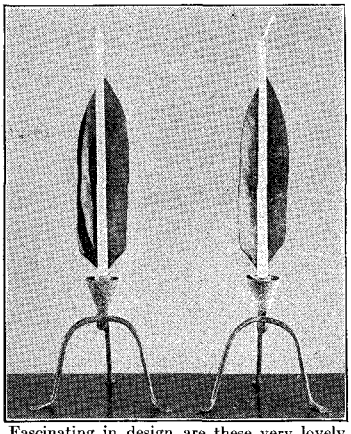
ARTICLES TO ADD ATTRACTIVENESS

A most useful piece of furniture is this little bench that can be used as a seat or table. It is made of birch with a walnut finish, is 20 inches long, 13 inches wide, 19 inches high. $12.

If you cannot shop yourself let Virginia Walton do it for you. Otherwise, she will send you the names of the shops from which these articles come. Her address is Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

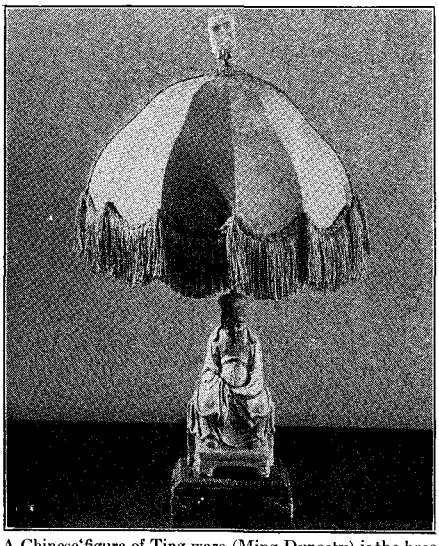


Radiator screens of copper netting with frame and design of hand-wrought iron can be made to order to fit any size or shape radiator

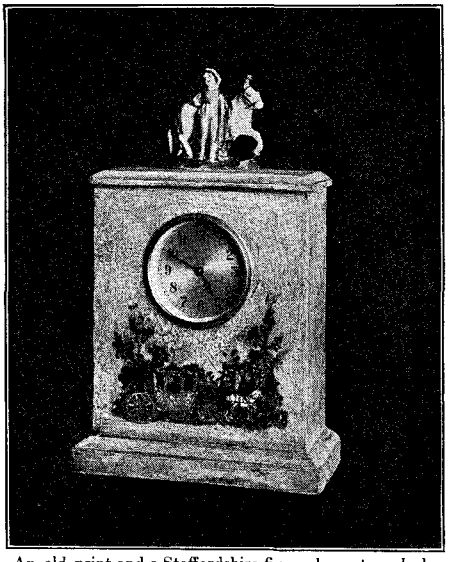


Fascinating in design are these very lovely and unusual candle-sticks. They are made of black iron and copper, and hold tall, very thin white candles; $18. Candles, $0.30 each.

Very new and very lovely is hand-blocked linen in a Jacobean period design in blues and greens with touches of red and brown. The background comes in natural, mulberry, or yellow. 50 inches wide, $10.50 a yard.



A Chinese figure of Ting ware (Ming Dynasty) is the base of a lamp with yellow brocade shade and a jade pendant finial.



An old print and a Staffordshire figure decorate a clock finished to match any room. No two prints or figures alike. 9½ inches high. $12.

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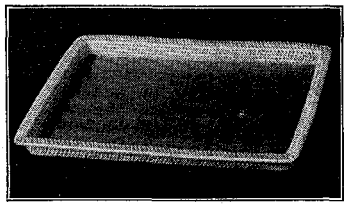


A tray serving many *purposes* has a bottom of wood and an edge of firmly woven willow. It comes in sizes varying from 7″ x 10″ to 24″ x 32″, round, oval or hexagon. It ranges in cost from $1.50 to $12.50.

Megill

NEW YORK PORTO RICO

540 Madison Avenue, New York

Illustrated booklet on request

Curly Maple Blanket Chest

Interior Decorations

Early American Antiques

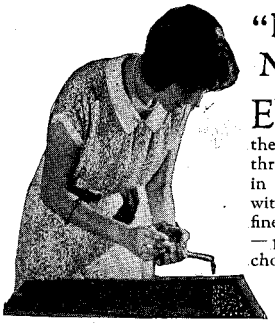
JANE WHITE LONSDALE

Interior Decorator

114 EAST 40TH STREET

CALEDONIA 6349

NEW YORK



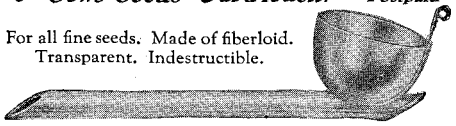
"MARVELOUS!"

No Task At All

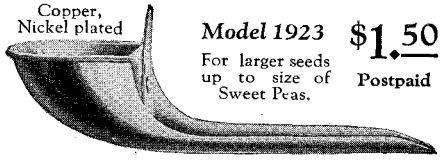
EVEN the beginner can sow the smallest seeds with the skill of the professional through the "Sowrite." Held in the left hand—a touch with the right and even the finest seed drops individually—prevents crowding and choking of seedlings—saves time—eliminates transplanting. Highest testimonials.

Sowrite Seed-Sower *Sows Seeds at a Touch!* — *Model 1922* **$1.00** Postpaid

For all fine seeds. Made of fiberloid. Transparent. Indestructible.



Copper, Nickel plated



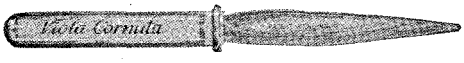
Model 1923 **$1.50** Postpaid

For larger seeds up to size of Sweet Peas.

Seerite Label — 8 for **$1.00**

For seed beds and gardens. Always readable. Not affected by atmospheric conditions.

Add 10 c. for postage



SOWRITE, Inc. 784 Fifth Ave. New York City

Enclosed find $..... Send me (state how many) .....

Model 1922 and .....1923 Sowrite Seed Sowers, and

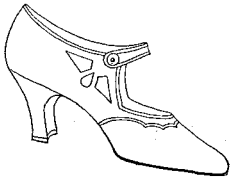
.....boxes of Seerite Labels.

Name .....

Address .....

S. M.

FITTING THE NARROW HEEL



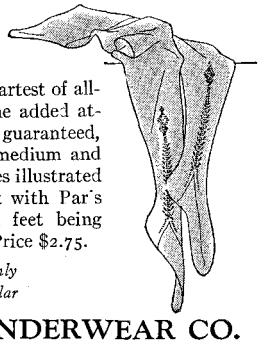
SHOECRAFT PRESENTS *pigote*, a fine-grained, champagne-colored leather introduced by this house as the smartest, most exclusive fashion in spring footwear. The model illustrated, $22.50.

SHOECRAFT

714 Fifth Avenue, New York

Between 55th and 56th Streets

WIDTHS AAAA TO E - LENGTHS 1 TO 10



"Mery Maid," the smartest of all-silk stockings, have the added attraction of being fully guaranteed, and come in heavy, medium and sheer weight. The ones illustrated are of medium weight with Par's clocks, the hems and feet being lined with fine lisle. Price $2.75.

Mail orders only

Send for circular

CROSBY UNDERWEAR CO.

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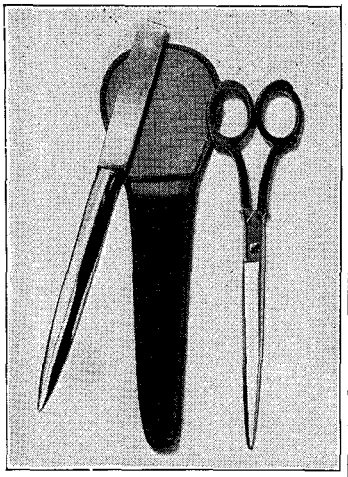
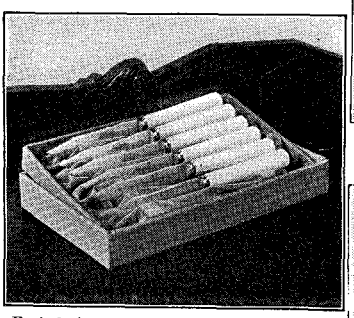
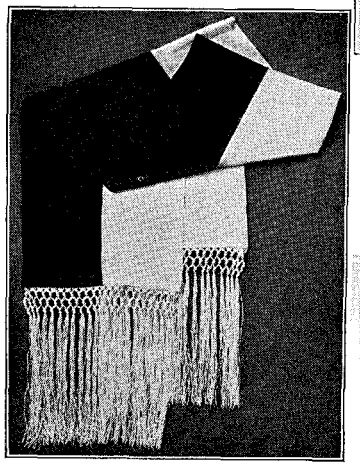
A VARIETY OF THINGS UP TO FIVE DOLLARS



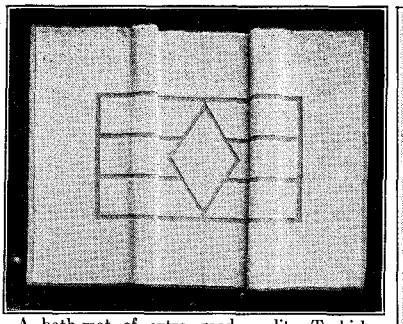
Of excellent quality steel are these scissors and paper-cutter with handles of gilt that are like gold-plate. In embossed leather case. $2.25.



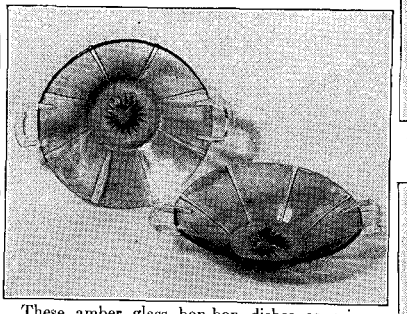
Fruit knives are ever desirable, especially when made of stainless steel with white, unbreakable handles that will not turn yellow. The knives have a fine saw edge and are fully guaranteed. $5 per half dozen.



A rayon scarf, lustrous and soft as pure silk, comes in striped effect with white and any desired color, or in solid colors. 58 inches long, exclusive of the fringe. $3.75.

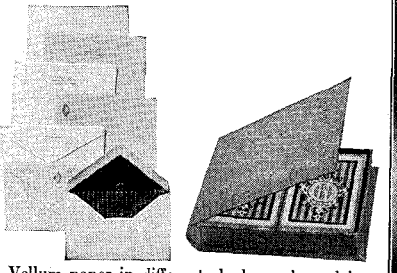


A bath-mat of extra good quality Turkish comes in blue, rose, green, or lavender, combined with white. $5. Monogram inserted for $1.35.



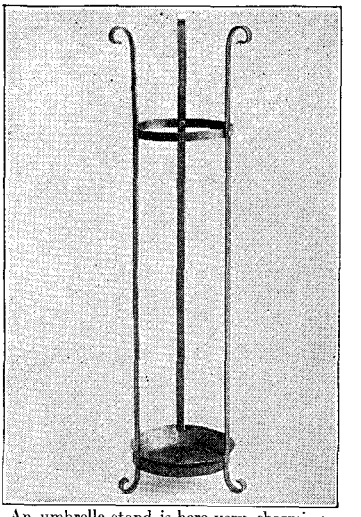
These amber glass bon-bon dishes as prizes would be the keystone to a successful bridge party. $2 each.

A little Czecho-Slovakian man or woman made of hand-carved wood, brightly painted, will hold your door open with a metal wedge. $2.25 each; postage included.

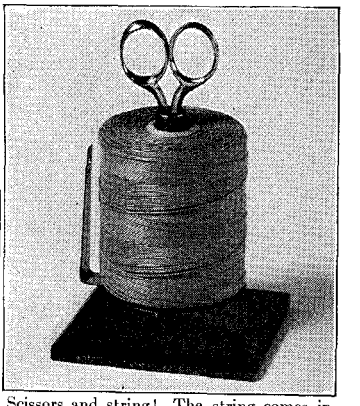


Vellum paper in different shades embossed in black, blue, or green. 100 folded sheets, 100 envelopes, $2. 100 envelopes lined in purple gold-striped tissue instead of unlined ones, $1 additional. Leatherette box of two decks of gilt-edge enamel cards with monogram, $3.75.

Virginia Walton, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.



An umbrella-stand is here very charming, made of hand-wrought iron in a simple design. $3.50



Scissors and string! The string comes in different colors and the outfit costs $3.50.

This charming green jar of Stiegel glass with an etched design is ideal for flowers and comes in sizes 6, 8, and 10 inches, for $3, $5, and $8, respectively.

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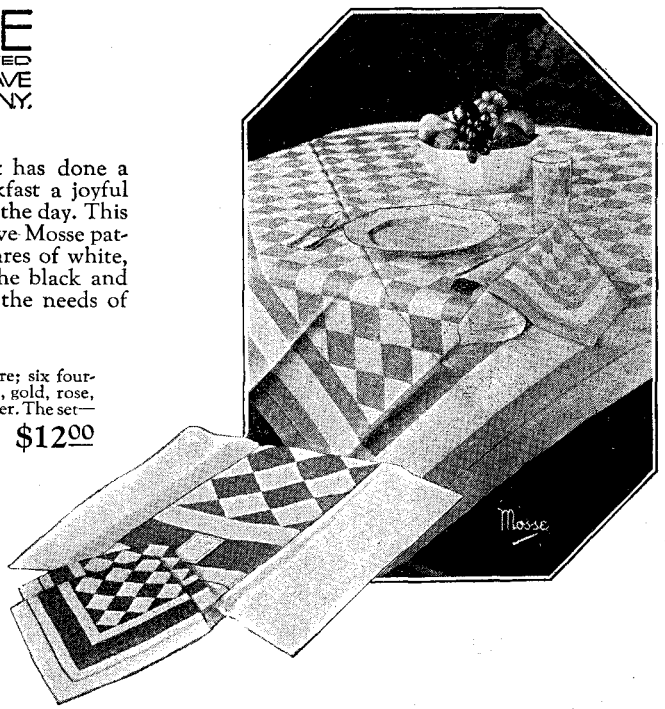
MOSSE
INCORPORATED
730 FIFTH AVE
NEW YORK.NY.

The colored breakfast set has done a great deal to make breakfast a joyful and auspicious prelude to the day. This particular set is an exclusive Mosse pattern with alternating squares of white, and soft pastel shades. The black and silver combination meets the needs of the bachelor.

Cloth fifty-eight inches square; six fourteen-inch napkins; in green, gold, rose, orchid, blue, or black and silver. The set—
$12.00



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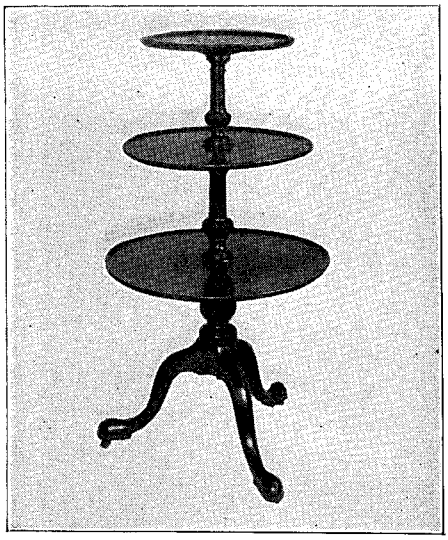
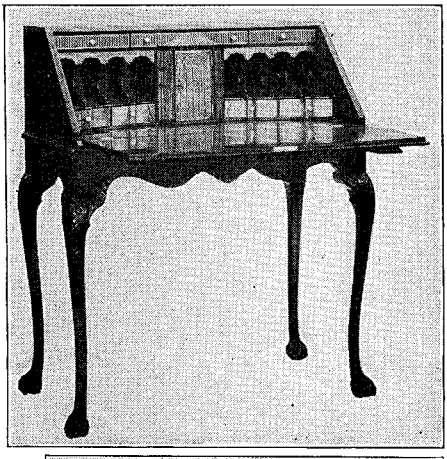
FINE FURNITURE FOR THE HOME

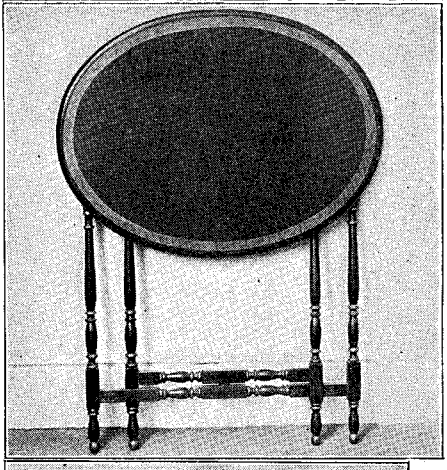


Most convenient and very lovely is an English "dumbwaiter" of San Domingo mahogany, *circa* 1760. Height, 44 inches; diameter, 16, 20, and 24 inches of the top, middle, and lower shelves respectively. $185.

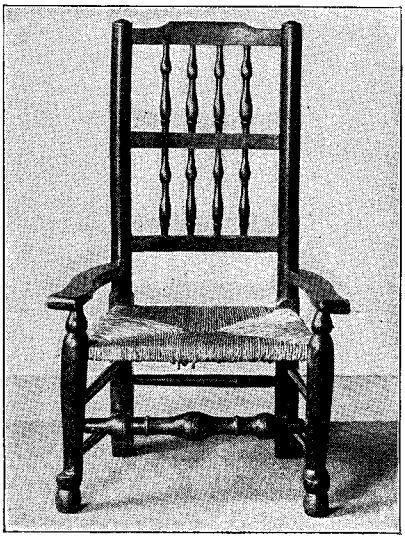
Ideal for the entrance hall is a Cromwell chair of walnut, whose back and seat are of well-polished leather, studded with brass nails. $100. A set of four is $400.



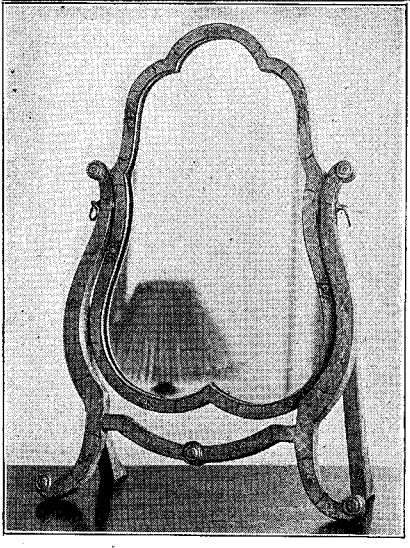
Of rare beauty is a modern Chinese Chippendale desk expressed in solid mahogany. It is exquisitely made and would add distinction to any room. $300.



Virginia Walton, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, will buy for you or let you know where you can buy the furniture pictured here.



In lacquer, red, blue, or green, etc., decorated with a gilt band, is a very attractive oval tea-table, whose legs and top conveniently fold flat, so that it can be set against the wall when not in use. Size, 25½ by 19 inches. $37.50.



Quaint but comfortable is a child's sturdy 17th century Lancashire rush-seated arm-chair of oak and elm. $55.

In Chinese lacquer of black and gold or green-blue and gold comes a gracefully shaped mirror for the dressing-table. 22½ inches high, 14½ inches wide. $62.

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HOME DECORATIONS

The complete co-ordination of the interior and its appointments—

BEAUTY-BALANCE-HARMONY

can be obtained by entrusting the work of Decorating and Furnishing to the specially trained and highly competent personnel of the

Interior Decorating Department

of

B. Altman & Co.

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New Oriental Importations

We are pleased to announce a most uncommon and exclusive collection of beautifully carved Jades; exceptional Cloisonne Boxes and Trays; elaborate Silks and Brocades and unusual Antique Pieces, many of which were acquired directly from the imperial palace in Pekin.

LONG SANG TI
CHINESE CURIOS CO., INC.
Established 1902
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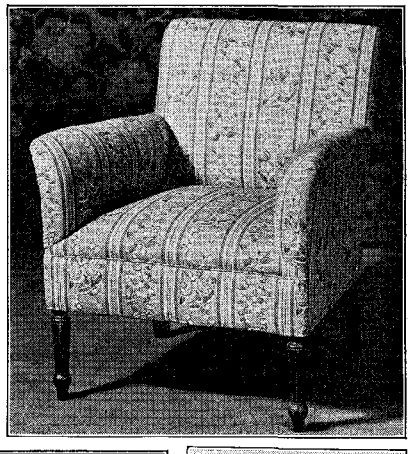
DELICATE French shell flowers in shallow crystal or pottery bowl add one point of distinction to the many equally worthy points in the marvelous array at Ovington's.

OVINGTON'S
"The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue"
Fifth Avenue at 39th Street

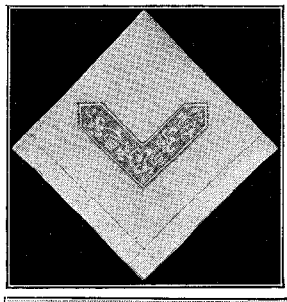
More Things for the House

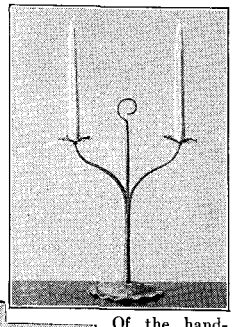
A tea-set especially attractive for the country house is of English earthenware, a summery floral design being very pretty on a white background, with border of deep blue and a gilt edge. There are 17 pieces. $21 with the cake plate; $18.75 without.

A wonderful value is a small, comfortable, upholstered chair for $35. The cost of the covering, which can be done to order, depends upon the purchaser's choice of material. Chair pictured, $35 complete.

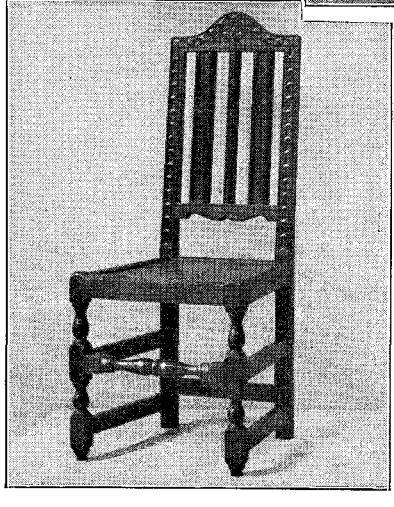


Sicilian linen makes a beautiful tea-table cover, 36 inches square with a filet lace insert at each corner. $15.





Of the hand-wrought iron that is so fashionable now is an antiqued candelabra that holds its two candles on spikes. $10.



A straight chair beautifully made of oak is most decorative as well as useful. It is a modern piece of the highest order and is extremely reasonable. $35.

Write to Virginia Walton, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

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Hats from
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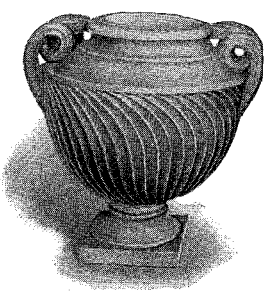
ESTABLISHED—1827

Red Verona Marble Well Head, $1800

Unusual and distinctive Italian Importations:

WELL HEADS
CIRCULAR SEATS
COLUMNS
FOUNTAINS
VASES

Inspection invited. Descriptive matter upon request.



Istrian Stone Vase, $300 for the pair

2 West 47th Street, NEW YORK
318 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

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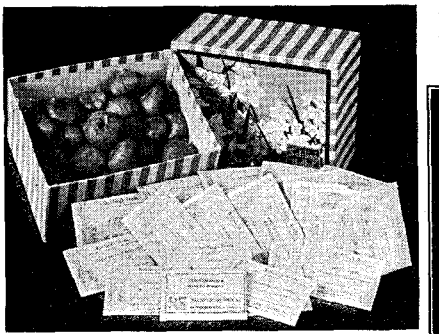
THE FIFTH AVENUE SECTION OF SCRIBNER'S
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

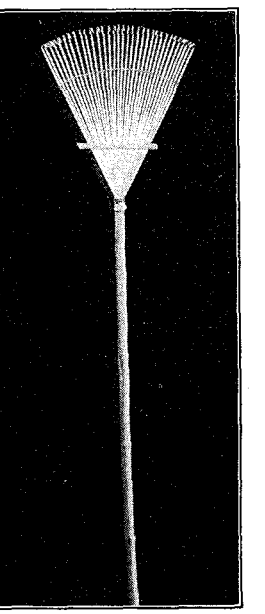
SEEDS, BULBS, AND GARDEN ACCESSORIES

Istrian stone is used to make a charmingly designed garden table. 34 inches high. Diameter of top, 31 inches. $150.

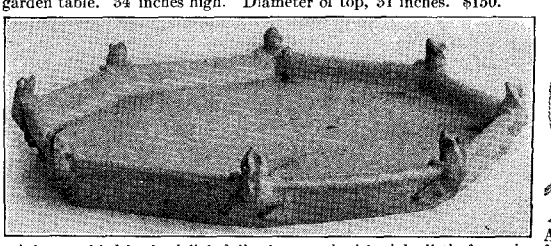


Fifty Giant Flowering Gladioli bulbs in rare and beautiful tints, including the new orchid varieties. $4, postpaid. Twenty varieties of unusual annual flowers, Blue Lace Flower, Golden Tulip Poppy, American Beauty Aster (6 in. across on 3-ft. stems), Blue African Daisy, etc., etc., will bring lovely surprises to your garden. $3, postpaid.

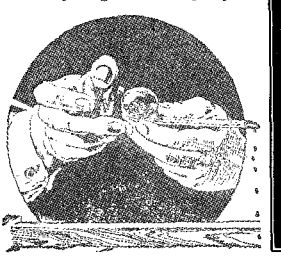
Write Virginia Walton, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, and let her help you.



A bamboo rake is light, but as durable as one of iron. It will remove all refuse from the lawn without tearing the grass. $2.

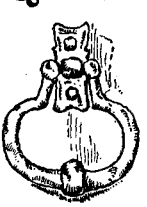


A bronze bird bath, delightfully decorated with eight little frogs, is by Maude Sherwood Jewett. It is to be placed on a pedestal inaccessible to interested cats! 17½ inches wide. $200.

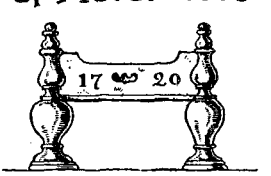


A seed-sower insures precision and facility of sowing, even in the hands of the amateur gardener. Models for large and fine seeds. $1.50, $1.

Quaint bits of Metalwork



Door Knocker in handwrot iron 4" wide-5½" high $8.22



Foot-scraper in Antique brass from an Old English Model - $8.25

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19 EAST 48th STREET NEW YORK CITY

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
597 Fifth Avenue New York

ORIGINAL PAINTINGS
for
ILLUSTRATIONS
in
CHILDREN'S BOOKS
On Exhibition and for Sale

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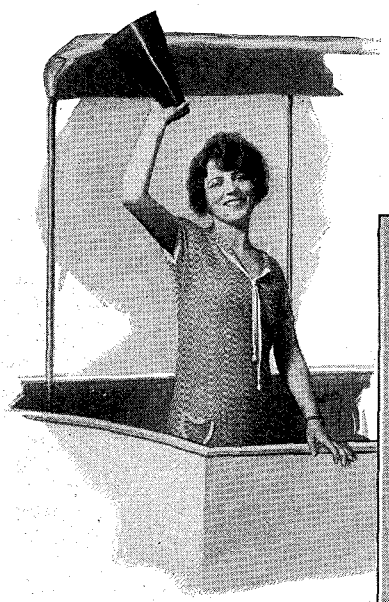
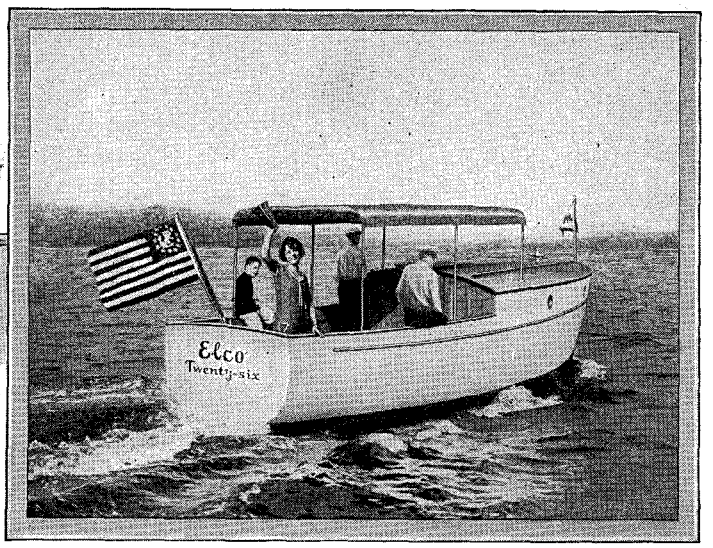
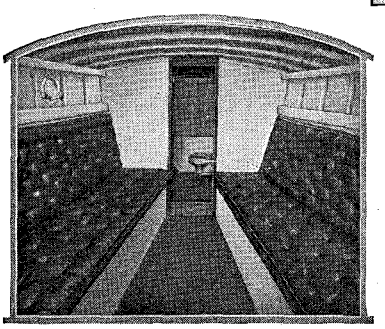


ELCO Standardized Models include the Twenty-six, at $1,950; the Veedette, at $4,850; the Cruisette, at $5,350; the Forty-five, at $12,850; and the Fifty-six, at $24,500.





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YOU'VE always wanted a motor cruiser—a floating home of your own. You've wanted; but you've waited—you've considered yachting a recreation only for the very wealthy.

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Come to Port Elco and see the Elco Twenty-six, just as it will be delivered to you or write for Catalog S.B. To assure prompt Spring delivery, place your order NOW.

IN the Elco Twenty-six you have a real cabin, with full headroom. Two comfortable berths are provided, and upper berths are easily installed; the cockpit also makes an ideal sleeping place. There is a galley, with sink, water tank and stove bench; a separate toilet; a big, roomy cockpit where ten people can sit comfortably. All necessary equipment is provided. The sturdy 18 H. P. motor, with electric starter, gives nine real miles per hour.

Price **$1950** afloat at Bayonne, N. J.

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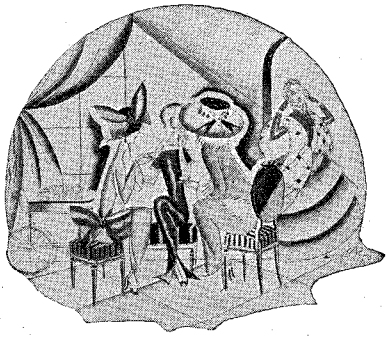

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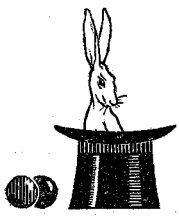

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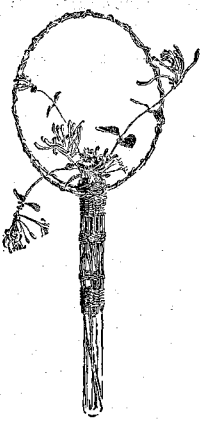

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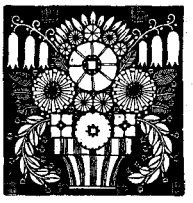

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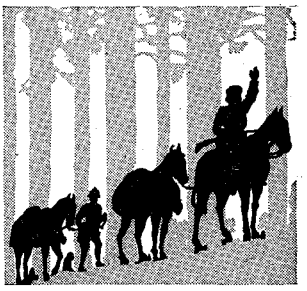

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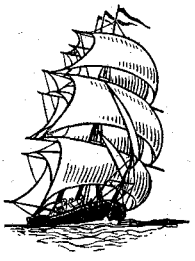

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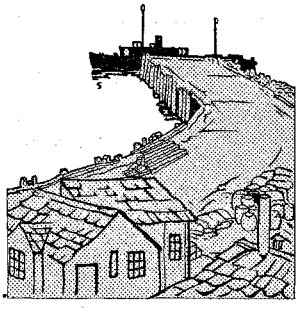

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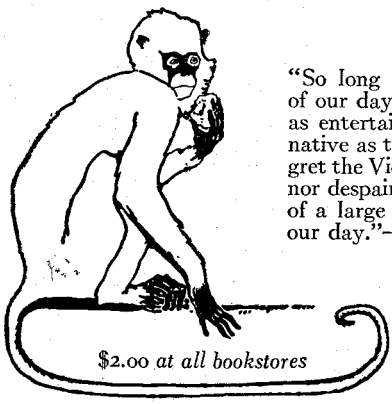

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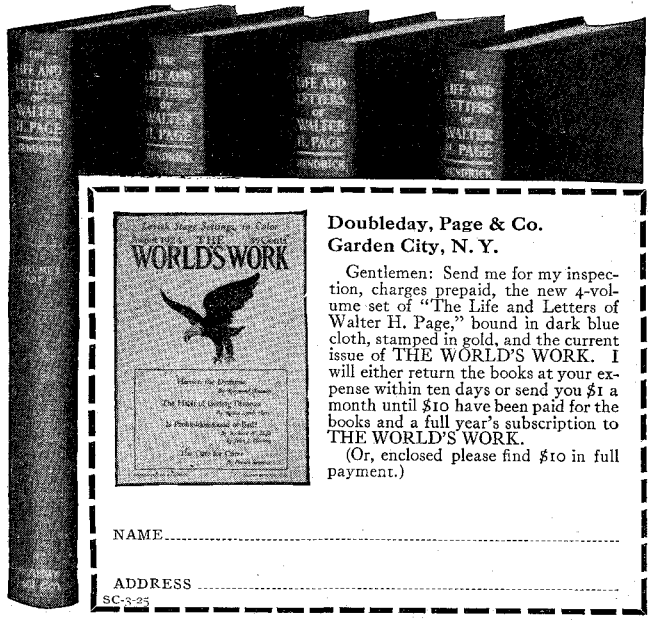

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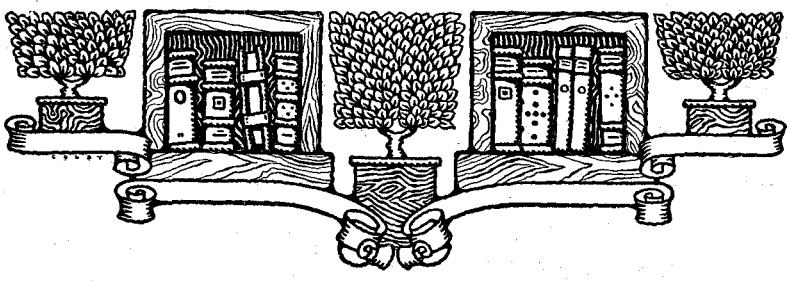

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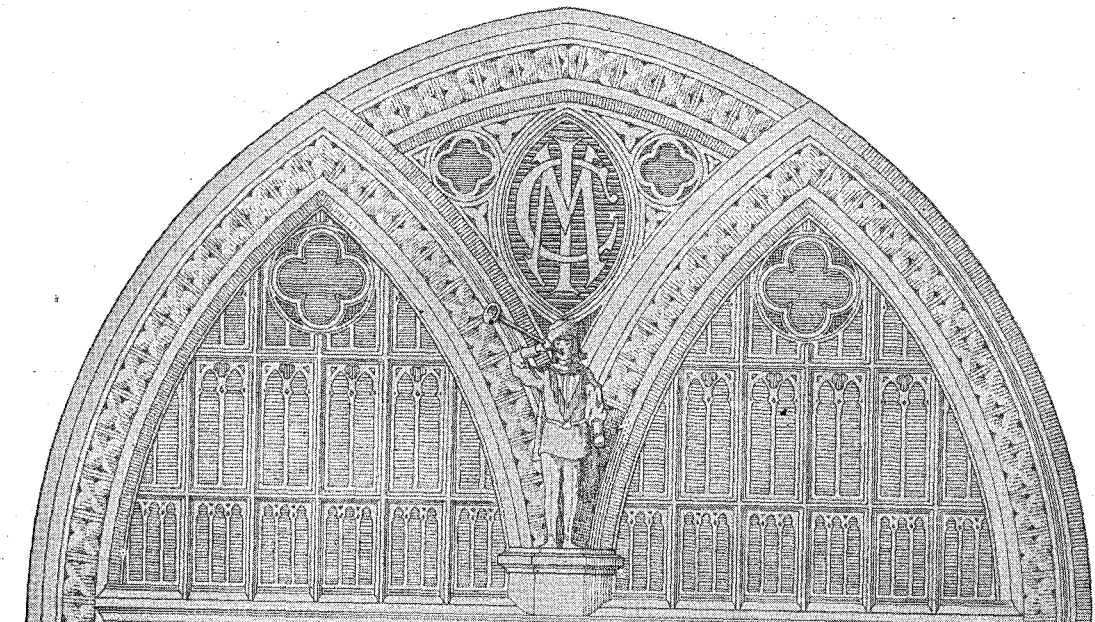

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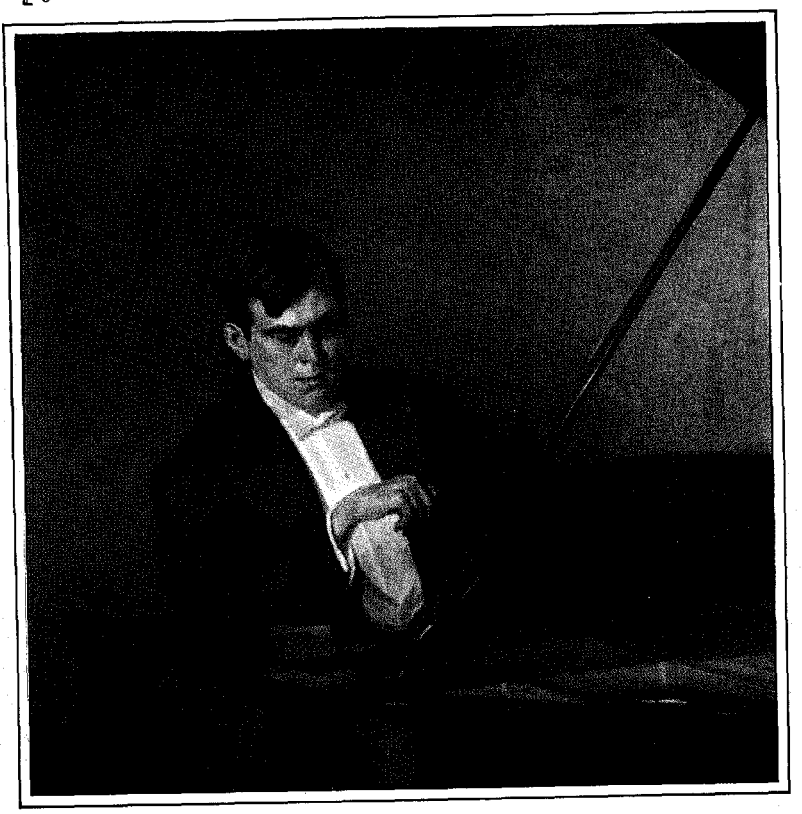

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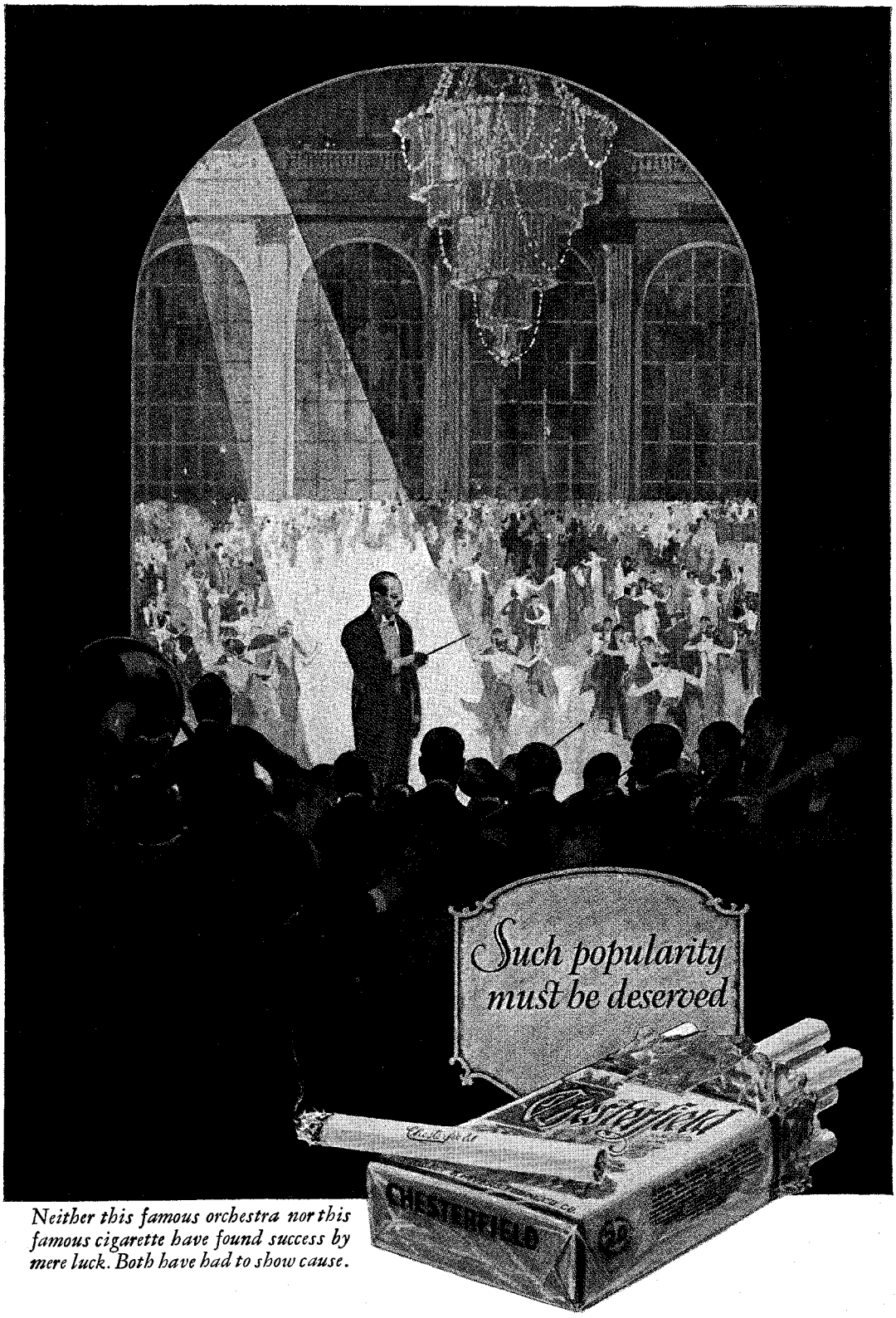

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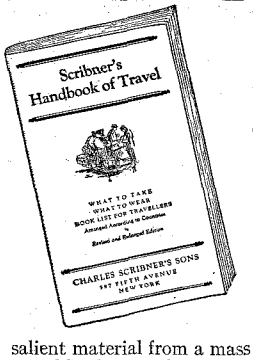

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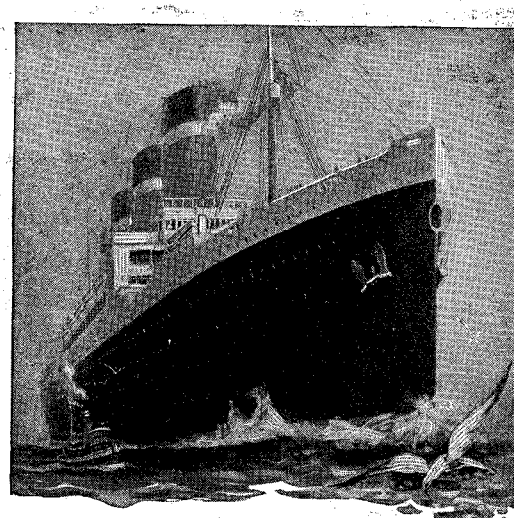

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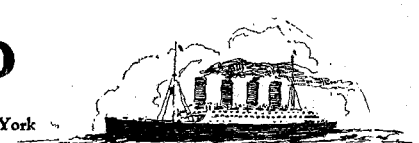

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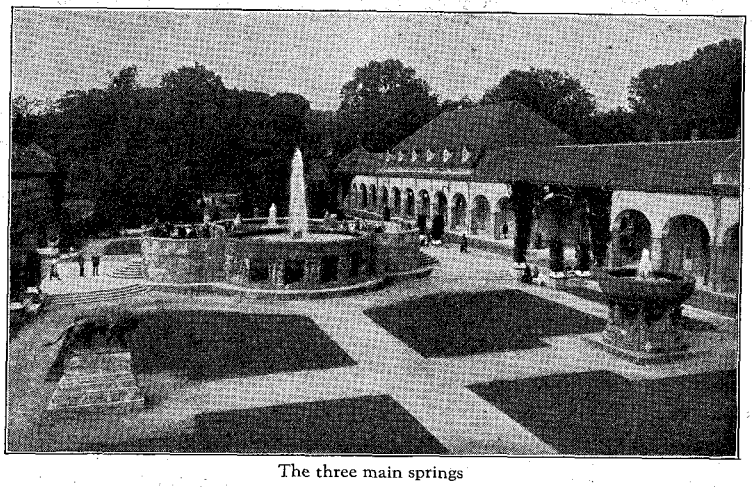

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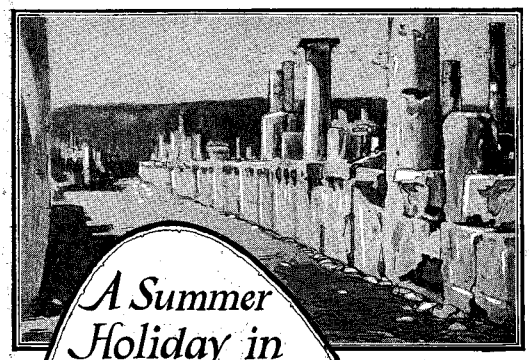

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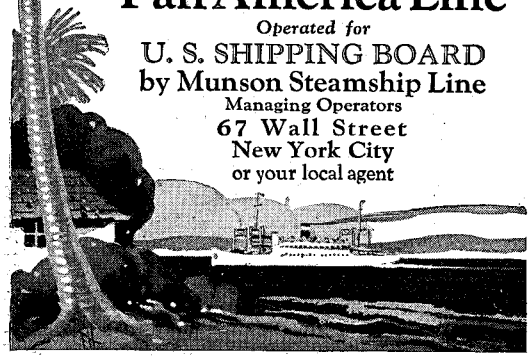

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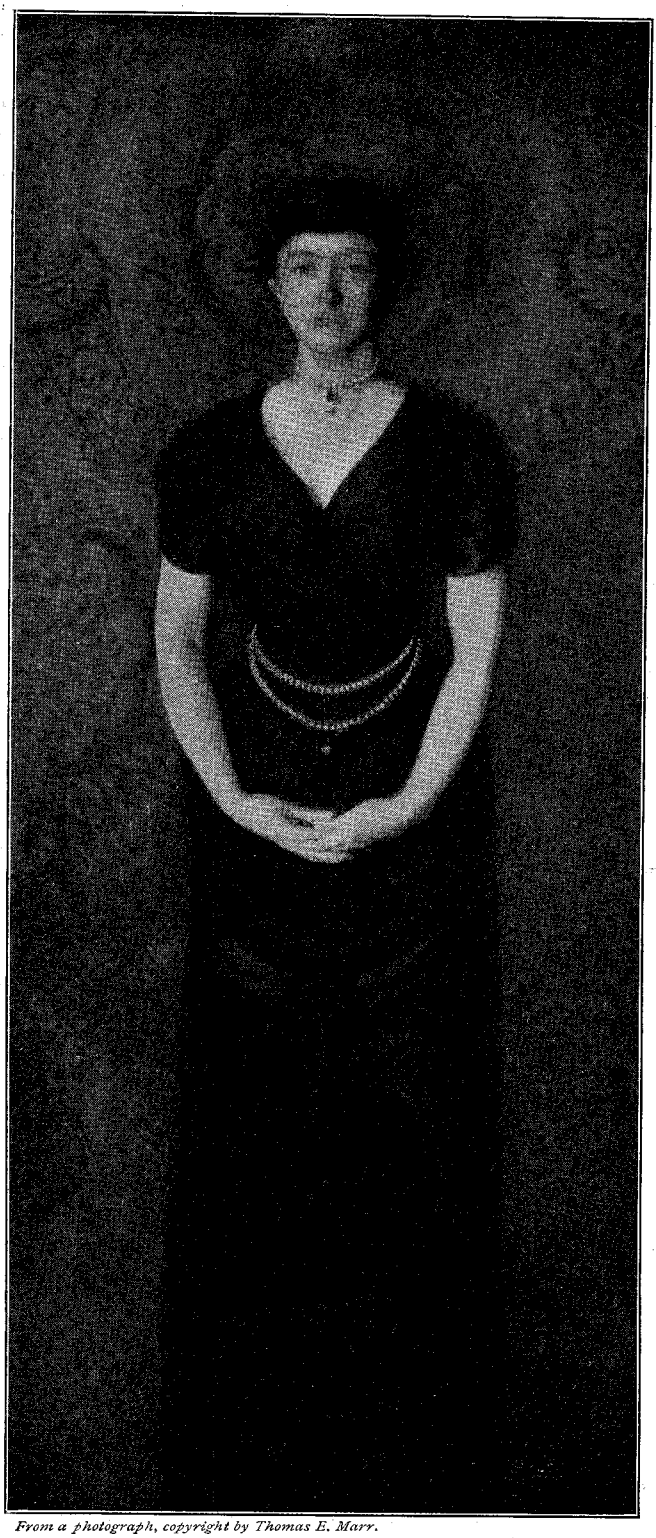

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MRS. JOHN LOWELL GARDNER.

Painted by John Singer Sargent.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVII MARCH, 1925 NO. 3

Mrs. Gardner and Her Masterpiece

THE GIFT OF FENWAY COURT TO THE PUBLIC

BY ELIZABETH WARD PERKINS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

PROVINCIALISM lives in cities as complacently as in villages; however large the community, in every one there are only a few world-minded citizens whose individual point of view leavens the dulness of the crowd. Boston was fortunate in being kept alert for many years by a woman of the worlds of art, letters, and society. Although Mrs. Gardner travelled widely after her marriage, her continuity of living was in Boston with her husband's many relations and the friends whom she continued to attract to the end of her long life.

Born in the city of New York on the 14th of April, 1839, Isabella Stewart was plain of face and beautiful of person. She spent her girlhood in her native town, went to school in Paris, and at the age of twenty-one married John Lowell Gardner, of Boston, the brother of a school friend with whom she went to stay after the two girls had returned from Europe. Her dominant personality and particular choice of self-expression made her a national as well as a local figure. Her friendships were international, her ambassadors everywhere, but the focus was in Boston. No other city could have given her a frame so becomingly in contrast, yet duly subordinated to her insistence on the adventure of being herself.

It was twenty years or more after her marriage that Mrs. Gardner interrupted a brilliant, thoroughly social life, in order to train herself to find in persons, objects, and pictures the materials for her major interest. Only after she had lived in Boston for some time, and many years before she demonstrated to Americans the function of a museum as a place where works of art enhance each other in a due relation, rather than a storage for isolated exhibits, her house at 152 Beacon Street held the great Titian, her first important purchase. It was not the first house the Gardners occupied in Boston. From 1862 to 1876 they lived at 150 Beacon. At that time they bought the house next door, threw the two houses together, and lived there in winter until Fenway Court was completed. In 1884 John Lowell Gardner inherited the fine old family place, Green Hill, in Brookline, after his father's death. The important years of Mrs. Gardner's life as a collector of art were spent in the three dwellings, so different in character and only a few miles apart—Beacon Street, Green Hill, and Fenway Court, now the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum.

The greater public knew of Fenway Court as "Mrs. Jack Gardner's Italian Palace." In the Beacon Street house were found the same elements out of which Fenway Court materialized later. A tall, fragrant Mimosa-tree, its hanging blossoms ready for bees, was an unusual thing to find growing in a house on Beacon Street, a house crammed with pictures and works of art that seemed bursting

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through the conventional walls. Every object in this house was touched with significant interest, rich with question, and an emotion alarming in that neighborhood. Boston always had collectors who made the grand tour and brought back copies of the masters from every gallery in Europe, according to the fashion of the time. But here the very air was weighted with meaning. On the threshold one was aware of the masters in their original expression, according to the fashion of all time. Centuries and the races of man jostled one another in that Beacon Street drawing-room, as do the nations in our republic. The effect was startling yet harmonious, the negative was left out and incongruities were bound together by the note of character and interest common to all.

Mrs. Gardner herself liked to surprise and to excite to further questioning. Alert, behind her graciousness of manner and her charming voice, she was the best of listeners, setting the pace as she asked innocent Socratic questions or gave a sudden definite opinion; but the other persons always found that they were doing most of the talking, giving themselves and any information they might have away, for her final uses.

From a photograph, copyright by Thomas E. Marr.

"Fenway Court."
The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum.

The following anecdote is typical of Mrs. Gardner in these early surroundings: On a cold New England winter day she sat under the great Mimosa-tree, among a confusion of beautiful objects in the overfull Beacon Street house, and listened to William Haseltine, an American painter who lived in Rome, never interrupting, but hearing all he had to tell to the end.

Mr. Haseltine had been stimulated by his environment to vivid recollection of a walking trip in an obscure part of Spain. At rest in a mountain village, he had seen in a dim old church a glint of gold and gray aloft. An investigation which in-

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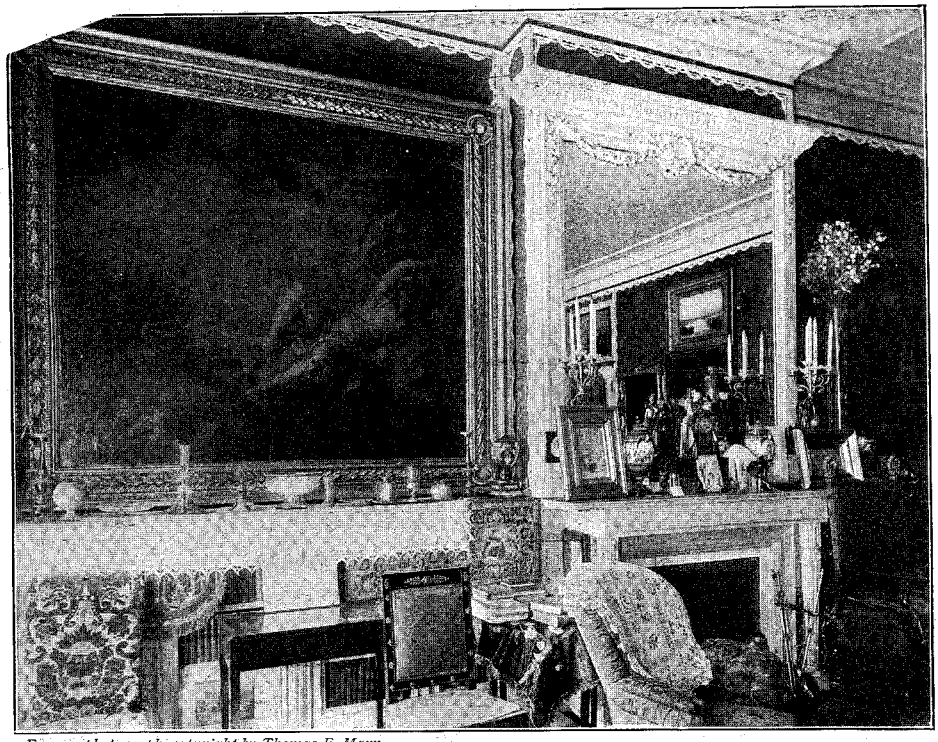

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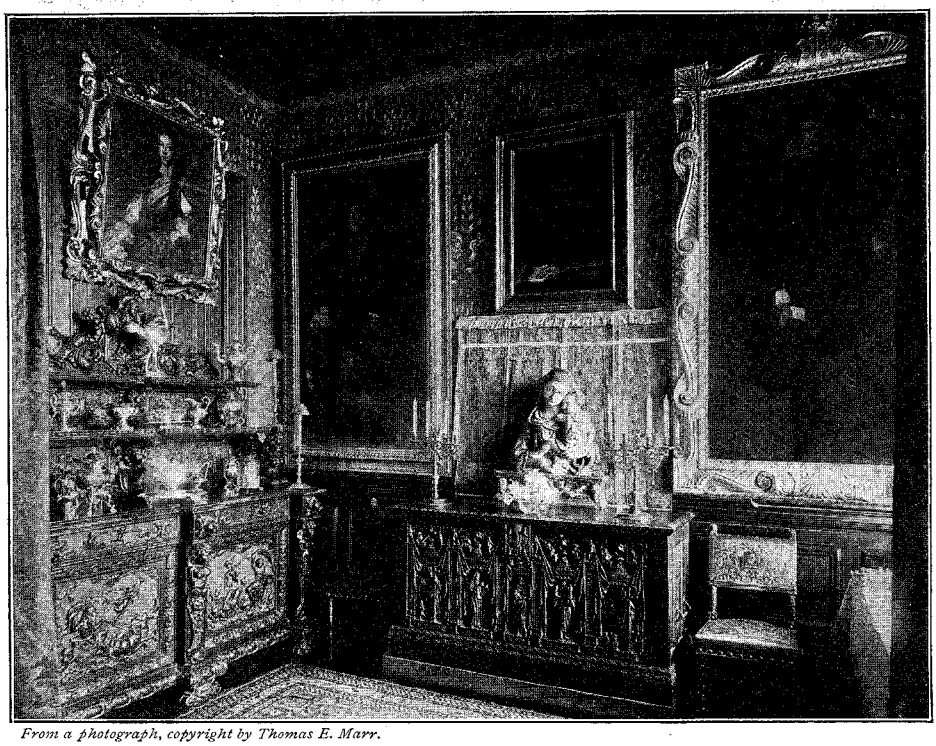
The red drawing-room of the Beacon Street house.



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A corner of the dining-room in the Beacon Street house.

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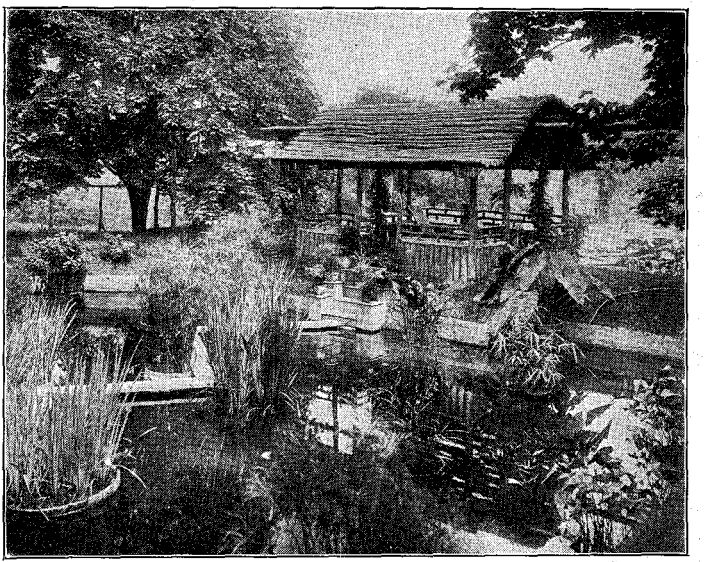

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"Green Hill," Brookline.

house within a garden. At Fenway Court, Mrs. Gardner's perfectly balanced arrangement, she lived in a house enclosing and enclosed by a garden.

Added to her unusual power of character and choice, Mrs. Gardner had a genius of an entirely feminine type. It did not directly create, or, rather, combine, from the materials presented to it by the elements; but given any matter already fashioned to beauty—objects of art, textiles, trees, and flowers—her genius for arrangement seized instantly on the fit juxtaposition, the relation and neighborhood for each part of the destined whole. She could place anything in which she discerned essential interest so admirably that all the world would see with her, and the inmost quality would be revealed to those who had re-

cluded a reluctant sacristan and a ladder disclosed a magnificent wrought-iron eagle hanging from the roof of the Chapel of Our Lady. A votive-offering of some centuries ago, not to be sold, was all the information the painter obtained; but the workmanship of his discovery had stayed in his mind, though the work itself might never be seen or heard of again. "You should have seen that amazing work of art," said Mr. Haseltine. Mrs. Gardner listened intently, as always, but made no comment. As Mr. Haseltine was leaving, came her moment; the rich years gave her many such adventures. "Look above you," she said. There hung the Spanish eagle over the door, the tarnished gold on his royal wings. Any one who saw the painter's expression and the calm satisfaction of the lady who possessed the eagle felt an equal satisfaction in well-earned triumphs of this nature. the results of her enterprise.

In the Beacon Street house the Mimosa, with the sweeping branches of fragrant memory and the many flowers, gave all the symbol and promise of a garden that a house on Beacon Street may have. It was, necessarily, a house without a garden. At Green Hill the old house was so intimately a part of the land in which it was set, of the gardens by which it was surrounded, that it might be called a

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Statue of Neptune in the garden at "Green Hill."

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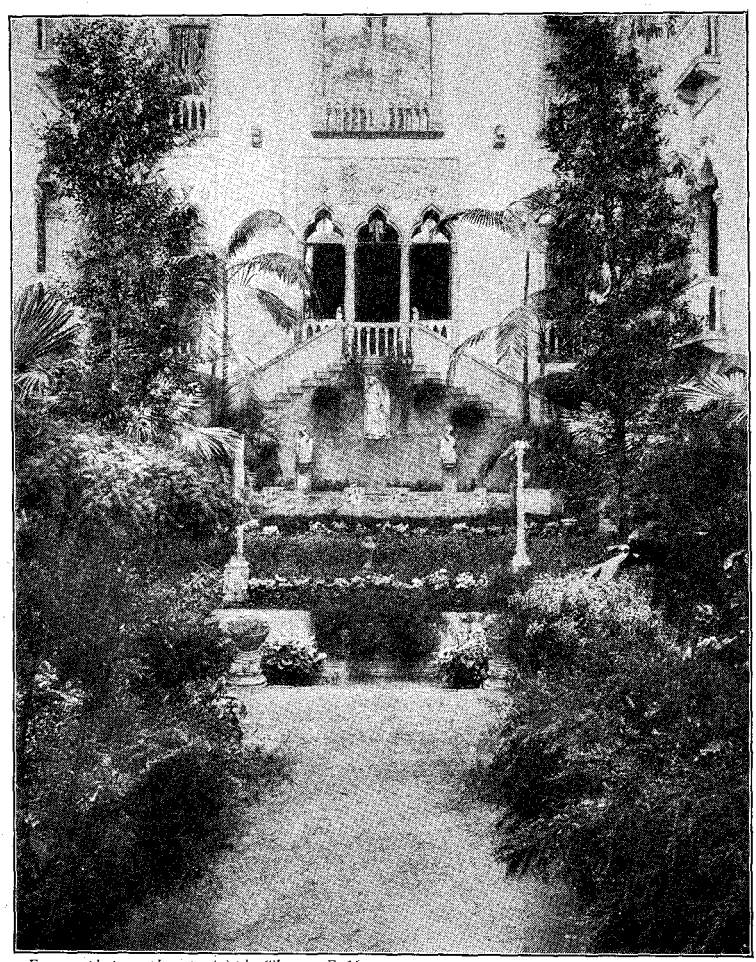
tained, or regained, the power of the single eye.

Green Hill, although an old family place, was really the work of her hands; for one thought of it all, there and at Fenway passing the gate at Green Hill to the sight of the old house drowned in lilacs, wisteria, and grape-vines, then farther to beds of roses and fleur-de-lis and the walled garden on the hill, Nature had no



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The patio at "Fenway Court."

Court, as her fashioning. She could turn those who served her into such willing and useful instruments by which to express her original plan, that it was as if she, a slender woman, had been able to pile stone upon stone, to set brick over brick in a wall; to dig, prune, and clip to such result that her work might be visited day after day and enjoyed with as fresh a sense of delight as at the first vision.

From the moment that the winding torrent of rhododendrons met the eye after rules but followed some principle known to herself and Mrs. Gardner. There was always allowance for expectation and surprise, for the trailing branch across the path, the flowers against the sky, and for color everywhere that is not a fact but a relation, something half lost and found again with delight, as a perpetual discovery. The restlessness of change for the sake of change in any accustomed place did not exist. What was proved to be good was good enough to stay, but detail

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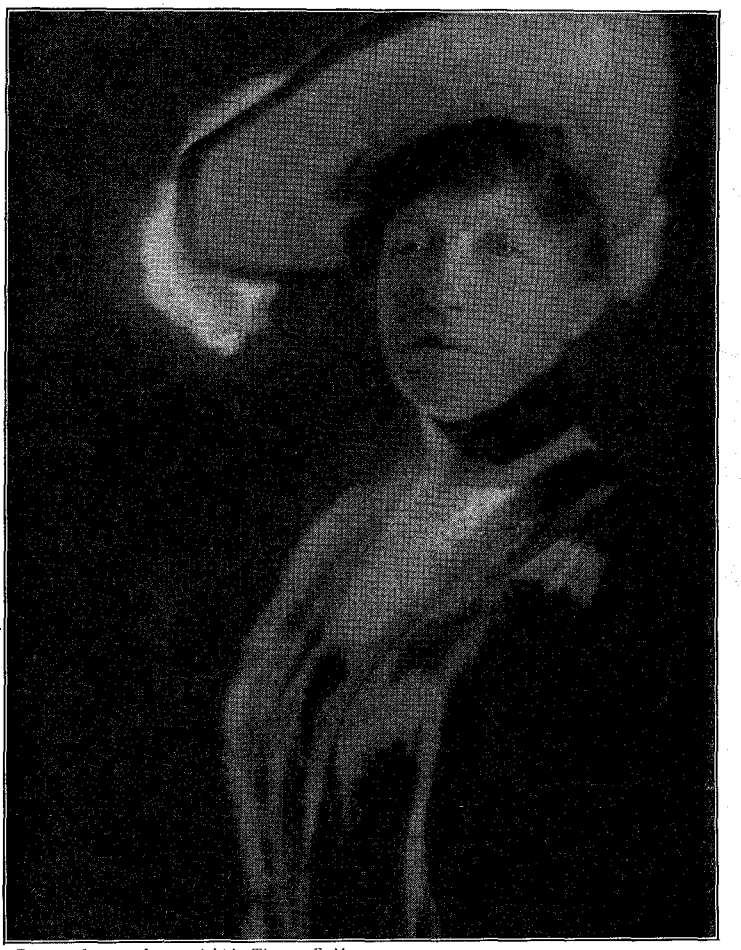
varied in houses and gardens, for Mrs. Gardner never repeated. People went to her with great expectation, asking: "What next? What will she reveal to us next?"

At the highest point of the walled garden at Green Hill one could sit to look beyond at rich woods and distant hills over an immediate foreground of flowers, where a huge carved figure of Neptune ruled an often dry fountain and never missed the sea. At night, when there was a festa, all the scents of an imagined South reached out from the encircling dark to the light-crowned hill, where lily-ponds in a Japanese garden reflected color from those who came and went, or acted in some airy drama set by Joseph Lindon Smith for the occasion.



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The only photograph which Mrs. Gardner approved, and one which she wished her friends to have.

In the house, vines curtained the windows, and the old rooms had been tuned to a harmony that was and yet was not of New England. In them the hospitality was royal but simple—the lost word "elegance" we retrieve for it—an Italian peasant's delicious food served in a lordly dish. When, reluctant to go, the guests were told to write a sentiment—another lost word—the large book represented opportunity and not requirement. The sentiment could not but repeat itself on the next occasion, unless the writer's discretion might be persuaded to outrun his zeal.

Forty years ago a child left the crowded centre of New York every Sunday for many months, to go to a small island in that mighty harbor. A foreign ship had

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landed there, a strange cargo. Huge pieces of casual shape lay on the ground, and week by week the child found them lifted into place, like the fitting together of a huge puzzle in the round. On each visit the child climbed higher in the core of the mystery, until Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty stood erect and indestructible, holding her torch to the ships of the world. It was after this manner that Mrs. Gardner built Fenway Court. She had chosen the pieces, and the whole work was in her mind before the corner-stone was set in land midway between Beacon Street and Green Hill. It is not only a tradition that day after day, carrying her luncheon, she worked with and through her men, until the museum stood like a great jewel-box, ready for the treasures of the world.

Space, light, warmth of color and climate, conditions not to be altered by the cruelest of New England winters, she had made possible there. Although her own special rooms were in the top story, where she lived with the same economy and simplicity as princes live in a corner of their vast palaces in Italy, she was as hospitable as are they, sharing her best, whether there was music in the Spanish room or a Christmas play in the mysterious Gothic room never open to the public. Mrs. Gardner well knew that reserve and expectancy are the spices of life—when reserve is a screen to value and expectancy can be held on tiptoe for anticipation.

On every-day afternoons she could be found literally at home, in one beautiful room or another, so that the whole house was occupied and warmed by her personality, both in the building and the following years of living, first in winter only, and then, as she settled her affairs superbly for life or death, the whole year round.

At the later period, in Fenway Court, after Green Hill was given over to her nephew, instead of the sun in full force setting the rose-colored stucco of the inner wall aglow as in winter, one entered a palace under the sea, where cool green light filtered through the shadowed glass of the roof and the flower hues in the court were both veiled and intensified. Great artists are the most practical of people, and great effects are achieved by direct practical means; the glass roof was painted green every spring to make a summer climate, and the paint was removed as soon as the sun could be invited indoors. People came from the centre of the gasping city and the glare of the Fenway with a never-failing sense of wonder and expectancy to the cool beauty of the court. One walked through the cloister, but not to linger, for Mrs. Gardner was in the high-walled outer garden, under the green of her vines and trees, with her collies and her birds and her never-lagging interest in her visitor and whatever might be shared of the living past and awakening future. She had no uses for dead issues or stagnant souls.

Those who were allowed to bring strangers of quality to visit Mrs. Gardner often found the lady of the house in her private drawing-room, which was reached by a lift. As one ascended, there were glimpses of glittering dragons on screens in the corridors and bronze monsters in dim corners. Mrs. Gardner would say: "Take So-and-so to see the Vermeer and go down through the house if you like." Accompanied or not by the Italian who had known Fenway Court from its beginnings and cared for each object and picture in it, there was time for lingering, with many a look for contrast outward to the snow-bound Parkway, and inward to the shock of warmth and color in the Central Court. Although the Gothic room was barred, the visitors were apt to have special knowledge of the pictures and objects in all others. Nothing could be touched, and it was sometimes necessary to remind even discriminating strangers of that fact. One nervous connoisseur picked up a large bronze bell that rang loudly through the silence, and the Italian, Mrs. Gardner's right-hand man, sprang forward, saying: "Mrs. Gardner is ill, she is in bed, she cannot walk, but she sees, she hears through the walls. She will come if that rings again!"

When Fenway Court was open to a small number of the public twice a year, people came from great distances. Mrs. Gardner was aware, from her deep knowledge of human nature, that what is too easily obtained is not fully valued, and when apparently anxious visitors, no matter how celebrated, failed to get their tickets in time or to fit their visits to her

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dates, she was inexorable, being no respecter of persons. The comic spectacle was often seen of an indignant personage proclaiming his good reasons for admission to an unsympathetic world, furious that when all else was open to him, he could not enter Fenway Court until another year.

The fact that Mrs. Gardner knew exactly what she wanted was evident on public days. Until the last year of her life she was always present on these days, except on the few occasions when illness prevented. She dressed quietly and might be found anywhere among the crowd, or suddenly discovered taking off the overshoes of an obstinate guest. The wise visitor arrived at noon, when the doors were opened, and anticipated the other two hundred and forty-nine persons who were to follow. He did not linger in the first two rooms, interesting as they are, but placed by intention a few walls between himself and all that could disturb the serene atmosphere of the Court. When the Titian room, the last to be visited, was beginning to fill with those anxious not to lose a minute of the three hours' inspection, he was able to leave with dignity, if with regret. The Harvard undergraduates, posted to see that no one turned back for another look, were invariably polite, but firm. People had to know their minds and choose on what they wished to spend their allotted time. No second thoughts were allowed—the first thoughts had to be the best, as they passed from room to room, or gazed from the third story to the court below. On one occasion a celebrated French architect was so fascinated by the proportions of the court that he exclaimed: "Trop de fleurs—let us take them all away, and look, and put them back again." But the flowers were as important and as much in their place as any stone or bronze. Who can forget the great bowl of orchids, after it once was seen against the snow landscape outside, from the end of a long corridor?

Mrs. Gardner suffered from a careless and ungrateful public. The open days were fatiguing and often distressing. The woman who was caught slitting an invaluable tapestry and dropped her scissors when discovered, was not infrequent as a type, although the fact that she came back to claim the lost scissors was unusual. In spite of would-be photographers and souvenir hunters this same ungrateful public, grateful enough now, inherits the best that she could give, its crimes already forgotten.

When Mrs. Gardner first came to New England, Boston was starving on a Puritan inheritance that had lost all sustaining vigor, although its substance had once been nourishing. Mrs. Gardner had the pioneer spirit of the forefathers, that brings into tragic relief hesitating souls, who for a thousand petty yet dominant reasons, repeat outworn experience to no present or future benefit. Bostonians were refreshed or antagonized by her presence, according to the vital possibilities still within them, of breaking away from life at second-hand. Those among them who survived were well rewarded.

Courage is the most definitely attractive of human qualities and convinces in the long run, for the courage of direct, personal choice is the essence of individuality. In the short run, taken by the average person before he changes his direction, the stand of the courageous is resented as a constant reproach, a blow at feeble purposes. Mrs. Gardner had the courage that antagonizes and finally convinces. She also had the courage of final choice, to such high intention that it influenced every detail of direct simplicity in her daily living. Her personal choice of a life-work and of each object that was to have its part in the final achievement, was steadily held through the years of her service to the community that culminated in the unique gift, not only of so many works of art collected under one roof, but of objects chosen for essential interest and beauty, arranged to create, in their relation to each other, that intangible, potent force we call atmosphere.

Direct simplicity of character that makes for the power of attention, a subtle quality found in artists, children, peasants, and the wise, was what Mrs. Gardner required in people—nothing more. When genius resulted, she acclaimed and declared it by every means in her power. If the talented person was young, she assured their training; when older and unrecognized, opportunity waited on them; when success was in their generation, she so well knew the pint measure of exulta-

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tion that it brings; when struggle was still their daily bread, the fact that one person of pre-eminent perception understood the quality of their work, was sustaining enough for the time and promise for the future.

Most people in their own experience have realized on some occasions that they would like the event without the hostess, like the little boy in Italy to whose family a kind Englishwoman sent her barouche, when he said he much preferred the carriage "senza di Miss Brown." This uncomplimentary preference could never have been applied to Mrs. Gardner's carriage; no matter how dramatic her setting, the anxiety was greater to see her than to have access to any of her possessions. With the public, she early became a tradition; story and legend multiplied.

In the old Boston Music Hall a friend of hers saw one ancient darky point to the steep stairs of the gallery and say to another impressively: "It was on dem bery same stairs that Mrs. Jack sprained her ankle." The lady from the Middle West whose two wishes on coming East for the first time were to see Mrs. Gardner and the Atlantic Ocean made herself famous and is still quoted.

The audience who waited more eagerly for Mrs. Gardner at symphony concerts or in her box at the opera than for the most popular soloist, knew little of her human and domestic side. Most Anglo-Saxon women betray their indecisions as to the style of the hour through a piecemeal dressing that results in the loss of all style; unity and accent are lacking. Mrs. Gardner, whether in black or in white, her jewels worn where and when she chose—the rubies sometimes on her slippers—showed, as in every act of hers, a dominating personality. The crowd could but look and wonder, subconsciously aware of the distance between her strength of will and their weakness. She had a number of beautiful and enduring things that might be worn, which used to be called collectively "fond de toilette"; with this variety at hand, her clothes were composed to suit the day and her sense of fitness to the adventure.

Would the public have even recognized the splendid lady could they have seen her giving up all engagements to spend the night in a remote suburb with a young and nervous friend whose husband was away; or when, surrounded by spell-bound children, she told them the story of that wicked person, St. Peter's mother-in-law, who, because of her relationship, had her one good deed—a carrot given to a starving donkey—held out to her as she fell into the abyss? But the good was of the outside only, the carrot rotten at the core. The children's delight can be imagined when the carrot gave way—for were not all the other condemned hanging by her legs as she tried to kick herself free?—and the evil woman was precipitated into the flames without reprieve. It was by this human side, manifested in innumerable ways, that Mrs. Gardner was known to her friends and her household. Life was intensified at her approach and the world was less colored in her absence. The dramatic instinct by which she held the public was equally human and elemental.

In Fenway Court are three portraits of Mrs. Gardner by Sargent, that, in their sum, declare the character of this extraordinary woman when words, which are but symbols, fail. In these pictures the subjective is expressed in terms of the objective, for the seeing eye of the beholder. They are widely scattered in different rooms of the museum. The first, a full-length portrait, hangs in the Gothic room and has not been often seen. Once contemplated, it remains in the imagination as a question that contains its own answer.

The second picture is a sketch of the central court of the museum, in which, although the face is a blank, Mrs. Gardner's figure is unmistakable and inevitably a part of the place. The whole body is so vital that the actual features of a countenance that kept in age the curiosity and sympathy of youth are never missed.

The third portrait is a water-color painted during the last year of her life. It compels attention. From the entire figure and head swathed in folds of white looks a personality young in agelessness, tranquil in the activity of a life spent on the relentless pursuit of an idea. This energy of perpetual constructive interest continues alive in the people's inheritance, the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, and in a series of portraits where, for human sight, the intangible quality of a great woman has been captured and made visible.

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The Black Army of France

A DARK CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

Author of "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend," "The 'New History,'" etc.

"WE are a nation of a hundred million," said General Mangin. The man who uttered these pregnant words is known to fame, first of all, for his massive jaw, compared with which a bulldog's betokens mild amiability. He was noted for his daring and ruthlessness during the Great War, in Pyrrhic victory under Nivelle, in final triumph under Foch. But above all, he will be remembered as the first thorough-going advocate and the efficient organizer of a Black Army for European service. Native troops had always been used overseas, by France and by all other colonial powers. There was something soothing to the moral sense in the thought that, if negroes had to be killed at all, they had better be killed by men of their own race. Besides, it is cheaper. But it was beyond the range of speculation that they should play an important part in the defense of European France. General Mangin has been a prophet in his own country. Large bodies of colored troops served against the Germans. We have heard a few uncomplimentary remarks about their presence in the occupied area. The permanent plans of the French government, in compensation for a reduction in the term of service, provide for a large increase in the non-European contingent. The army of France is becoming a variegated affair. The "nation of a hundred million" is polychrome, polyglot, and, incidentally, polygamous as well.

This policy of the French can be explained and defended without any "idealistic nonsense." It is a problem of power —which for France means a problem of life and death. For nearly half a century, France had been living in the shadow of a mighty militarism. This militarism was growing more formidable every year: it was served by national spirit, industrial technique, and overwhelming numbers. The world accepts as a fact that in 1914, France was the victim of an aggression. She was saved through her own heroic efforts, but also through the assistance of her Allies. As Belgium and Serbia can aver, heroism and a righteous cause are not enough. The God of Battles is on the side of big battalions, and we must see to it that big battalions are on the side of God. The tremendous Alliance which, at the end of four years and at the cost of ten million lives, finally made the world safe for the democracy of Horthy, Mussolini, and Lenin, came so slowly into being, moved with such ill-concerted efforts, that, as late as July, 1918, the fate of the cause was uncertain. Put not your trust in alliances! What guarantee has France that, in another crisis, even such a sluggish combination of powers would come to the rescue? It is doubtful whether Russia would ever again concert her action with France against Germany. It is even less certain that two million doughboys would be sent across the Atlantic on another crusade to beat Satan at his own game. France must rely upon herself alone. Germany, with her shrunken territory, still could place three soldiers in the field against France's two. In the next generation, the proportion will be two to one. Disarmament compacts amount to very little: new methods of warfare are constantly devised; peace industries can be rapidly adapted to war purposes. So France feels herself, after 1919 as before 1914, under a constant menace from the East. Her ideal is not to enforce her own will through arms; but if she is to live, she must guard against an alien will being enforced upon her. So, to the stupid argument, which we have heard quoted as irrefutable by "lib-

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eral" Americans: "What can you do? We are sixty million, and you forty," comes the proper answer: "You are mistaken: we are a hundred million." Brutality against brutality: it is not Christian, it is human.

It may be a necessity: it is an ugly one. How glibly we are all talking now about "the next war"! Our admirals and generals win applause when they say: "We believe that the next war should be averted in the same way as all previous wars have been averted, by preparing for it." Is there no way out? The French would say, as Alphonse Karr remarked when it was proposed to abolish capital punishment: "Que Messieurs les Assassins commencent!"

If war should come, we do not shudder at the thought of the most cultured population in Europe being submitted to the tyranny of African savages. War is Hell: but Hell can be made much more efficiently hellish by bespectacled doctors of philosophy, just as Professor Wendt can get in his electric oven a temperature higher than that of any star. When it comes to atrocities, the supremacy of the Caucasian, and particularly of the Nordic, is beyond challenge. A London cabby thought he would blast with his vituperations his mild and scholarly-looking "fare", but the little Professor was a philologist, who gave him there and then a cursory treatise on the art of swearing. In the same way, the champion cannibal from the South Seas is a tyro compared with a specialist from Essen. Or, to put the same thought in more courteous and more classical language, "there is nothing worse than the corruption of the best."

Nor should we wax indignant because these savages would be torn from their African huts to fight for a cause which they could not understand. Millions of moujiks were led to slaughter by Grand Duke Nicholas without a glimmer of the real issue, and we never protested. Worse, thousands of men were drafted for causes they understood only too well, and which were not theirs. It is not so heinous a crime for Poincaré to call Senegalese to arms as for William II forcibly to enroll an Alsatian or a Pole. Political thinking is not allowed in the army, anyway, nor even back of the line, so long as the fight is on. All you need to know is that you have been assigned to one side, and that your side must win. Such a conception of patriotism is well within the range of our dusky friend Batouala, although it is above the intellect of Bertrand Russell.

What we are afraid of is the effect of brute force upon those who use it, rather than upon those against whom it is used. The victims despise the force that crushes them, and thus they save their souls. The victors worship it, and gain the world. And what a world it would be! Imagine, in every international discussion, the new Brennus throwing into the scale the swords of a million Africans.

France might be safe from a foreign foe under the protection of her dark regiments. She would also be saved from the insidious enemy at home, "the enemies of order." Anarchists, socialists, radicals, freethinkers of all kinds would receive short shrift at the hands of a professional army entirely in the hands of its leaders. Social conservation would be defended by an irresistible force—until it found itself at the mercy of its protector. Some future Millerand, served by some future Mangin, would give France a few years of efficient, Diaz-like administration. Then the Mangin of the day would supersede a weaker Millerand, only to be superseded in his turn by some pretorian adventurer. The struggle for power would become more frankly brutal, until the very scum of the polychrome rabble would hold sway, and until some mongrel, gifted with sufficient cunning and ruthlessness, would revive on an epic scale the exploits of the Haytian Emperors, Dessalines, Christophe, and Soulouque.

General Mangin would pooh-pooh such a possibility, as too shadowy for serious consideration. We might as well curb the charitable activities of the Salvation Army because H. G. Wells, in "The Sleeper Awakes," prophesied they would lead to the restoration of slavery. However, conditions in certain Spanish-American countries would lead us to believe that such a nightmare has in it some elements of truth, and that the warning should not be disregarded.

On the other hand, do not the words of General Mangin contain a promise as well as a menace? What if it were true

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that the French actually mean to build up, not an Empire, but a Nation? A nation all members of which are gradually subjected to the same duties, because, gradually also, the same rights are granted to all? What if France were committed in good earnest to that bewildering enterprise: to make the French ideal so worth while, and at the same time so accessible, that men in all stages of cultural development will strive for it with increasing consciousness? If they strive for it, they will be ready to die for it. But may not the sacrifice precede and define the ideal? If they are ready to die for the spirit of France, they will truly make it theirs. The simple loyalty of the soldier, of which all races are capable, may be the best elementary school for citizenship.

It is not the use of colored troops that is repellent to us; the United States has never hesitated to employ them. It is the use of mercenaries, white as well as black. The Hessians purchased by George III were Caucasians, and even Teutons: to have brought them over for the subjugation of free men is a crime that America has not yet forgiven. On the other hand, no one can fail to detect the finest American spirit in the Shaw Monument in Boston, commemorating the commander of a negro regiment and his men.

The dilemma therefore is this: if you are using the Africans simply as you are using horses and mules, we can hardly condemn you so long as war has not been outlawed altogether, but it is an ugly necessity, and one fraught with danger. If you are using these men as men, in the same spirit as you sent the élite of your own sons against barbed-wire entanglements and machine-gun fire, then "out of the eater meat may come forth, and out of the strong, sweetness."

There is no doubt whatever as to which way the French are professing to take. They are not committed to the dogma that all men are actually equal; they know full well that there is no such equality within the same race, the same social group, or even the same family. But they are committed to the doctrine of justice, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. So are we, according to the letter of the law. But we do not seem to realize that justice implies fair play, and that fair play can hardly be said to exist when a large element is burdened with a crushing handicap.

The story ran for a few days in Paris that the first "Unknown Soldier" picked out at random to be glorified under the Triumphal Arch happened to be a negro, and that he was quietly reinterred. The story was flatly contradicted, with the assurance that France made no distinction among "her children." The negroes of four cities in Senegal have full citizenship, although they are Mohammedans: it was declared that the four lawful widows whom each might leave would be entitled to a pension. When some jazz palace at Montmartre refused admittance to a negro, in order not to displease its American clientèle, official punishment was swift and sharp, and with it came a letter from M. Poincaré, then Premier, reasserting the policy of France in these matters. To be sure, a decent French negro should have known better than patronize a disreputable Montmartre resort, and the sooner all such places are labelled "For Americans only," the better for all concerned. No doubt also M. Poincaré was only too glad to give American fingers a gentle rap, on a question of true democracy; his own knuckles were fairly bleeding with our virtuous castigation of him. His letter was reproduced by the French press, even the most conservative, with unanimous approval.

"In the course of my travels through the French possessions," says a German, Rudolf Asmis, "I remember seeing black men as magistrates judging white men, and filling administrative and other official positions; colored women legitimately married to white Frenchmen, and, on the other hand, white women acting as domestic servants to natives." I do not know this Rudolf Asmis. He was Consul-General of the German Empire in the Belgian Congo and writes in the *Preussische Jahrbücher:* so much to the good. His report, I confess, strains credibility; he may have had an axe to grind, either against the French, whom he professes to admire, or against the extreme "racialists" among his compatriots. It is not, however, his

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testimony that matters, but the testimony of the Frenchman who quotes his words with pride. For that man is Albert Sarraut, in his book: "A Plan for the Development of the French Colonies." Now Albert Sarraut is a politician, no doubt; he even belonged, at one time, to the Radical Party. But he has long specialized in colonial questions; he has been Governor of Indo-China and brilliantly successful as Colonial Secretary. His book is a new edition of a Parliamentary Report which may be accepted as the official manifesto of the French colonial school. That the conditions described by Asmis are exceptional may be taken for granted: what is significant is that such conditions should be looked upon by the French as desirable.

"Militarization, and public education in the service of militarization," says Asmis again, "are the means employed for this vast and methodical Frenchification of the native masses; a process which is destined, through imperceptible but continuous approximation, to incorporate with France all parts of her colonial empire."

Note the words: "imperceptible but continuous approximation." This sounds un-French: do we not know that the French are pitiless logicians and therefore reckless radicals? Who was it maintained that such an expression as *un-French* (or *un-English*) was a perfect example of a fallacy in a single word? Nothing human, for good or evil, can be un-French, for the Frenchiness of the French is made up of innumerable contrasts. And especially it changes from moment to moment, without losing its complex identity. We are always talking as though all Frenchmen throughout the ages had been so many Robespierres. As a matter of fact, they preserved the same dynasty, with an unwritten constitution and with "custom law," for nearly a thousand years. By infinitesimal degrees, they pieced together and welded, materially and morally, the heterogeneous elements that made up the closest national unity in the world. They managed to combine loyalty to Rome, attachment to the liberties of the Gallican Church, reverence for the wisdom and virtue of pagan antiquity, and confidence in abstract reason, into the serene harmony of their classical age. A race which, patiently—unconsciously—has resolved such discords, is not unfit to devote itself to a problem vast and complex beyond definition. The problem will grow under their hands, and they will grow to meet its challenge. They will make their path, straight or winding, according to the lay of the land: all that is required is a beacon light on the horizon. The early Capetians were pitifully weak: if they had not felt, however, that in their regal title lay a claim to the whole of ancient Gaul, modern France would never have come into being. France is the result of an act of faith prolonged through countless generations. Such a pregnant faith Mangin's Greater France may prove to be.

There was, no doubt, a time when the French believed that, as human nature is everywhere and forever the same in all essentials, differences due to tradition are superficial and may easily be swept aside. They have realized since that love and hatred concentrate in those trivial differences; Catholics and Huguenots were ninety-nine per cent. alike in their beliefs, but they were ready to hang, behead, quarter, or burn one another for the sake of the contentious one-hundredth. The sole definition of a "fundamental point" is: a point for the sake of which we are willing to kill or die. The French are not converted to "the wisdom of prejudice" preached by Burke, but they have had to recognize the infinite potency of prejudice, and they will not ignore it again in their calculations.

Their rationalism has received another sharp lesson since the end of the eighteenth century. Much of its cocksureness has disappeared. So fierce has been the battle between irreconcilable principles, and so bewildering the enrichment of human experience, that it is a sadder and a wiser rationalism now. Just as Montaigne's scepticism was the fruit—the bitter-sweet fruit—of the religious wars, so the Renanism which has slowly permeated the French mind results from a century of conflict.

Thus the French have lost at the same time their faith in the easy adaptability of all races and their faith in the transcendent value of their own standards. They have become evolutionists and rela-

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tivists; that is to say, the reverse of radicals. The radicals, *i. e.* the men who have a simple faith in simple dogmas, are found on the other side—among those who believe that religious orthodoxy was formulated once for all in the Westminster Confession of Faith, political orthodoxy in the American Constitution, and economic orthodoxy in "The Wealth of Nations." To the same class belong the men who affirm that races are forever limited by bonds of adamant. The one great conquest of the nineteenth century, the historical spirit, seems to have affected them not at all. There is nothing permanent in history, not even change itself, which slackens or accelerates constantly.

The new policy of the French consists in recognizing the differences of all the peoples under their rule; not only to tolerate them with good-natured contempt, as the British have done in India, but genuinely to respect them. The French are more desirous of preserving the ancient monuments of Morocco or Cambodia than are the natives themselves. They want to foster native art, even though, as in Western Africa, it is exceedingly crude, rather than impose European patterns. What? Deliberately to prefer the worse when you have the better in your gift? Yes, because a genuine product of the artistic faculty, however primitive, is capable of growth, whereas a mere reproduction, even though without a fault, is without life.

But if all parts of the French Empire thus grow in their own direction, upon the basis of their own traditions, will they not grow further and further apart? The French do not think so. They still believe that differences in traditions are not fundamental, but only the result of isolation, destined to wane slowly when isolation is broken down. There was a time when every village in England had a dialect of its own: human nature has not been made over, yet the King's English has prevailed. France and her colonies are already living in many ways a common life. Modern scientific methods, at any rate, can be introduced everywhere; and nowhere is it necessary that they should crush the local spirit, any more than they have done in Japan. There are Mohammedan and Shintoist engineers or doctors, just as there are Methodist or Mormon engineers or doctors. These new elements are insinuating themselves into the interstices of the local tradition; then they will color it, blend with it, almost absorb it. To such a process no limit can be set.

Will the result be a deadly uniformity? We think not. First of all, the "result" is infinitely distant—or rather there is no result that does not become a cause in its turn. What lies ahead of us is a world from which not picturesque differences, but the fierceness of exclusive pride, have been eliminated. And, as this process comes from communication and comprehension, it means mutual enrichment. No race loses by learning from another, if what is learned be worth while. It might be more picturesque if everybody remained true to type; if England understood nothing but "muddling through somehow," and France nothing but abstract principles divorced from realities. But could not each master the other's gift without losing her own?

At any rate, France is very far from the old cry: Perish the colonies, rather than a principle! But she is as far as ever from the other cry: Perish all principles, if only we keep the colonies! Why should one or the other perish?

As late as 1848 and even 1870, the French granted full citizenship of the European type to unassimilated elements, like the Hindus of the Five Settlements, or the Jews of Algeria. The results were that the French Hindus became as passive in the hands of political bosses as the New Yorkers themselves; and that a terrible insurrection nearly shook the hold of the French in North Africa. These mistakes are not likely to occur again. The policy of immediate assimilation has been superseded by that of gradual association. And the new principles have not been reduced to a single code: colonial administration is an experimental, not a logical, science; above all, it is an art. There are no two groups of French colonies, nor even two colonies within the same group, that are governed exactly alike. The five principal parts of French Indo-China have five different régimes, ranging from a fairly close adaptation of European methods in Cochin-China to a

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loose protectorate over primitive tribes in Laos. Even Algeria, which was too hastily assimilated with France and is administered by the Ministry of the Interior, has communities of three different kinds: under purely French law, mixed, and purely native. The franchise is gradually extended, as a reward for military service or progress in education, but it is not made the object of a sweeping measure, and the Berbers are now learning in village administration lessons which their sons will apply to Algerian and even to Imperial problems.

The success of such a policy depends upon two conditions: the guiding power must have faith, but not too arrogant a faith, in its present superiority; and it must also have faith in the unlimited potential development of its associates. Whatever distance there may be between guardian and ward, there must be no barrier. That is where Anglo-Saxons fail. They know of a surety that no one can ever be like unto themselves; nor, being different, can be just as good. It is self-evident that upon the principle of race supremacy you can build an Empire, but you cannot weld an Empire into a Nation. All Britishers know that the parts of their dominions that are not predominantly Anglo-Saxon are held precariously. The problem which now faces England is no longer how to associate Egypt or India more closely with herself, but how to let them go without injustice to all concerned. The best that we plan to do with the Filipinos is to fit them for the independence we have so solemnly promised them. We do not expect that they should ever feel themselves true Americans, coequal with us in every respect. We find it hard enough to fuse heterogeneous elements in our midst; to amalgamate large blocks of distant and completely alien populations is neither our hope nor our desire.

The French are trying it. With what success, it is too early to tell. Their new Empire (they retained but shreds of the old) came into being barely fifty years ago, with the exception of Algeria. It was not until the Fashoda crisis that it became a real factor in national preoccupations. In that short time—a minute in the life of nations!—little has been achieved, yet enough to increase our confidence in the principles and the methods of the French. A colonial school that can boast of such names as Faidherbe, Brazza, Galliéni, Lyautey can face the future with a stout heart. The son of Abd-el-Kader welcomed President Millerand in Algiers; he voiced fearlessly the grievances of his people; but what he wanted was a closer approximation to French citizenship, not independence. The American negro is infinitely better off than the Senegalese, but he has the sense that arbitrary limits have been set to his development, and that is enough to turn material progress to gall. In a Congress of the Negro Race, American apostles of "race emancipation" were disappointed to find so little response from the French West Africans —one of whom, M. Diagne, was a deputy in the French Parliament, and had held a Cabinet position. What can you do with people who say: "We don't want to think of ourselves primarily as negroes: we are French"?

Once more, it is a philosophy we are discussing, not a tale of achievements. According to your spectacles, these will be found marvelous or pitiful; on the whole, among foreign observers as well as among the French, optimism prevails. It is a formidable enterprise: there are only two at present that can at all be compared with it. One is the federal system of Soviet Russia, with its self-determined component Republics and its autonomous areas. It reads well, but what we do not know about Russia already fills a large library. The other is Brazil, in which three races, white, negro, and Indian, seem to commingle without creating bitterness. But in both these cases, the domain in which the experiment is tried is continuous, self-contained: the French Empire is scattered through the seven seas. In Russia, the leading element enjoys an enormous numerical as well as cultural predominance: the French are a minority in their "nation of a hundred million." In Brazil, the negroes and the Indians have no cultural tradition of their own to oppose that of the Portuguese; under the French flag, the Annamites, the Arabs, the Berbers, even the Malagasy, had achieved a distinct civilization.

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It is a task for centuries: Gaul herself was not completely Romanized when Rome fell, four hundred years after Cæsar. A few well-defined dangers from without and from within, a hundred unforeseen accidents, may ruin the experiment before it is even fairly under way. But what an experiment for a nation to undertake! To carry democracy one big step farther than America is willing to go; to proclaim fair play among the races as well as among the classes; to bring backward or isolated populations into line for world-citizenship! What a call to service and adventure for the best young men in France, what an enrichment of the national life, what a breaking down of smug parochialism! If the attempt fails, at least it will have done good to the natives and to the French. So we shall follow the great enterprise with bated breath, and wish it godspeed.

American Mythology

BY CAROLINE E. MacGILL

Author of "The Problem of the Superfluous Woman," "The Importance of Earning a Living," etc.

A NATION without myths would be impoverished in a most important element of culture, but it does not thereby follow that a nation may not have too many. Myths are salutary or inspiring, or examples of what not to do, on the whole. We treat them with more respect than we used to, calling them more often than not a legitimate part of a nation's history. At one time the iconoclast was wont to think he had ruined a myth's reputation for good when he proved that a certain number of stories could be found, with slight changes, in the lore of every land. Now we merely remark that the human race is to a large extent cut off the same pattern mythologically as it is physically, and that the same basic situations have a way of popping up, over and over, since the days of the cave. If we were to discover a race with an entirely brand-new set of myths, we should be righteously suspicious that some one was trying to spoof us, like the man who made the Cardiff Giant.

Myths have been classified learnedly by divers students. A large number are hero tales, very useful for inspiring the young, and around election time, when the great and glorious principles of the Republic or the party or the conscript fathers are brought out from the innocuous desuetude of the lumber-room, brushed up, and declaimed from every auto-truck at every hustings. The practice began around the tribal fire, when the ancients would impress the young with the importance of regularity. To do as some ancestor who had been a mighty man in the tribe, of course carried the unspoken inspiration of similar eminence.

A second large class of myths represent personifications of evil, fear of the unknown, of destiny, when it runs counter to ambition. Such, for example, are the well-known myths of Loki, the Scandinavian arch-villain; of Anangké, the shadowy Greek personification of adverse fate, more powerful than the gods of Olympus; the Flying Huntsman, the Wandering Jew, and, perhaps the most widespread of all, the Werewolf. Of course the last is the most widespread because it personifies the commonest and most universally observed drama of humanity, the struggle between good and evil which takes place in every human soul, the paradox that "there is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us."

Probably every one is at some point superstitious. A certain dear lady declared herself emancipated completely, yet was known to put her right stocking on first and to cut her finger-nails on

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Thursday with no variation. A day of the week, or month, is thought "lucky" by millions of our fellow citizens. And the astonishing popularity of such trifles as "lucky stones," Billikens, "Weegee Ducks," and all the rest, offer irrefutable evidence to the social observer of a general readiness to believe in occult powers of evil which may be propitiated by ownership of the latest mascot. This is certainly luck-bringing to the inventors and manufacturers thereof.

It is not, therefore, inconsistent even with the American mind that myths should flourish among us. Perhaps the subtlest and most widespread of all our myths is that myths cannot exist in the freedom and vigor of the "great open spaces." It is a peculiarly dangerous myth, because of its mind-closing tendencies, blinding us to the better concealed of the popular fallacies.

Many of our myths centre around liberty and freedom, until one would suppose that they were something indigenous to the soil of this western world. Yet we know that "freedom," except for the few, was about the last thing the original settlers wanted. An examination of the records of the northern colonies will show how exceedingly little freedom there was of any kind from the ordinances of Plymouth to the famous statute of 1636, which removed the last vestige of freedom from children above six, compelling them to be employed, even doubly employed, after that age. The urchin set to watch the cattle or sheep must be put at the same time to "spinning upon the rock," which pastime had no affiliations with the game of "duck-on-a-rock," but meant that the child should spin upon a common kind of distaff, so called. As an alternative he might weave tape upon a hand-loom. Little girls were expected to be knitting stockings or the like. It is very well to talk about the stern economic conditions which made it necessary for each child to be so far as possible self-supporting, but the statute itself, alas! makes it quite clear that the real thorn was the sight of children presuming to play. Such lasciviousness on the part of the innocents was utterly at variance with the Puritan temper. If further evidence were wanted upon this myth of "freedom," there is a certain book, being the relation of one Hugh Peters, crony and ghostly adviser to Oliver Cromwell, who visited these parts in the sixteen-forties. He was terribly shocked at what he saw, telling tales like a flapper novelist. The significant thing is that he relates the worst of the outlying towns, which had spread rapidly, too rapidly either for safety or prosperity, but which, under an occasional camouflage of stricter piety, multiplied to escape the atmosphere of Boston and Salem. What ideal of "freedom" there was came as the reaction of these centrifugal elements, as the country grew, not from the seed sown by the first comers, the influence of the frontier.

In Virginia, Bacon's Rebellion is not even the first outburst against tyranny, only the best-known. Probably the first was when Captain John Smith poured buckets of water down the backs of his swearing and sweaty "idle gentlemen," to punish them for their disinclination to obey his orders, "being also to the improvement of their health," as the chronicler states. There is a large and eminent school of historians who show that the whole Revolutionary movement was a rebellion against the dominant coastwise men and the restrictions which they imposed upon the "up-country" men, first; secondarily, against the English Government. Certainly the Declaration of Independence and the Treaty of Paris did not by any means put a stop to the friction; instance the Whiskey Rebellion and the Wilkinson-Burr conspiracy.

A curious and extremely persistent myth is that the Declaration of Independence says that all men are born free and equal, and its corollary, that, because the Declaration says so, they are and must be in this land. If the believer is confronted with the text, and bidden find the clause, the next defense is of course "the Bible." Any suggestion that neither is a part of the law of the land, and hence that the supposed statement might be repeated a million or so times and have no legal effect, rarely penetrates consciousness. The horrific statement that the phrase really came from the arch radical and scoffer, Tom Paine, is treated as akin to blasphemy. Probably few

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things are more difficult than to convince the average American that the Declaration of Independence is not a part of the fundamental law of the land, or at least of equal validity with the Constitution. To hint that it was in reality a party platform, that a number of its planks are very shaky and built of timber which careful study shows to be mostly "punk," is somehow to endanger the vitality of the nation. To further point out the fact that less reliance upon the legal force of the Declaration, and more upon our own efforts, to make the freedom and equality which we rightly aspire to something more than a "scrap of paper," is of course to invite suspicion of our Americanism.

The Spartan virtues and titanic activities of our ancestresses is another well-known myth. Their immense families, running to twenty children, their domestic and industrial activities, are intrenched in fireside story and sober tome. Of a few, doubtless, the tales are true; they have spread their mantle over their lesser sisters. Hence the women of to-day are decried because they seek industrial and commercial occupations outside their homes, because they have small families, and so on. The facts are a curious commentary on popular myth-making. Housekeeping was of the simplest. There were few things to cook, and but a narrow means to cook them; the family was glad if it had enough, and no questions or criticisms were offered. A dress (once spun, woven, made) lasted until, after much patching, it had descended to the youngest, and was worn to threads. Housen gear lasted indefinitely, as a few of the more fortunate among us know to our pride. They made good stuffs, our ancestresses. As to their numerous broods, investigation shows, statistically, that, as now, there were many more women than men, and our worthy forefathers, having seen the light of their lives extinguished, promptly struck another match. Three, four, or even more wives were not uncommon, each with her children to make up the total. The old graveyards often wear a strangely Oriental aspect, the patriarch under a large stone, his wives around him, humbly indicated by lesser mementos.

Considering the tenacity with which the popular mind holds to the myth that our forefathers came to this land in search of "freedom to worship God," the vitality of the converse myth, that only certain faiths are consonant with good citizenship, is curious, like all forms of human prejudice. This is rightly to be classified with the Werewolf type of myth, a creature wholly innocuous and even reputable, so long as he can be seen, but out of sight reverting to a sinister, dangerous beastliness. Under the malign influence of this myth, Quakers, Catholics, Baptists, Unitarians, and Episcopalians have been objects of violent attack, even to the point of death. Political and legal proscriptions of the suspect-classes have been—and, alas! are—very common.

Due to its affiliations with the English Government, the Episcopal Church came within an ace of expulsion after the Revolution. Its newly acquired bishops caused an astonishing rumpus all over the country among the folk who held episcopacy, prelacy, popery, and toryism to be identical names for the wolf. The immense influence and common sense of Washington and his membership in the accused faith undoubtedly prevented serious action. Many of the colonies had legal churches, whose influence held over long after their legal abolition. Even to-day there are communities all over the land where official employment is limited to a certain select few. Jew and Episcopalian, Catholic and Unitarian find themselves grouped and classified as undesirable citizens. It may be remembered that it was considered at one time gravely debatable whether our present greatly honored Chief Justice could be elected President on account of his faith. The activities of the Know-Nothing Party and the various attacks upon members of the Catholic church have of late been vividly recalled to the public mind.

In the years when the national consciousness was gaining coherence, however crude those largely ignored, misunderstood, miscalled "splendid idle forties," another myth began to take shape—the myth of "native Americanism." Without needing the epigram that patriotism is the last resort of the scoundrel, the origin of this myth is not hard to discover. For like all myths it has its modicum of his-

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tory, it is an interpretation of fact. It arose in the turbulent and moiling West, and thence spread eastward, and was closely connected with the progress of the railroads and their gangs of laborers, newcomers from Ireland chiefly, so that religious dislike met race. There are many complaints in the letters and books of travel of the time on the rough crews who were engaged in the heavy work required. That the work was required, that the men came not only on account of famine in their native land, but because the supply of "native American" labor willing to do this work was exhausted, did not enter into the considerations of those who let their race passions rise, and excited others, over men who were doing exactly what their own ancestors did, not so long before. As many-lived as a cat, the myth reappears as Anglo-Saxon, Nordic, and what you will. It has glorified and wept over the "pure Anglo-Saxons" of various mountain regions, known to the swift characterization of their neighbors as "po' white trash"; to the historian as the descendants of the poorer element among the bond-servants, offscourings of English jails in the first century and a half of settlement, and the less able of the constant stream which swept westward after Daniel Boone; to the sociologist as a not uncommon human phenomenon, isolated people, of inferior capabilities, settling where life was simple, untrammelled by the laws, especially of debt and taxation, becoming more and more "peculiar" as the years went on, ridden by custom and tradition, and growing more and more inbred. There are dozens of such settlements all over the country, as it grows longer inhabited. They may be "Anglo-Saxon" or anything else you will, though historically there is scant probability of it, but that they are by that mere fact superior to the active, upthrusting later immigrants is the reverse of true. They have lost their superior elements, generation after generation, by the Gresham's law of humanity, or, perchance, by a modern version of the myth of the ugly duckling.

The myth of "native Americanism" does not go back far enough. It might, ought, to become a most splendid hero myth instead of a Werewolf myth with a psychological dash of the "inferiority complex." For the pre-Revolutionary stock was a much mixed thing. It was by no means hand-picked. Before 1700 there were many thousands of Irish and German and Swedish people all along the Atlantic seaboard. A certain political leader of to-day, who ranks among the "old stock" and is used as an example, is descended from a poor Irish weaver who came so long ago that he is quite forgotten. There are thousands more. Such names as Zabriskie, Philipse, Sandusky point to an immigration from Poland and Czechoslovakia, to say nothing of the great and much-honored Moravian stock. Truly, native Americanism should be a great ideal, a mighty force for good, *if* we know what it means.

For a young country, and one impinged upon at so many points by an older, sophisticated civilization, we are doing pretty well in the matter of myths. We have our greater ones, our Olympus, so to speak, and our lesser, like Nathan Hale, Captain Lawrence, George and the hatchet, the Fourth of July. It makes no difference whether we celebrate that date or one in August, so long as we do celebrate, and consider it an event worth celebrating that we became a nation. There has to be some point of departure. As to the others, they are good hero myths, excellent to tell the young of the tribe around the camp-fire. The myths of a people have ever been a potent force.

Herein must we, however, have a care that the Republic may take no harm. Roughly, we must choose between the hero myth and the Werewolf myth, between the tale of the brave and good and the ignoble sides of man. If we would have peace, we must not dramatize war overmuch, nor are brave men nourished upon a diet of fears. Above all, we must hold to the myths, the folk-tales, which are based upon truth, not upon the spectral imaginings of some one who, it is at least possible, is not taking the courageous man's way of meeting and overcoming an adversary.

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Strong Men of the Wild West

REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS ON THE LAW AND TWO FLAGS

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

DIAMONDS and gold are the only two of earth's hidden treasures that cause stampedes—"rushes."

The reason is not their superior value, but their easier access to the individual and lightly capitalized searcher. For diamonds often occur in nodules or pebbles in superficial deposits, and gold may be scooped up in "dust" and nuggets from the gravels in streams. Precious metals other than gold must be (with the exception of the comparatively rare deposits of platinum) extracted by machinery and subjected to the scientific process of metallurgy. So, men rush in from the ends of the earth at the cry of "Gold!" or "Diamonds!"

The first week that I was in Bodie, Nev., in 1879 as an expert of the United States Geological Survey to examine the mines of that famous district, eight men were murdered. It is true most of the slain were of a sort that could be well spared from the community. But that was not invariably the case. I saw at least one innocent person, that week, "bumped off."

I was walking down the street when a pistol duel developed between two desperadoes. In the exchange of shots a bystander was killed. A vigilance committee "sat" at once. The trial was characteristically brief, and the greater part of it was devoted to a severe reprimand to the killer *for his poor marksmanship.* Then they swung him from a tree.

Dawson, as the world knows, was and still is "the capital city" of the Klondike and "the metropolis" of the Yukon. Any old Westerner of the '70's and '80's of the last century will instantly identify the name Wyatt Earp, famed as a gunman in many an Arizona and Southwest fight. The particular point of this story is that American law has persistently defeated itself by being slow and uncertain, while British law has persistently kept itself dominant by being quick and sure.

One day Earp, who like hundreds of his kind had catapulted upon the Klondike gold-fields, strolled into a Dawson saloon. He wore his pistols, and he had been carousing with some American friends. He invited everybody up to the bar to have a drink on him. Two or three Englishmen failed to respond; they didn't like his domineering style. Earp drew a gun and announced with dangerous politeness an old truism of the American camps—that any man who refused to drink with him insulted him. He had become instantly very quiet-voiced. He said something about the way his trigger-finger itched.

From somewhere in the crowd a littlish man, in every way Earp's physical inferior, detached himself and came up and tapped Earp on the breast. He explained, pleasantly enough, that it was not permitted in Dawson to carry pistols. He said it would be necessary for Mr. Earp to appear at headquarters within half an hour and give over his weapons. They would be returned to him whenever he should be ready to leave town.

The audacity of the thing—to Earp—took his breath away. "And who the hell are *you?*" he asked.

The littlish man explained casually that he was in command of the Northwest Mounted Police in Dawson. He said he did not wish to have a scene in the barroom. He took out his watch, and said, apparently unconscious of the six-shooter in Earp's hand:

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"In thirty minutes—I shall expect you. Meanwhile, there must be no shooting." Then he went away.

Earp was justly accounted a brave man, and in the days of the old West brave men's words came to their defense much slower than their bullets. Before Earp could turn loose his verbal contempt an American friend crowded up to him. I'm told by one who was present that he said something like this:

"Wyatt, we're in British territory. You don't seem to savvy what that means. You're up against a game you can't beat any way from the ace. Listen! If you don't go and hand over your guns like the little cuss said, him and some more of him will round you up. You'll shoot their eyes out—mebbe; you're fast on the draw. Then you'll have to get scarce. But every pass out of the country will be blocked with more of them waiting for you. You'll shoot all of them up, too—mebbe. The next news you'll get will be that the whole British Army is steaming to Canada to pick you up. They'll not shoot you down on sight, it's not their way; they bring their prisoners to jail, these British. You'll get a perfectly fair trial. And the next news about you won't interest you; it will be a paragraph in the papers reporting that 'Wyatt Earp, the gunman, to-day expiated his crimes on the gallows,' etc. I tell you, this is Canada, but it's also Great Britain —not the States."

Earp was seldom a fool. His reputation was that he preferred not to shoot unless he considered it "necessary."

He holstered his gun and grinned when he issued a second invitation to the bar. This time nobody declined. We all like a good sport. Before the thirty minutes were past, Earp walked into Mounted headquarters and smilingly handed over his pistols. American license had bowed gracefully to British law.

The outstanding dissimilarity between British and American frontier camps reveals itself most sharply in this: the almost universal respect for law in the "wild days" of colonial ore-fields like Kimberley and Johannesburg in South Africa (which lured all sorts of nationals from all over the world), and the almost equally universal *dis*respect for law in similar days in the great Western camps of the United States. The causes behind this contrast are a subject worthy of study by the American bench and bar, and by our peace officers of superior rank no less.

In all the seven years I spent as mining engineer in South Africa I heard of only one mortal shooting affray, and in this case the verdict was "justifiable homicide." I happened to know that the verdict was strictly in accord with the facts.

In those seven years I heard of only one mine being "salted," and I was in a position to hear of other saltings had they been going on. Furthermore, in the South African fields lawsuits involving title were almost unknown. This was in marked contrast to the very many costly and interminable litigations that characterized the mines of Western American districts and so seriously impeded their development. The explanation of the remarkable safety of life and surety of property in the South African treasure fields was not that a *severer* punishment would be inflicted there. The explanation was the absolute certainty that punishment *would be* imposed and ownership *would be* legally determined, *quickly*.

One great mining scandal, I well remember, did grow out of operations connected with British colonial mines. The termini were London and Australia. The chief and tragic figure was Whittaker Wright, an American. He was a mines promoter who floated certain prominent Australian properties on the English market. I knew him both in his relation with certain questionable experiences he had in America and in connection with manipulation by him of the shares of one of the greatest Australian mines.

Wright had offered me the position of consulting engineer of his properties, the salary to be named by myself, and I had declined, telling him I could not be identified with his methods.

Eventually there was a crash—a collapse—in his securities. Wright was criminally summoned and tried in the London courts and was convicted and sentenced to prison for fraudulent conduct of the affairs of his company.

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Throughout his trial, which lasted some days, certain London circles were in consternation lest in his testimony he implicate persons of high financial and social station; that is to say, lest he "peach" on them. Some of these personages had been on Wright's board of directors. Though they were innocent of any illegal transactions, they were at the time criticised severely for not having been more alert to Wright's business dishonesties. Many a noble head in England would have tossed less on its owner's pillow had it become known then instead of later that Whittaker Wright had mutely stood by his associates in the hour of his trouble by secretly burning every paper that could compromise them in the event of his conviction.

There was something heroic in Wright's suicide in the court-room immediately after pronouncement of sentence. Standing, the promoter and maker of millions received his ruin, white-faced, calm. As constables led him away from his judges he clapped one hand to his mouth, swallowed, and as his guards bore down on his arms he slipped to the floor, quivered in convulsion, and was dead. Beside him they picked up a little phial that had contained potassium cyanide.

Thus passed Whittaker Wright, American, carrying with him into silence the secrets of testimony ungiven. It was a tragedy that appealed strongly to the sportsmanship of the English people, losers though many of them were by his dishonesties.

I have indicated that Wright was a man surrounded with very powerful partners, some of them ranking high in the nobility of Great Britain. Beyond question it was to their interest to insert their influence between him and the law. Yet the law, British law, took its course with him as surely and with as little delay as though he had been a nobody. The world has not forgot that Sir Roger Casement, convicted traitor to his country in the World War, was hanged with a silken rope, in acknowledgment of his social rank. But he was just as surely dead and his name just as effectively damned as if, when they cut his body down, he had been hanged with hemp.

Statistics personally gathered last year by Chief Justice Wanamaker of the Ohio Supreme Court show that on an average *only ninety days* elapse between arrest and final disposition in all grades of crime brought before the London courts. I quote his *London* statistics rather than go afield for similar data, because the ægis of British law prevails over all lands that are of British birth.

Crime and gold have not gone hand in hand in the British colonies, but that flat statement of fact cannot be made if we substitute "diamonds" for "gold." Diamonds in their finding and marketing gave the colonies for quite a few years a lot of trouble. The initials "I. D. B." became to the colonian constabulary a boots-and-saddle call. "I. D. B." means "Illicit Diamond Buyer." I cannot do better, or at least be briefer, than to quote from one of the South African guide-books:

"I. D. B.—The facility with which diamonds could be stolen, and the great profits attached to a systematic method of thieving, had naturally attracted a large number of scoundrels from all parts of the world, and they found ready tools in the natives employed in the mines. This illicit traffic attained enormous proportions and it is supposed that at one time not half the diamonds found reached their legitimate owners. In 1882 and 1883 stringent regulations were enacted with regard to the possession of rough diamonds, and an extensive detective department was inaugurated. The trapping system which came into vogue can only be defended on the ground of the great difficulty in bringing a conviction against an I. D. B. by the ordinary methods of justice. . . . Visitors passing through the diamond districts are warned that, under heavy penalty, no rough diamond may be bought from any but a licensed dealer."

Of course the story of diamond-digging in South Africa is a whole bookful of tales, and I must not digress here to tell the ones I know. I have only brought in the subject of diamonds to show that even a law-and-order régime so strongly built up, so effectively enforced and so buttressed with honored traditions as the

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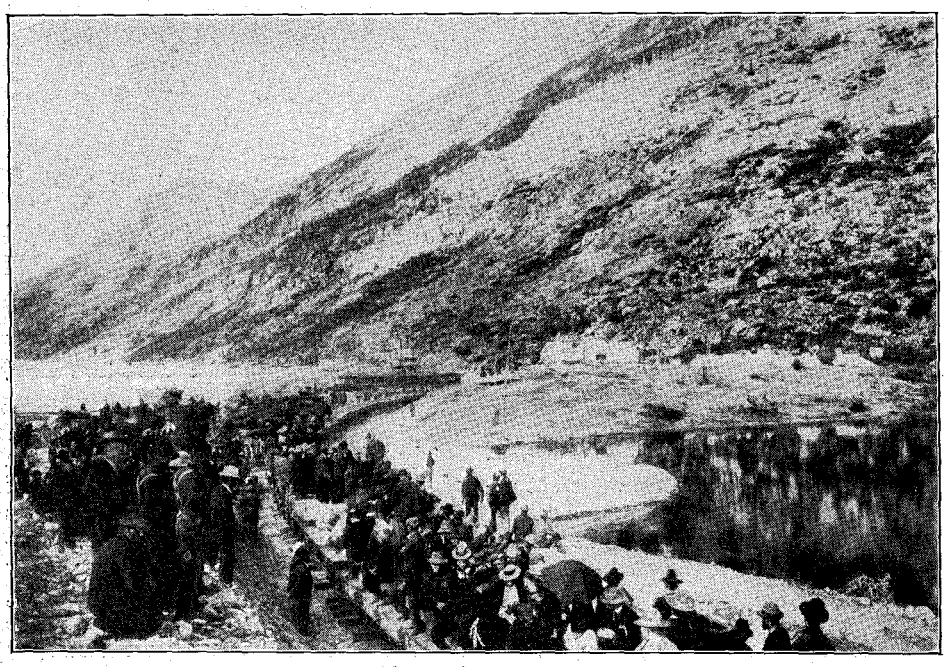
British, can have holes kicked in it by the lustful toes of treasure seekers on far frontiers.

But it is true that the South African peace officers were not overlong about the job of stamping out diamond thievery, and it is also true that comparatively few serious physical combats happened in this war on an illicit trade. Take the whole record of treasure-patrol in the British colonies and compare it with the bloody annals of our West in the mining and cattle days when it was the custom to have "a man for breakfast" and a vigilance-committee hanging before the sun set. Stage-robberies and unprovoked killings prevailed to such an extent that, as I have said, the decenter citizens were forced at last to create immediate and "illegal" courts and issue forthwith decrees of death by Judge Lynch. The fact is that the precedent of American disrespect for law in civilized and law-organized places went West as an outrider with the "covered wagon." It is of vital importance that we Americans be brought to a short stop and realize that we are, to-day, enormously in numbers and dangerously in personal degree, *a law-defying people*.

It is only fair to agree that from the golden days of '49 on down into the '80s there were vast spaces of frontier where organized law lagged on its way far behind the settlers. The great number of homicides committed within those thousands of miles of frontier, mountain and plain, were due in part to geographical distance from law centres, in part to the individual's necessity of personally preserving his life and belongings, and in part to new, raw conditions which beckoned bad characters from all points to trek in and run things.



White Pass, Alaska, during the Klondike gold rush.
Flat cars used on the first passenger-train to leave Lake Bennet.

Having freely granted this, *what shall we Americans say to these indictments?* . . .

That to-day it is the crowded city, not the remote places, that laugh at law and daily commit robbery, rape, and murder; that revel in a thousand crimes where the old "Wild" West committed one.

That the "bad men" of the West at least respected women, but the gangsters

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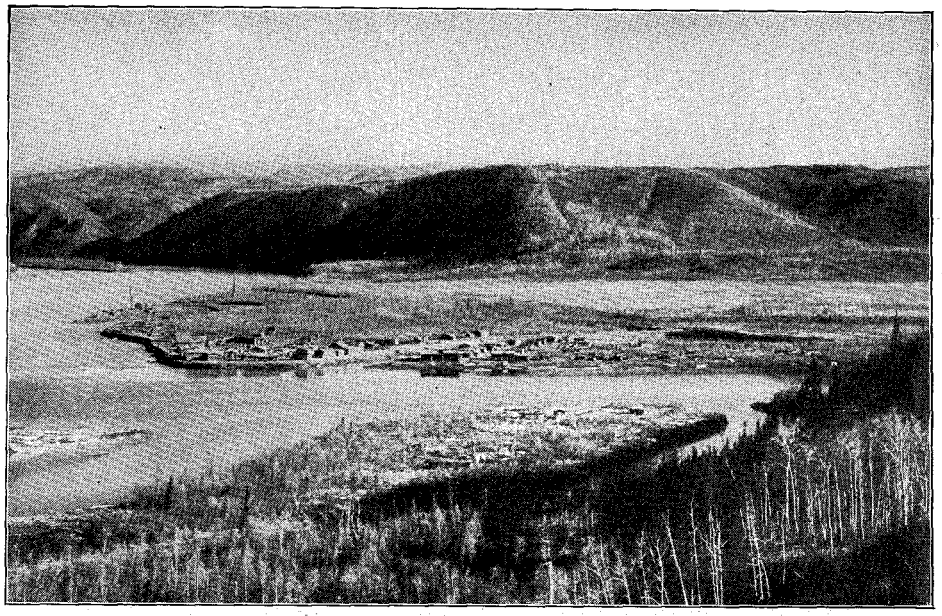

Early photograph of "Forty Mile," the oldest gold camp in the North, about forty-five miles below Dawson, on the Yukon.

of the city—cheap and noisome and usually doped—daily perpetrate against society offenses so foul that the worst killer of the old frontier days would blush and shudder to be told of them.

That within a recent period homicides in the United States increased 1,200 per cent.

That in 1921 in Chicago 16,915 charges of felony were brought and only 4,224 convictions were had.

That in the same year Chief Justice Taft said to the American Bar Association: "A few years ago the administration of criminal law in the United States was a disgrace to civilization"; and no reason has arisen since to revise this terrible arraignment.

That in 1922 the Committee on American Citizenship of the American Bar Association reported to that body: "From all the data and opinions of experts which your committee has been able to gather, we beg leave to report that . . . there continues a widening and a deepening tide of lawlessness in this country, sometimes momentarily receding, to swell again into greater depth and intensity. At intervals this tide billows into waves that rise and break, *but only for a time attracting public attention.*"

That Greater London has a population of more than 7,000,000, and the report of the London commissioners of police shows for the year 1920 a total of only 62 homicides committed. That Greater New York has a population slightly greater, and the report of the New York Police Department for the same year shows 337 homicides. Since these data were compiled America's crime statistics have risen most alarmingly, until quite lately it was semi-officially reported that New York listed ten homicides to London's one!

That former Justice John W. Goff of the New York Supreme Court said:

"Not a day passes that there is not recounted in the newspapers some terrible outrage involving robbery and murder. . . . In my judgment the cardinal fault in the administration of justice (in the United States) to-day is the lack of promptness in enforcement of the law."

There are two inescapable conclusions: Crimes in this country have increased in population ratio enormously beyond normal. Crimes that were prevalent in the then unsettled western part of the country were generally "clean" crimes, while the crimes that now are prevalent all over

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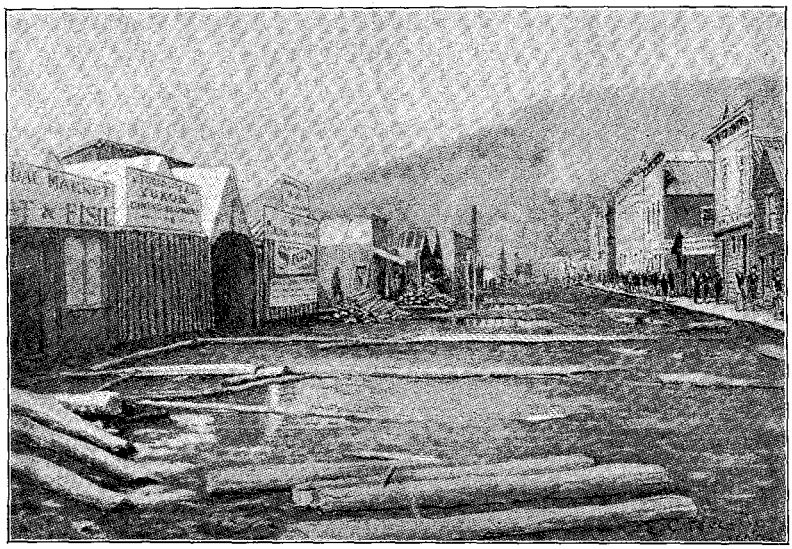
the country are largely atrocious in their infringement upon property, life, and womanhood.

Let us turn again to the wickednesses of the old West, as for a breath of fresher air.

One day in 1875 the Wells Fargo Express coach was bounding along behind four horses on a road in Calaveras County, "in that wedge of the California Sierras introduced to fame by Mark Twain and Bret Harte." There stepped out from behind a boulder "a thin, wiry, stern man who looked like a country parson." A linen duster covered him from the shoulders down, a cloth was tied over part of his face, and gray hairs straggling from beneath his pushed-back hat proved that he was no longer young. The figure was Black Bart, the "road-agent" who, for eight consecutive years, was periodically to appear just so and swiftly disappear far richer than he came.

On this occasion, as on each of his subsequent twenty-six mountain hold-ups in the neighborhood, he was alone and his baggage consisted of three articles: a long, roundish, battered valise, an axe, and a sawed-off shotgun. The first two lay at his feet, the third he held in an important position; and—then as ever—he crouched slightly in the protection of a lead horse while he aimed his shotgun at driver and guard on the high box. The guard had no time to raise his own "sawed-off" from across his knees, if he wished to live.

Briskly the bandit requested that the express strong-box be tumbled off into the road. That was done at once. Still covering the men on the box and seemingly the passengers also, Black Bart cheerily bade the coach drive on. This, too, they did at once. When they were out of sight he dragged the box into the brush, split it open with his axe, extracted whatever money or other convertible treasure was within, scrawled on the smashed receptacle the curious signature "*Black Bart, the P o 8*," and was off afoot with the old valise and its loot, his axe, and his shotgun.



The main street of Dawson during the Klondike rush.

For a man no longer young he must have been a prodigious pedestrian. On one day he held up and robbed two stages on roads sixty miles apart! If he ever used a horse that fact was not found out. Perhaps he feared the telltale trail of hoofs.

But crimes, like everything else save bootlegging and income taxes (the Black Barts of this year of grace, saving the road-agent's name!) have their end. And highway robbers should not wear detachable cuffs, even when fashionable.

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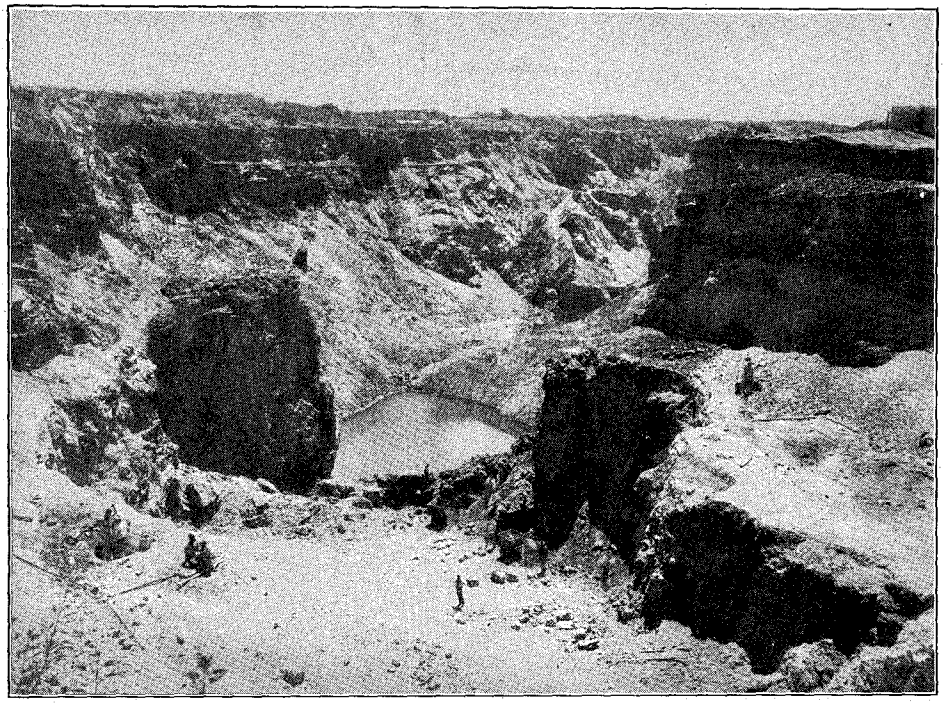

Kimberley diamond-mines showing open workings—reproduced from an old photograph.

One day eight years after our dustered old friend first stepped into the Calaveras road and helped himself, one of those sharp young detectives crying in the wilderness ahead of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, picked up at the lonely scene of the robber's last and twenty-seventh adventure—a cuff. Scrutiny disclosed that it bore a faint laundry mark in Chinese characters. Johnny Thacher was the name of Sir Arthur's predecessor.

It was a long search among the laundries, I've been told. Half a dozen towns were visited and combed. Then, in a little wash-shop in Bush Street, San Francisco, the puzzle solved itself, and Black Bart's day was over. A quiet and very respectable life he had been leading in that gay town through all these Robin Hood years, always paying his room rent on the dot, and every week toting his little bundle of shirts and white collars and detachable cuffs to the same Chinaman, and as regularly calling for them. His landlady in the modest rooming-house knew him as Charles F. Bolles, but after arrest (which was a terrible shock to the good woman) he confessed to Charles E. Bolton as correct.

When he got out of prison six years later, aged sixty-one, he and his battered old valise, no treasure-bag now! made their faltering way to a depot whence the rails curved away to the East. And departing, he sadly vowed he would live honestly whatever years were left to him.

Long time, now, he has been dead. And I have wondered whether it would not be a kindly act to write upon his grave board, wherever that may be, this simple testimonial:

BLACK BART.
HE NEVER ROBBED
A PASSENGER
OR MOLESTED A WOMAN.

Yet perhaps the old fellow, had he the say, might prefer as epitaph a verse of his own making and found scribbled by him on a smashed Wells Fargo box:

"Here I lay me down to sleep
To wait the coming morrow;
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat
And everlasting sorrow.

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"Let come what will, I'll try it on,
My condition can't be worse.
And if there's money in that box
'Tis money in my purse!"

I have slept in many odd places with "bad" men, here and in other lands, but I know for sure of only one time when I bunked in with a murderer. It was down in Arizona, and I had with me a young engineer, a classmate at Yale and Freiberg. We were riding into Globe, now the famous copper-mines field of that State (it then was a Territory). We got to the camp one evening after an extremely hazardous ride through Apache country. We were directed to the principal hotel, and found it to be a roomy tent structure run by a perfectly "able-minded lady." My friend was not feeling well, and had the luck of getting a bunk at once and turning in. A little later I, too, applied for a bunk, and the landlady said there was none; all had been taken and paid for in advance. I told her how weary I was, what a hard trip I had had, and how grateful I would be for a place to spread my blankets. Finally she pointed to a bunk "over there" and said that a man had engaged it for a week and paid for it. "But," she added, "he hasn't been here for a coupla nights and if you're willing to take a chance of him throwing you out if he comes in, you can go on and have it."

I was willing. I was so tired I didn't care whether he turned up or not; I'd get *some* sleep, anyway.

About midnight I was wakened by somebody grabbing my shoulder and wanting to know who in hell I was and why in hell I was where I was. "He" *had* turned up. I tried to explain as patiently—and as soothingly—as a sleep-famished man could. It didn't make any difference; I'd get out quick or he'd throw me out—which way did I want it? I saw he was somewhat the worse for a certain kind of wear, and an inspiration reminded me that my coat was hanging on a nail at the bunk head.

"Friend," I said, "have a drink," and I pointed to my garment. He reached into the pockets and fetched out a flask. He took a handsome swig and passed the stuff to me. To fan the fire of a feeble friendship I joined him. After that it was no trouble at all to agree that he wouldn't a bit mind sleeping in with me and that

Sorting the gravel for diamonds at a Kimberley mine at the time of open workings.

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I would be pleased to sleep in with him. About daybreak he wakened me again, this time by getting up and going away.

Several days later Cunningham, my Yale-Freiberg friend, and I were riding back into Globe from an outlying mine district. We observed that a considerable crowd of men were assembled under a tree. Cunningham asked what I thought it was all about. I said I thought it must be a hanging-bee—had he ever seen one? He had not. So we rode over. We got there just as the victim was being cut down, and I recognized in his distorted features the face of the man I had slept with in the disputed bunk.

When we got back to the tent hotel I asked the landlady whether she knew what had just been happening. Lord, yes, she knew all about it. The fellow had tried to hold up and rob the Wells Fargo Express messenger a coupla nights ago (the night he and I were bunkies) and in the attempt had killed the driver. I knew now why the bunk I appropriated had not been claimed until midnight!

As the lady of the tent concluded her brief and casual information, she turned from us into the kitchen; and there issued sounds that could mean to trained ears but one thing: flapjacks for supper.

Years afterward, in South Africa, I recalled this Arizona hold-up, along with Black Bart's exploits and many successful train robberies in the West. I thought of them in contrast with this:

From Johannesburg in the Transvaal to Cape Town on the coast is 1,200 lonely miles. Every week a train from Johannesburg carries gold bullion to an England-bound ship at Cape Town. That train has regularly run for a good many years. Its burden of treasure has risen from hundreds of thousands of dollars to three million dollars weekly. There never have been on board more than two or three guards. *Yet never once in all the years of this lonely journey of* 1,200 *miles has an attempt been made to hold up and rob these treasure trains*, though everybody in South Africa knows about them.

Cogitating this one day, I said to a resident official: "I am astonished that no band of experienced American train bandits has come over here and nipped you for a million or two some night. It would be such an easy, easy job for them. Twelve hundred lonely miles!"

He looked at me pityingly, which as an American I didn't like. He said:

"But, my dear fellow, they could never get away with it! They would have no means of quitting the country, don't you see, and we should bag them loot and all."

Then it was I who looked pityingly. I said: "You don't know American train-robbers. The getting away would be like picnic cake for them. Twelve hundred miles of lonely road, and scores of quiet spots along the coast to hide a vessel of their own and slip away in the night."

"Impossible!" he said. "Quite impossible. I assure you."

Well, I hope he never has to modify his conviction. I hope by all the African gods there be, and there be many, that the traditional surety of British quick punishment will continue to go ever southward with that train as a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. I do.

I believe Justice Wanamaker when he declares, as I interpret him, that the *certainty* of *early* punishment under British administration of the criminal law is the cause of the centuries-long respect for British law, and that the *uncertainty* of *any* punishment under American administration is the head devil behind our shameful preponderance in crime. He declares that America's great crime issue to-day is "not international, but domestic. It is lawlessness against law, and it is utter folly to smoke-screen it. Too many Americans in high places as well as humble *choose what laws they will obey.*"

To these thoughtful observations I might add that in our country the briber, the jury fixer, the perjury suborner, and the professional bondsman, in lofty stations and low, are too often the winked-at barricades thrown up to impede the slow, cane-tapping entrance of that justice which in our country is "blind" beyond her traditional bandage.

The briber commits knowingly three crimes: he debauches himself as a citizen; he corrupts the citizenship of the receiver; he establishes an abominable fraud upon the community and his country. Next to him in measurements of menace is the professional bondsman who exists by permission of the courts and is the ever-

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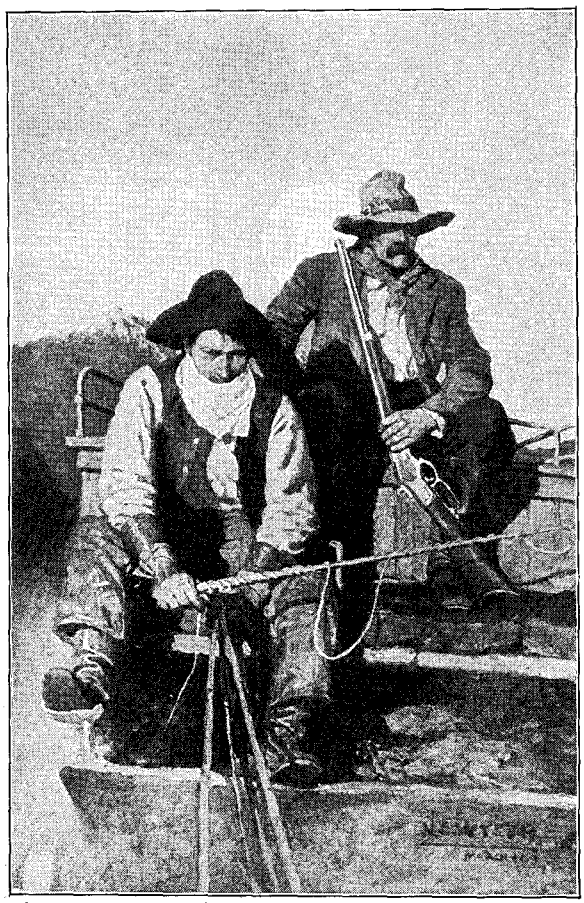
ready agent for turning loose upon society prisoners whom society pays the courts to protect it from.

America has become complex beyond the life of any other nation. We cannot lift our hand to deal with affairs legislative, executive, or judicial without touching in the gesture the life and imported prejudices of other nationals who have come to dwell here and breed among us. We are no longer a homogeneous citizenry. The days and aims of '76 stand behind us, now, only as dimming ideals. The principles of Jefferson and the plans of Hamilton are exploited politically rather than taken by the voters to the polls. We have become, for better or worse, an amalgamation of bloods and pursuits that worships the material. Idealism, in which lies so much of wealth, receives our passing nod.



From a drawing by N. C. Wyeth.

The pay-stage, after the days of Black Bart, guarded against "road-agents."

An incident again of the old West; Wyatt Earp once more. He put one over on me neatly. I had first met him in Arizona in 1879 at the time of the rush to the famous, now deserted, Tombstone mines. I next ran across him in 1902 in Tonopah, Nev. At this time the company of which I was consulting engineer had a lawsuit over some mining claims; a syndicate was trying to get possession of our ground. On visiting the claims I found that our manager had installed Earp as "caretaker."

I introduced myself to Earp and told him I was very much opposed to gun-fighting over mining property. I said I

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had had enough experience with that sort of thing and believed there was a better era in mining, and that our ownership of the ground would be established soon by judicial decision in a trial pending. I asked Earp to do everything he could to avoid gun-play meanwhile. I said:

"I want you to promise me that you will not shoot except in self-defense."

He put out his hand and we shook. He said:

"I'll go through with you on that, Mr. Hammond. But—*I* must be the judge of when the self-defense starts."

So prettily outplayed, I of course accepted the compromise. A few months later we won our case in the courts, and I am happy to remember that Earp didn't have to shoot.

I have told how Black Bart was captured by the detachability of a cuff. I cannot recall a more complete contrast in man-hunting than is afforded in the little-known story of the trailing of the "Kid" Curry gang of train-robbers who looted a Union Pacific express car of many thousands of dollars in unsigned bank-notes.

This crime was committed at Wilcox, Wyo. The chase lasted, unflaggingly, through four years. It was conducted almost wholly by two operatives of a private detective agency, and one of these was our old friend Siringo of Cœur d'Alene days. It took him and his partner (sometimes together but as often working half a thousand miles apart) on trails, back and forth and month in and month out through howling snow blizzards, desert ovens, the muck swamps of Arkansas, and twice down into Old Mexico. Four years of it! Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Kansas, Indian Territory, Wyoming, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Montana, Arizona, and Mexico were literally criss-crossed, and most of the time the two detectives, who in their youth had been thorough-going cowboys, masqueraded as cattlemen. In the long, last, bitter end this forty-eight-months expedition failed through the stubbornness of city managers who refused to adopt field suggestions wired by the chasers and issued countermanding telegrams to them!

The story is an epic, but too long to tell here. The dogged persistence of the two trackers, their inexhaustible stamina, their great courage in tight places, their astonishing resourcefulness, may be classed with some of the superhuman, unheralded, lonely exploits of the Northwest Mounted Police. *But*—this heroic endeavor in behalf of law was prosecuted by private operatives and paid for out of private funds of the robbed. In Canada, or Australia, or South Africa, the job would have been done *by government* police *at government expense.*

The point is that every hour of the ceaseless flight and hiding of the criminals there would have ridden behind them, or squatted on their chests in the night, the knowledge that it was *the government* that was remorselessly pursuing them, running them down—*not* privately employed semi-officers. How difficult would it have been for the fugitives to win refuge after refuge, supplies after supplies, from the wide countryside when everybody would have known that *the government* was after them! How much sooner must the chase have ended, and how much more successfully!

The greater point remains to be stated: We have NOT placed the feared pressure of an inescapable Federal pursuit and punishment, in the open or in the courts, behind *the idea of law,* in the United States. We have NOT, as a nation, imbued American citizens with any traditional *belief* that law flouted will strike the flouter, swiftly, surely. And in not having done this the American Government has been *criminally false* to itself and to the States and to the citizenry which composes them.

True, at a lamentably late date the government has undertaken to do this thing. What a mess has been made of the attempt! What intelligent and honest mind will refuse to confess that the fiasco and scandal of national prohibition proves the low level of disrespect for law to which the American people have fallen?

The plea that it is a law such as only mischievously impractical zealots could have conceived, is no answer. The plea that its enforcement has been betrayed by inefficient and corrupt officials, is no answer. Both pleas are true. But the fact stands that Americans "*choose what laws they will obey.*"

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A Young Man's Fancy

BY LUKE THOMAS

Illustrations by Anne Rector

TOWARD evening the rain turned to snow—soggy flakes that smeared against the windows and covered the sidewalks with slush. Taxicabs flocked to the happy hunting-grounds, and the quarrelling of their horns made one steady sound.

It was my day off from the paper, for which I was thankful, as my luck would probably have drawn me an assignment to the Bronx, or to report shipping on the East River. It was also the first day of spring, according to the almanac, and Cary Lee and I had planned a trip to the country with even a faint hope of golf if the greens committee weren't looking, but this leonine exit of March made our apartment seem more attractive than any possible excursion.

I had lighted a fire, chiefly for scenic purposes, and as I poked the logs together a stray snowflake now and then would drop in with a hiss. Cary was clacking away on his collapsible typewriter with the air of inspired concentration which he always wore since he ceased to be a reporter and became a "writer." He was doing special articles for the Sunday Magazine Section of *The Messenger*, and the vagaries which brought him disgrace in the city room were all turned to good account in these flaming pages. He could predict with certainty our imminent collision with a comet, or prove that the Prince of Andalia had once been a waiter, much more convincingly than he could report a lawsuit or an interview.

This he said was due to his highly developed imagination, which made him the great literary and social light he was, and he sometimes sympathized with me for my lack of that quality. He was one of the rare people who can boast without being offensive, and that was because he never expected you to believe him. It was all part of a game he was playing, and if he always chose the best parts for himself—well, it was his own game, after all.

The bell on Cary's typewriter tinkled, and he drew out the sheet of paper and read it over with due appreciation. Then he looked at me for a long time, and walked to the window with the sulky air of a child on a rainy holiday. With his nose against the pane he watched the angry jostling of the traffic and the straggling column of shop girls fighting their way home against the storm.

"'Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,'——"

"Bah!" said Cary, and turned to scowl at me, with his hands in his pockets.

"Masterpiece all finished?" I asked.

"Yep." He walked back to the desk and began arranging the papers.

"What's it about this time? Have you tracked another little vitamin to its lair, or is the inside of the earth inhabited, or what?"

Cary stared at me blankly, and then: "No," he said, "I've been writing about the weather."

I decided to leave him alone with his grouch, but he stopped me.

"Really," he said, "I have. Can you beat it? Mrs. Sidding wanted me to do a story for next Sunday about the fairy wand of spring; you know—hear life murmur and see it glisten; burgeoning budlets, bickering birdlets, all that sort of stuff. Just look out there. Take a little stroll and let the vernal nectar sing in your veins; hear the flowered goddess whisper to your heart. Oh, my Lord!"

The windows rattled in a sudden blast, and I laughed.

"Tough luck," I said. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I've done it," said Cary, with a

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touch of the familiar swagger. "Had to be done. Can't allow surroundings to influence your imagination. That's all there is to anything—imagination. What is all this stuff the poet sings? Young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love; that's the bunk. You feel the way you think, and you think the way you want to. I could have written the 'Vision of Sir Launfal' at the North Pole, and if I see a robin or a green leaf I don't suddenly have to start skipping rope. Let me read you this junk; it isn't long."

"I wish you would," I said. "I may be a slave to surroundings, but just now all I can think about is shipwrecks and snow-drifts and quinine."

Cary lit a cigarette, as he always did before reading aloud, though he never touched it after the first word. He read well, with a sense of the theatre in his dialogue, and he had a pleasing voice of which he was fully aware.

"I've called this 'Around the Clock,'" he said. "Action takes place in New York in April. Can you stand it?"

"Shoot," I said, and Cary began:

At the door of his apartment Manning paused, out of breath from the steep stairs, and fumbled for his key. He realized that he had walked unusually fast, and that he was still nervously anxious to have the door open and lock behind him. He had almost run the ten blocks from Nina's house to get here safely. And yet there had been no danger. Everything was over between them, and had he even weakened as he feared, he could not have turned back. She would have refused to see him.

In the dark he found the switch and turned on the lights. He took off his coat, heavy with the rain, and hung it where it would dry without wrinkling. The whole room seemed to Manning more friendly, as though it said: "You had to fight this out by yourself, my boy, but now that you've won, I'm glad you've come back."

The room had been the scene of such futile, harrowing struggles with himself. Each design on the carpet, every object on the mantel, was magnetized with the agony of some great indecision. To phone or not to phone. To write or not to write. What had she meant when she said good-night that way? Why hadn't she worn his flowers?

All that was over, thank God! Henceforward the room was his alone, for work and leisure undisturbed, as he had planned. No petty problems of a woman's vanity, but the serious things he had meant to do when he first took the apartment; the play which he had abandoned because she had not praised the scenario; the book which he had so long neglected in favor of endless letters about love. What place had love in the thoughts of a serious man? in the affairs of a cold, gray, busy world? Certainly not first place; and yet he had allowed it to rule him to the exclusion of all else.

Manning smiled at the memory of his recent bondage. On the table in a silver frame stood her photograph; the only one she had ever given him. He started to put it away, and then replaced it. No, that would be a confession of weakness he did not feel. The picture was decorative; let it stay. It had no more power to move his thoughts than did she herself.

He opened a book and sat down, but the book lay on his knees, while his mind reviewed the details of the evening. He was pleased with himself. Not an easy thing for a man to do gracefully; to end a relationship when he saw fit, without acting like a cad. And he had done it well. He had waited confidently for some trivial disagreement to arise, and when she had lost her temper for a moment, he had taken her at her word and said good-by. Only this time there would be no appeal. Doubtless at this very moment she was wondering how to undo, without loss of dignity, the harm she had done. Before long there would probably be various timid advances, ingeniously casual meetings, apologies perhaps; but he would know how to deal with them. He was well out of the woods now, not to be caught again.

The book started to slip from his knees, and he realized that he was getting sleepy. He got up, went to the window and opened it. A cold rain was still falling sullenly, and he tucked back the curtains to keep them dry. A policeman stood sheltered in a doorway across the street.

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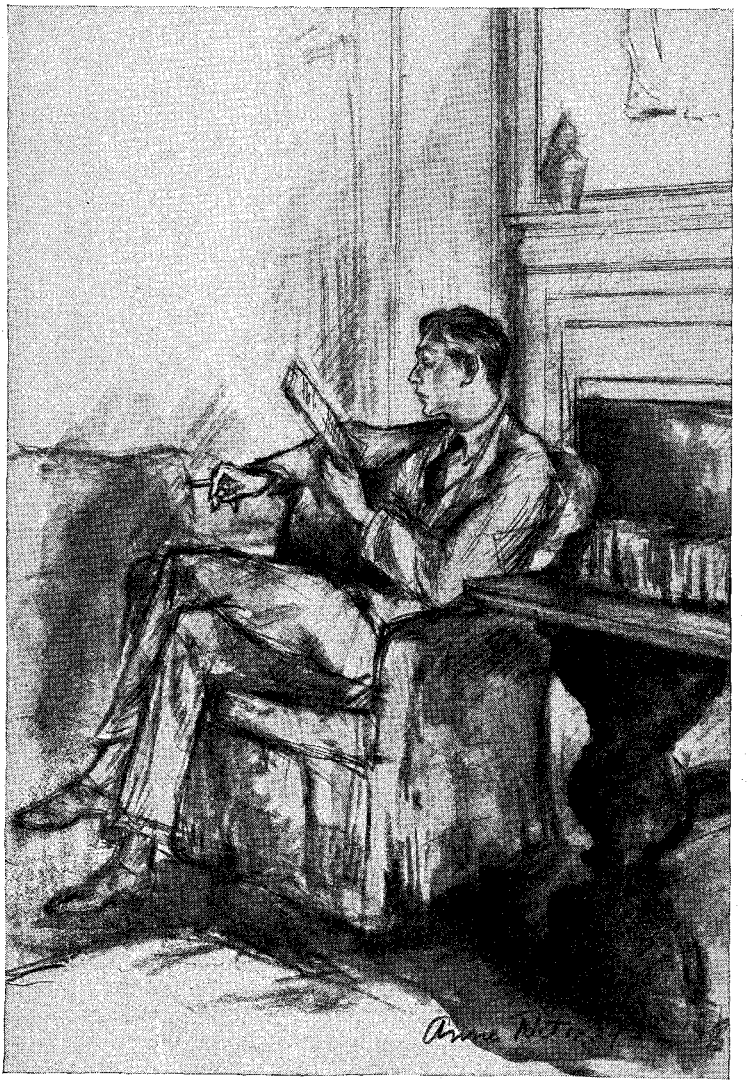
The whole house shook as a huge truck rumbled by on its way to the Queensborough bridge. No place in this life for

gently inward by a breeze that seemed to drift from Florida.

Flow-ee!



"I've called this 'Around the Clock.' Action takes place in New York in April. Can you stand it?"—Page 258.

dreamers, thought Manning, and went to bed at peace with the world.

Flow-ee! Flow-ee!

Manning sat up and rubbed his eyes at the sunlight that splashed the walls and ceiling. The curtains had slipped from their fastenings, and were being blown

He went to the window and looked down at a wagon filled with potted geraniums. A man led the horse by the bridle. A girl without hat or coat ran from a house across the street and bought two plants, and Manning wished that he were dressed and could buy one too, although he didn't like geraniums. But

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there was something about this day that made a man feel—oh, yes, he remembered. He was beginning a new régime; independent. Well, it started auspiciously. God, what a day! It was inspiration for any attempt in the world. Standing by the open window, he touched his toes fifteen times instead of ten, and added four extra dips to the floor to his daily dozen.

Milk and papers at the door, water boiling for the tea, Manning whistled and sang in the shower. Breakfast over, he plunged at his work as though his mere physical energy could dash off a book in an hour. He realized, with remorse, how long it had been since he had given it any serious attention. Perhaps he had better read over what he had done recently, and get himself in the swing of it. He started sorting the scattered pages, striving to recall the mood in which he had written them, to recapture the enthusiasm which had driven him on. How flat and empty the words sounded! They seemed the work of another man; insincere, artificial, awkward. He was familiar with the consequences of letting a piece of work grow cold, and forced himself back on the track of his previous impulse, but he found himself welcoming interruptions. A servant came to clean the room, and Manning left his desk to talk with her while she worked. And she told him that spring had come, and that it made it very hard for her, because people left their windows open all day, and everything got covered with dust.

When she had gone he tried again, but a hand-organ began playing in the street, and he made this an excuse to smoke a cigarette and read the paper until it stopped. Twice he found himself looking at his watch, and wondered why, until he remembered that eleven o'clock had always been his hour for telephoning Nina. No more of that nonsense, anyway.

The breeze through the curtains brought the smell of grass and warm asphalt, and Manning remembered another day, a year ago, when they had decided to take the first train leaving the Grand Central and get off at the first station with a name they both liked. They picked out Undine, and then found it consisted entirely of tenements for the workers in a cotton-mill, and Nina insisted if this was Undine she would be Bertalda, and steal his affections, and they rode back to New York in a Ford and had dinner at Sherry's.

Once—she had been reading "The Broad Highway"—they started on a walking tour. By setting out very early they managed to escape being run over, and they swung their stout cudgels, and whistled to the birds in the hawthorn hedges, and Manning greeted each Klaxon horn as the approach of the London Mail. In the fields near Pelham Bay, Nina found a four-leaf clover, and they swore that as long as she kept it, no evil could befall them or their love. They prepared to eat their bread and cheese in the shade of the hedge, but a mounted policeman told them picnicking wasn't allowed except on Sundays, so they threw away their stout cudgels and spent the rest of the day in the Bronx menagerie.

Then the telephone rang and Manning leaped at it, but stopped and let it ring until he had mastered the proper tone with which to answer her. But the only conversational opening was "Excuse it, please."

By noon he had managed to write nearly two pages of manuscript before he remembered that one of the characters he was writing about had been a war casualty in the third chapter. He tossed the papers in a drawer and went out to lunch. It was the first day of the year he had been without an overcoat, and the feeling made him throw back his shoulders and take deep breaths of the soft air. Somewhere he smelt peanuts roasting, and that made him think of baseball games, so he had lunch in a restaurant on 59th Street, and took the Ninth Avenue "L" to the Polo Grounds.

The Giants were playing the Reds, and came from behind to win in the last inning on a two-base hit by Frank Frisch. This put Manning in a good humor, and rather than have it rubbed away by the crowds, he walked over and took a bus downtown.

The Atlantic fleet was anchored in the North River, and the walks along Riverside Drive were crowded with sightseers. Couples leaned with elbows on the stone parapet, or walked hand in hand under trees; and among the benches be-

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Doubtless at this very moment she was wondering how to undo, without loss of dignity, the harm she had done.—Page 258.

lated nurse-maids were gathering toys and children in a homeward stampede.

Manning felt suddenly very sorry for himself, he couldn't say why, and moved two seats ahead to escape the cigar of the man in front of him. As the bus lumbered up the incline into 110th Street, he began making plans for the evening. The idea of dinner at his club was unusually depressing, and the odds on meeting any one there whom he wished to see were always small. He could go home and start telephoning, but to whom? His friends would all be busy; and suppose he did catch some one. Dinner, theatre, a few drinks afterward. Time, sleep, money wasted. What did people do in the evening when they had nothing else to do?

His new programme called for a pipe

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and a good book, but he resented the idea that he was being driven to it. Last night, to be sure, there had been some excitement. He had had a difficult part to play and he had played it well, and all the worries and tangles that had troubled his mind for so long were gone, and he was free. Free to do what? To ride on the top of a bus alone? And then this part that he had played so well. Was it really well to play any part? Nina had been angry with him, and he had pretended to take her words literally; but she had been angry with him hundreds of times before, and he with her, and they had both regarded those times merely as shadows that marked the light of their happiness. And now he had betrayed their little convention; refused to let her take back a move. Oh, well, it was done now, and he

. . . they started on a walking tour . . . and swung their stout cudgels, and whistled to the birds in the hawthorn hedges. . . .—Page 260.

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might never have so good a chance again. So good a chance——

The bus turned into Fifth Avenue and stopped to take on a group of people. Manning found himself crowded against the rail by a stout lady, and turned in preference to the view of Central Park. The craving of New York's foreign-born for the open sea was breaking out again, and the little lake swarmed with rowboats propelled in astonishing ways—with four oars and with one, backward, sideways, and in circles, to the pride and delight of the shirt-sleeved occupants.

Manning remembered one night when he and Nina had escaped from a large party at the Plaza, and hired one of the rowboats on the lake. He had insisted that it was a gondola, and spread his coat on the bottom for her to lie on, while he stood up on the rickety thwart and poled them along, and sang "Sole Mio" and "Santa Lucia." They had been chased by a guard in a boat with a lantern, who declared that Manning was drunk, and they had returned to the party in such high spirits as to make the accusation seem plausible.

It was unsafe to dwell on these memories just now, thought Manning. Any event takes on a sentimental aspect as soon as it becomes a memory; but with

. . . striking one chord, Manning began to sing.—Page 265.

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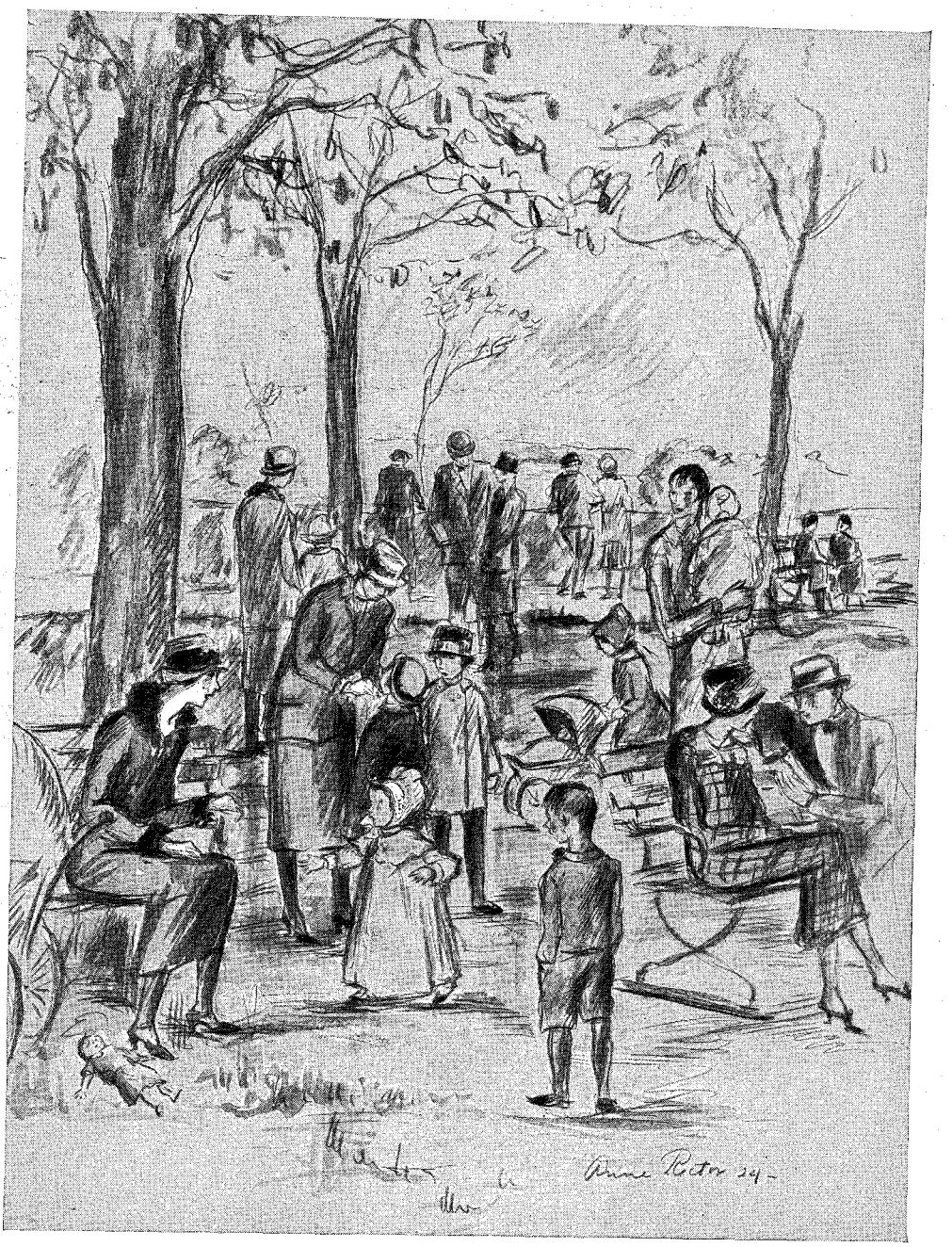

The Atlantic fleet was anchored in the North River, and the walks along Riverside Drive were crowded with sightseers.—Page 260.

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the perverse impulse that makes one keep testing the extent of a hurt, he clung to the chain of recollection.

The sun, through the medium of the river haze, threw a light over the park as artificially green as the color of chartreuse. A peddler was lingering with the last of his cluster of toy balloons, and on the lawns the would-be gypsies were folding up their coats and newspapers, and scattering the remnants of their picnic lunch.

The bus stopped for a traffic sign at 72d Street and, without thinking, Manning scrambled down the spiral ladder and jumped off. Nina lived just two blocks away. Often, when he turned out for a short walk before going to bed, Manning would make that street the limit of his route. On the corner opposite her apartment-house was a mail-box and, if he banged the lid in a certain way, sometimes she would come to the window and wave, and he would walk home feeling immensely romantic and gallant. He had no intention of banging the mail-box now, but he wanted to lay that ghost, as he had done with the spirit of the gondolier.

It was darker in the side streets. Getting near seven, Manning judged. Already there were lights in some of the windows, but the air was still warm, and held a drowsy hint, as though the day were going to sleep. As he turned downtown toward the pipe and the good book, he walked more slowly. He was passing the apartment entrance now, and the doorman touched his cap. But the doorman didn't know what had been said last night in Apartment 4A. Manning had said the last word, and the moving finger had moved on. Perhaps if he telephoned from down-stairs and begged her— But he had passed it now, and he found himself resenting the pitiless way in which his feet were carrying him on.

The building had a service entrance on the side street, which led to an inner courtyard. As he reached the corner Manning heard the music of some stringed instrument, and a voice singing, and he persuaded his feet to stop and let him listen. The sounds came from the courtyard and, walking to the entrance, he saw three Italians with mandolins and a guitar, serenading the mountainside of windows above them. He stood and watched the strange picture—young New York raising her lorgnette to scowl at old Sicily—and he envied the foreigners their privilege. How much better a song at evening than a special-delivery letter or the Western Union!

And suddenly the flower-vender and the balloon man and the ghost of the gondolier seemed pushing him from behind, and he ran to the man who had been singing and asked for the guitar. It was handed to him with elaborate politeness, and striking one chord, Manning began to sing. The tune was one of Nina's, and he had written the verses it seemed years ago, but he remembered them without thinking:

"As the moonbeam acreep in a wreath of the mist
Lures the dreams she bestows by the way,
And the dawn softly rising, unfolds one by one,
Coral fingers to beckon the day,

So the night has a whisper to shepherd the stars,
And the evening star summons the dew,
Shall I not find a word or a song in my heart,
That will carry my message to you?"

As he finished, the musicians chattered in polite applause, but Manning's inspiration had left him, and he felt very sheepish as he handed back the guitar. A coin clinked on the paving, and the Italian picked it up and smilingly offered it to him. Manning laughed, and was feeling in his pocket for something to give him, when a white envelope came fluttering down. This the singer also picked up and opened, then shook his head and carried it to Manning. Manning looked at it absently, then closely, and drew forth the mummy of a four-leaf clover. Shoving a bill into the singer's hand, he hurled the two players aside, and with one jump vanished in the entrance.

The bill fell to the ground. One of the men picked it up, and the mandolins began to tinkle the chorus of another song. But the singer stood silent, and held the empty envelope in his hand, and gazed at the cliff of windows frowning down.

Cary finished reading, and looked up with a grin. He was a strange mixture of conceit and modesty, and he never ex-

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pected elaborate praise from others, although he often bestowed it on himself.

"Good stuff, Cary," I told him. "That's all right."

"According to Hoyle, isn't it?" he said. "Hokum. That's what Mrs. Sidding wanted."

"No," I said, "it's better than that. A little obvious, may be."

"Obvious! Of course it is." Cary didn't expect criticisms either. "I didn't originate the idea. The first saphead that went running wild with a harp because he saw the grass begin to grow started that. I'm not responsible if people want to get that way." And he went back to sulk at the window, and watch the snow turn black on the asphalt.

For the next two days I was busy on an out-of-town assignment, and when I got back to New York I found I would have time to go home and clean up before going to the office. The evening was so clear and warm that I decided to walk from the station, and coming up Park Avenue I was reminded of Cary's story. The feeling of the air and the expression of the people on the benches and in the passing cars made me think of how a cat must feel when it purrs.

I opened the door with my key, and Cary, who was changing his clothes, seemed unnecessarily startled.

"Didn't expect you back till later," he said. "Have any luck?"

"Nothing very big," I told him, and then for the first time I noticed his costume. He had on corduroy trousers and a blue flannel shirt, open at the throat, which he seemed in a great hurry to remove.

"What are you made up for?" I asked.

"Just been slopping around," he said, much too offhand to be truthful. He had the unmistakable air of having been caught at something, and I pressed the advantage.

"No kidding; what's the idea?"

I could see him hesitate for a choice of lies, and then a slow smile that meant surrender.

"You're not supposed to know," he said, "but swear you'll keep it dark."

I swore.

"You remember that story of mine about the guy going crazy with the heat, or whatever it was?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got thinking about it while you were away—not such a bad idea; you remember—'better than a special-delivery letter or the Western Union'? Well, you see—this girl I used to know—" Cary was floundering a bit now. "Anyway, you know those verses the fellow was supposed to sing——"

I remembered them.

"Well, this girl—she wrote a tune, and I fixed up those words. She never heard them—I haven't seen her for months—but I thought maybe she might like them, so just now—I—just before you came in——"

The meaning of the corduroys began to dawn on me, but I didn't dare laugh. Cary's sense of humor was an uncertain quantity.

"You don't mean you stole your friend Manning's stuff, and——"

"Well, not exactly. I couldn't find any Italians, but I took that guitar of yours——"

I couldn't resist any longer, and I sat down and laughed right at him, with the expected result, that his dignity came down like an asbestos curtain.

"Anyway," he said, "she's coming here to tea to-morrow; that is, if you'll clean up that mess on your table, and put on a necktie, and not try to be funny."

I was used to these shifts of Cary's and they didn't worry me.

"How did Mrs. Sidding like the story, by the way?"

"I'm not going to hand it in," he said. "You see, if she—if this girl saw it—she doesn't know the name I sign on my stuff—and if she saw it, she might think that's where I got my idea; and if there's one thing I won't be accused of, it's lack of imagination."

Thinking of the "saphead" who went running wild with a harp, I had a malicious impulse.

"I'll grant you the imagination," I said, "but 'never influenced by surroundings.'"

Cary stared at me with the old frozen look.

"Not necessarily," he said, and slipped off the blue flannel shirt.

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The Epic Note

BY STRUTHERS BURT
Author of "The Interpreter's House," etc.

SOMEWHERE Wells has said that the hero has ceased to be the hero of the modern novel and the idea has become the hero instead. If this be true, and it seems to be, then—and by no means clearly recognized as yet—a curious evolution in the affairs of man has taken place. For a novel, if it is an honest and good novel, is the closest thing to the minds of its intelligent readers there is and expresses them more fully than any other human document; expresses the modern mind even more fully than the drama.

It used to be said that the drama was the most democratic form of expression and indicated most clearly the height and desires of a democratic period, but this is not true, for the present age intellectually has outrun its drama in the strict sense of the word, and the greatest modern dramatists are those who write novels for the stage. The inherent limitations of the stage prevent that broad, close reproduction of truth that the best novels can attain. The drama expressed adequately only the flowering of a democracy such as the Elizabethan, when every one demanded a right to think, to be sure, but when every one was still sufficiently childish to be willing to think dramatically. The theatre is forced to be too rapidly entertaining, and it is for this reason that the real lovers of Shakespeare prefer to read him rather than see him acted. Therefore, it is in a novel that the most secret and fundamental desires of a period such as this can be discovered. The fact that our more important present-day novels are beginning to cling more and more to the idea and less to personalities, except as affecting and affected by the idea, is proof of the strange evolution I have mentioned; is proof, that is, that the world, at least the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic parts of it, is turning back a couple of thousand years and unconsciously is beginning to think as epically as it did in the days of the Iliad and the Odyssey. And this change, for reasons of race and environment, is perhaps more clearly visible here in America than anywhere else.

Epically. To appreciate the full significance of that term, one must recall what an epic is, and still more the fact that poets have been unable to write epics for many hundreds of years.

And, recalling what an epic is, I realize fully how absurd and paradoxical my own statement must seem at first blush.

To begin with, as every one knows, the epic was the earliest and simplest form of articulate artistic expression, so it seems wide of the mark, to say the least, to compare it to the modern novel which, whatever else may be said of it, is neither simple nor primitive. In the second place, as I have already hinted, the epic was marked by a directness so stark that the moment the world began to think with any degree of complexity the real epic ceased to exist. Between the real epics of the early Greeks and Teutons and the artificial epics that succeeded them there is a gap in thought which it takes no scholarship to perceive. Virgil could write a great poem and so could Milton, but neither of them could write an epic. And finally, there is no place where the hero is more to the fore than in a real epic.

A real epic is merely the recital of the heroic deeds of a hero, or a series of heroes; it is entirely objective. Well, is it? That is the first point of departure. It is on the surface and it undoubtedly was in the conscious intention of the bard, or bards, who first recited it, but modern science, turning to the investigation of the primitive mind, has come to the conclusion that the primitive mind, far from being objective, was, and is, of necessity extremely subjective.

The real epic spoke of heroes, but it

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spoke of heroes ultimately subject, no matter how brave and heroic and clever they were, to the dictates of an implacable and not to be understood fate and constantly interfered with by the actions of capricious and uncertain gods. One could sacrifice to this fate and these gods, and temporarily, perhaps, stave off misfortune, but in the end fate and the gods had their will. And virtue and heroism had little to do with whether you were fortunate or not. Hector, the most charming of heroes, was slain miserably, while Ulysses, sly and mean, got through very nicely indeed. Although, one must always remember that the primitive mind regards cunning as a major virtue. In most American Indian legends there is a hero, most admired of all, distinguished not for his fineness, but for his mincing shrewdness, who beats the gods and fate, until their final triumph, by being just a trifle more sharp than they.

The primitive man was far too involved with tribal laws and a confused mythology and the exigencies of a constantly perilous life to think in any other wise than from the inside out. If he was not constantly aware of himself he perished. And the early epic was a patchwork of personalities sewn, not self-consciously, but as a matter of course, upon the dark and shadowy curtain of existence and destiny. And this exactly is what the modern novel is becoming.

That the modern novelist is self-conscious concerning this dark and shadowy curtain, that he is acutely instead of implicitly aware of it, that he cries out against it and beats upon it, has little to do with the question. A sense of fate a little too large for the will of man, of a fate not at all to be dissected and tagged and numbered, an entirely different sense of fate from the one our immediate ancestors owned, has come back into the world. And this, following immediately upon the most gigantic flowering of the individualistic spirit, not even excepting the Renascence, history has known.

The men of to-day who have this sense of fate are the sons of men who thought they could twist events exactly to their liking and who, in their fiction at least, accepted the placid doctrine that if you were good you were happy, and that if you followed certain definite rules in the end you were bound to be successful. They even imagined that their new increase in knowledge and mechanical invention gave them more actual power, instead of, as such things always do, at least in the beginning, merely widening the gap between what a man can do and what he must do.

But then decay invariably does follow a final flowering, and one is aware that the forces of decay have for a long time been expanding side by side with the forces that produced the last flamboyant effort.

The modern novelist knows better than to connect goodness and happiness. He is more aware of the lack of validity of the old rules than all but the greatest —Hardy, Meredith, and a few others—of his predecessors. Or, at all events, to put the matter more truthfully, whatever these predecessors may have privately thought, the modern novelist no longer dares stick his tongue in his cheek, because his reading public knows better also. This reading public still believes what may possibly be true, and that is that a man can, to a certain extent, form his own life within the narrow circle we know as life; but it is beginning to realize quite clearly that the original ability to do any sort of forming is a blind force, or, at least, of origins as yet unknown. It knows, by this time definitely, that all the courage and goodness in the world does not necessarily imply ultimate triumph, for death, whatever it may be spiritually, is no longer generally looked upon as anything but a defeat physically. A defeat, that is, for all of those triumphs of which physically we are certain.

We know—and it is a fine thing to know, for it means honesty of purpose and an attempt to start at the beginning and find a direct road—that whatever we may some day discover ourselves to be, we at present know nothing positively, save that we are stones flung by some giant hand into a pool, the nearer ripples of whose plunge we can count but not the further. We can hope or believe or surmise what we want, but we are becoming too honest to make statements.

Æsthetically I am not defending this point of view where it affects writing. That is another question. Sometimes I

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am sorry, as a great many other people must be, that the old type of tale, which took the moral code for granted and went on to unfold a plot, no longer has much weight with the more thoughtful section of the reading public. There is a great deal to be said for George Moore's statement that straight narration—story-telling—is the pure gold of literature, and it is not at all certain that the function of mere entertainment, of amusement, the magic of a story for its own sake, is not a much more dignified function than present-day critics would have us believe. At least, as a writer, I know something most critics apparently do not, and that is that it is much more difficult to weave a tale, to produce this magic, than it is to indulge in fairly interesting social comment. As to great social comment, I say nothing. And it would seem, moreover, that the place of relaxation, of the magic carpet, of re-creation, in the original sense of the word, should become increasingly important, instead of less important, practically if in no other way, as life grows more disturbing and complex. Of one thing, at all events, we can be sure, and that is that the present critical attitude toward Stevenson and Kipling, and even Richard Harding Davis—any of the great tale-tellers—is beneath contempt. Nor is the function of form, even for its own sake, to be disregarded by any but the stupid and ignorant. We are in a hurry to get somewhere and we haven't time to listen to anything except what we think is worth while, but we must therefore be all the more careful to know what is worth while.

These, however, are side issues, and, no matter what we think, the fact remains that the novel of ideas is the most typical novel of to-day and is the novel that most thoughtful novelists want to write.

Now novelists are not *sui generis*, they do not spring full-armed from their own personalities in any Minerva-like natal acrobatics. More than any other artist, between them and the world there exist the closest of actions and reactions. The statement that the great novelist is ahead of his times is not true. No novelist has ever been or can be ahead of his times—no man can be ahead of his times—but the sensitive and trained man, catching the vague impulses of his era, does form them into an image whose concreteness seems astonishing and new. Charles Reade, for instance, did not suddenly decide to change the prison system of England, but Charles Reade was sensitive enough to draw to himself the thoughts on the prison system of all forward-thinking Englishmen.

The novelist is a medium, not a spirit, and when this half-unconscious perceptiveness of his reaches a high state it appears so clairvoyant that, mistakenly, it is called genius. So, although this is merely repeating in a more decisive form what already has been said, not only are the novels of a period excellent evidence of what that period is subconsciously thinking, but the preoccupations of the men who write those novels add further clear-cut testimony.

It is the age, then, that is producing the novel of ideas and the men who want to write these novels, that is more interesting than the novels themselves. And you will forgive me if, in trying to arrive at my point, or rather, at a final proof of my point, I recall some exceedingly well-known facts.

Primitive man saw himself a very small, unprotected creature in a large and hostile and mysterious universe, and the same impulse which drove him, a sea creature, to the shore bade him set about as speedily as possible making himself comfortable, physically and mentally, in this forbidding environment. He began to invent and discover things to protect and please his body, and he began to explain things to protect and comfort his mind. And through the latter the great human ability for rationalism began. A man was struck by lightning and it was not enough to know that he had been struck by lightning, it began to be necessary to know why he was struck. A whole chain of events was constructed and it was decided that on the preceding Tuesday, often quite innocently, the victim had in some way or other displeased the gods. The simple faith that the gods were hidden and inscrutable and responsible only to themselves grew into the much more complex faith that both they and men were bound by the laws of cause and effect. And since the laws of cause and

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effect are, at their extremities, far beyond the restricted vision of humanity, one finished off these extremities neatly with what one desired and what one dreamt.

Now the attempt to find the cause of things is, of course, the most valuable impulse man has. Through it, all knowledge has been achieved and all progress made, but, like every other valuable thing, it is at the same time dangerous as well, especially in such vague fields as those of morals and religion; and most of the nonsense in the world has come from the attempts of the ignorant to discover the causes of things with the resultant assigning of wrong causes—comes, that is, from using the blunt side of a weapon that in the hands of scientists or wise men has been the sharpest weapon man has ever possessed. Sometimes this is done by superstition; sometimes it is done, to change the figure, by the familiar process of putting the cart before the horse; sometimes it is done merely by a break in logic.

Rightly or wrongly, however, directly or haltingly, man did manage to make himself fairly comfortable spiritually and, before long, he found himself in a period that was to last for many centuries; to last, indeed, up to the end of the century we have just left; to last, one might even more justly say, in the general acceptation of its point of view, up to the close of the Great War. Now, like some wide and sheltering cloud that has hung above a landscape, this comfortable point of view is dispersing, blowing away, being torn—and the process accelerates—into shreds, and a strange sun is peeping through. Whether this sun is too direct for the weak heads of men, whether undiluted sunlight is a good thing in any event, I do not know, but that the sun is here seems fairly certain.

Therefore, by one of those super-paradoxes that are the quintessence of truth, humanity has swung around a gigantic circle and spiritually is back very much where its ancestors of two or three thousand years ago were. Not exactly in the same spot, for history does not repeat itself in that way, but in the same general neighborhood. History is not a series of concentric circles, but a series of bisecting circles, each succeeding circle at a slightly higher level than the similar one which it bisects. The circumference, that is, is much the same, but the plane is different. If this were not so, then there would be no human progress whatsoever.

We know more than our remote ancestors did, we are perhaps a trifle better fitted to cope with our problems, we are perhaps not quite so easily frightened, but in the same ancient fundamentals we find ourselves once more just as puzzled as they and, to these fundamentals, we have added a whole new world of puzzlement of our own invention and discovery. Indeed, and this is the huge and sardonic joke, it has been this world of invention and discovery that has sent us back, gaping and afraid, to have another look at the fundamentals. We are beginning, slowly but surely, to know too much to be anything but simple. From that primitive point of view which approximated the truth because it knew so little it could therefore know little wrong, by a long and devious route we have arrived at another approximation of truth where we are wise enough to know we know practically nothing at all. And humbleness is the beginning of all honest endeavor. It is better to be ready to start on a straight road than to be in the middle of a blind alley.

By his own efforts, by his own discoveries, by his searching for truth, man has at last pulled down about his ears the elaborate and supposedly comfortable structure it took him ages to build. He stands among the ruins, alarmed and defenseless, but eager to build a new and stronger edifice. The common saying that rapid communication, the telephone, the airplane, the motor-car, the discoveries of the spirit and the mind, have made the world smaller is, like most common sayings, far from the truth. The world, instead of growing smaller, has grown, physically and spiritually, infinitely larger. When you push back the encircling rim of a mystery you simply widen the circumference.

Struggling to make himself comfortable in the beginning, man, of course, began by dignifying the individual—himself, that is—the ego. And he succeeded so well that for something like twenty centuries the point of view that man was the centre of the universe was the popular one. It is still the popular one, but it is

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no longer the growing one. This world was the centre of all things, the only world honored by life; the sun shone upon it to warm it; the moon was its servant to light it by night; the stars were there to ornament its darkness. Narrowing the perspective, each man was the centre of his own world, and he and his kind were all of life that mattered. Even those close and intimate and pathetic creatures, the lower animals, were here solely for man's benefit and pleasure.

Beyond this world, so nicely ordered, were gods equally subject to the laws of cause and effect—gods who, making statements in the youth of humanity, refused to alter these statements, when they became anachronistic, to suit humanity's growing and altering needs. If you did certain things you pleased these gods; if you failed to do them, or did the contrary, you displeased them and took the consequences; but regarding these consequences, there were other carefully arranged laws of checks and balances. For, no matter what you did, if at the last moment you admitted it, all was well. The charming story of Louis XV, who, thinking he was going to die, dismissed his mistress and, recovering, sent for her post-haste, is an example in point. And mind you, these laws were the interpretations of man, making himself comfortable in his little world, for the greatest Prophet who has ever been on earth preached only frankness and simplicity and the search for truth.

That this world was ever in the least comfortable for the mentally adventurous is, of course, doubtful. (Not that it was ever really comfortable for any one; it never has been.) But the mentally adventurous have always been more uncomfortable than most, since they have the dispositions of charming and imaginative women who, no sooner finding everything peaceable, must at once produce some kind of excitement. And even the less adventurous mentally must have had their doubts at the end of long and evil lives. There are too many churches and other edifices erected in expiation not to be proof of this.

But nowadays all this has passed or is passing, and perhaps the best sign of its passing is that the wiser churches and, in all churches, the wiser theologians are recognizing the passing. Man realizes more than ever the inflexibility of the laws of cause and effect, but now he knows that he is merely standing at the entrance of the place where those laws are kept and that the one thing he must not do is to imagine them according to his own desires and fancy. His head is not "bloody" but it is "unbowed," only he does not stare with the proud, blind eyes of a Henley, he stares with the searching eyes of one who expects some day to discover the truth.

Meanwhile, he is once more trying, although as yet quite unconsciously, to write epics, a feat few of his immediate ancestors ever attempted or wanted to attempt.

The modern novel does give us a hero and a heroine, and the friends of that hero and heroine, but instead of small individual creatures, making superb and impossible gestures and so conquering a willing environment, it shows this hero and heroine and their friends, much as the early poems showed their characters, moving before much the same kind of dark and shadowy curtain. This time it is not the gods or human enemies who must be circumvented or propitiated, but it is the circumvention, the conquering, the absorption and apt and spiritual use of the material and mental things that man himself has discovered and invented, the searching for some key to the gates of those large mysteries, Life and Death and Fate, that preoccupy both the hero and the man who describes him. And it is as a pantheist that the modern novelist writes, as one, that is, who finds a god in everything and the sum total of things God, but never an aloof didactic god, intent upon the white logic of his own illogicality.

We live in as gallant, desperate, gorgeous, and uncomfortable age as the world has ever seen, and it is only epically that it can, with any degree of adequacy, be described.

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Mediterranean

BY JOHN ERSKINE

JUST as I said—indeed the tea is good—
Bare rock, dark water—and no sign of man.
Yes, yonder whiteness where a temple stood
To Love—or Wisdom—or the Winds—or Pan;
And yonder boat that crawls along the coast
More lonely makes the cliff, more wide the sky;
Yet here I've felt the human story most,
Even when you were not here to ask me why.
Our love? Ah, yes, love brings us here at last,
To this cool terrace lifted from the sea;
Here love—whatever brought the tragic past,
Man wandering with his gods—brought you and me,
A late surprise on this old shore upcast,
Two modern lovers, tourists, drinking tea.

These timeless waters and this patient shore,
That olive tree wind-twisted on the crag,
The column broken on the temple floor,
That freighter passing with the crescent flag—
This is the world I thought to bring you to,
Ancient as love, entangling as desire;
Against this sea to have this sight of you,
Where ghostly Egypt voyages, and Tyre.
Now with you here—turn not your eyes away—
Things lovelier and more fatal seem at home;
Beauty from Athens still might blow this way,
And still on swift and steady oars might come
Beneath our terrace, on so mild a day,
Danger for Carthage southward bound from Rome.

Who long ago, thinking of holy things,
Built yonder column to the serene sky,
Above our traffics and our wanderings,
And watched our little destinies go by,
Surely this mood of earth and time they felt,
The mood this solitude of beauty wears;
Alien at first, they dreamed with it and dwelt,
Until absorbing habit made it theirs.
We come too late. That temple and the tree,
Ivory and emerald in the sunset-bloom—
Those waves that on the shingle cease to be—
Those attitudes the shaded cliffs assume—
Are as we heard, and as we hoped to see.
But we are guests, and strangers in the room.

Well, since we have so little time, and since
The time we have is much too fair to lose,
And while a beggar asks for life, a prince
Takes what he needs, and has a life to use—

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We'll wait no more in question of the ways
Beauty was born to linger on this shore;
What perished faith survives in golden days
And magic of the sea, we'll ask no more.
We shall but love awhile—and they'll do well
Hereafter if they envy us these hours;
The place the shadow of your body fell
By the cliff-walk, they'll trace in phantom flowers;
And Tyre and Carthage, Greece and Rome, they'll tell,
Tried to be words, to hold this kiss of ours.

Responsibility

BY THOMAS BOYD

Author of "Rintintin," "Unadorned," etc.

DURING the day the Marne was green, but at twilight the soft haze of falling evening obscured its face with a film of blue, like smoke from an autumn bonfire. Lighter, though soaked in the same shade, the houses of Nanteuil were quiet in the July dusk; the windows were darkened, and the chimneys unused. On those two streets which terminated at the river—one ending at the foot of the low iron bridge—or on those three thoroughfares which ran parallel with the Marne, nobody was walking. It was as if the town had become suddenly depopulated in some horrible way and now was tightly hugging its ghost.

But inside the houses, had you been enabled to peep through the carefully boarded windows or to halt on the threshold of the stone doorway, you would have seen in the dwelling which stood on the corner nearest the bridge a number of soldiers whose shadows, in the candle-light, were enormous on the bare, white walls of an unfurnished second-story room. That they were formed into two separate groups was noticeable; perhaps five of the men were drawn closely together by the door, seated uncomfortably on the heavy marching-order packs which they had not yet unrolled. With eyes which gazed hesitantly about, sometimes lowering deliberately, and always wandering (except for the one man who looked blankly ahead), they could not have appeared less at their ease. They were members of the fourth replacement battalion which, after travelling by rail, camion, and foot from Brest, had reached Nanteuil that day. The other occupants of the room seemed very much at home. Andrus, the oldest, was stretched out on the floor, with blankets spread for the night, his blouse folded into the shape of a pillow, his shirt open at the neck, and his sleeves rolled above the elbows. About him khaki haversacks were placed by the makeshift pillows, and on each muddy, greasy carrier rested an aluminum mess-kit, the upturned canteen cup holding a fork or spoon. These belonged to the men who had endured a month of Belleau Wood, where attack and counter-attack were engaged in under a continuous bombardment, a bombardment that might grow light or heavy but never entirely cease. They had seen, in the course of the month's siege, the trees stripped naked, the limbs grotesquely broken like the shattered arms and legs of men, and the grass browned by poisonous fumes. That morning they had come back to Nanteuil, several kilometres from Belleau Wood, to support the division which had relieved them. They had been told that they had saved Paris—a city which they knew only by report—and

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they believed themselves to be on their way to a rest camp.

Andrus, with the sweat stains on his face, watched John Wainwright lounging against the wall, dribbling yellow flecks of tobacco into the trough of white paper which he held in his hand. Wainwright wet the end of the cigarette, caustically inquiring before his lolling tongue had reached the edge of the paper:

"How long you boys been over from the States?"

There was a shifting of feet while restive eyes besought one another to make the shameful confession—shameful because through some peculiar reasoning of the older men a recent arrival in France was a person to be scorned.

"'Bout two weeks, I guess. We'd of been here sooner if they hadn't stopped us back in that camp at Chatillon." The voice of the new man whined dully, apologetically. Andrus looked at him, thinking: "Lord, what an awful specimen!" He was; one eye fixed sternly on the ceiling, the other stared straight before him, and his hands, palms upturned, were like gloves stuffed with cotton. Among those five tyros he was the least prepossessing, yet certainly the most striking, but he would not have been assigned to pose for one of those preposterous recruiting posters which shows a young man with a Grecian nose and a bronze throat relentlessly charging the enemy. He was a sorrowful sight, and he made Andrus feel that, in letting him in, the service had abandoned all physical standards in its eagerness for recruits.

But Wainwright was talking. "Well, sir," he said significantly, "you'd of better stayed where you God damn was. Boy, it's hell up there." Sadly he shook his large, unkempt head. "Nawsir, I hate to think of what them Squareheads done to pore old Heck after they captured him. Boy, you wanna look out; don't be hankerin' to git up to the front. Them Dutchmen's mean; if they ketch ya they cut ya where ya don't wanna be cut an' you come home whinnyin' like a colt. Ain't that so, Rainey?"

"Yes, sir," said Rainey emphatically. "If you see they've gotcha on the hip there's on'y one thing to do: put the old Springfield to your nose an' let 'er flicker. You gotta be careful of their damn liquid fire, too"—Rainey wanted to play the painter on his own account—"they sneak up on ya in the night an' spray it over your back. It burns right into your bones. W'y, I couldn't count the guys I seen up there that's bones was burnt right to a cinder!"

"But them G. I. cans are the worst," said Wainwright, leaning forward and lighting his cigarette from the candle. "You wanna step high an' wide when they're makin' a call. W'y, I've seen 'em make holes in the ground so big that you could hide a house in."

Andrus saw the new men unconsciously bunching together, as if their solidarity might defend them from these awful fates. Their movements were jerky, awkward, and he knew they were afraid to speak. He grew angry with Wainwright. What did the damned fool get out of scaring these new men? He wasn't very much of a wildcat himself, but to hear him talk . . .! Not, of course, that Belleau Wood wasn't bad enough. That was just it: the front was so bad it couldn't stand any embroidering. He said: "Come out of your hop, Wainwright. There's no use in your lyin' when the real dope's bad enough."

Wainwright grinned widely, then puffed out his cheeks as if he were about to say "Blah." His voice blustered—it was habitual with him—"All right, grampappy. I won't scare none of the boys."

Andrus scowled, not at Wainwright (for he was good-natured enough), but at the position of defender in which his remark had thrust him. Already the manageable eye of the sadly pottered youth gleamed a thousand heartfelt thanks to Andrus. And Andrus, who had spoken only because he was irritated, did not want them—least of all from their present source. And now the new man got to his feet and crossed the room toward Andrus. Half-way there he worked his oddly shaped hand into the pocket of his blouse and brought out a package of cigarettes. Beside Andrus he stopped, held out the package, and sat down. And in his dully whining voice, like the sound caught and held by a music teacher's tuning-fork, he said: "Have a cigarette—I guess they're

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pretty scarce up around the front, aren't they?"

Andrus wanted to smoke badly. He had long since used all of his own tobacco —used it, not given it away—and the nearness of this Turkish leaf had a fascination for his fancy. He could almost taste the inhalation, coating the roof of his mouth, his palate, then drifting sensuously outward through his nostrils. Yet he dryly answered: "Better keep 'em for yourself; you may need 'em."

The youth was not troubled by the rejection of his offer. At once he replaced them in his pocket. "My name's Hannan." He waited, smiling with timorous friendliness. Andrus felt the impulse to say "What of it?" Instead, he answered in his rather grating voice: "Mine's Andrus."

Discussion would have ended there had not Hannan pursued with surprising fervor: "I'm certainly glad to know you, Mr. Andrus." He sat cross-legged on the floor, his elbows hooked over his knees, the hands limp and the fingers spreading widely apart. "What section of the States are you from?" he asked.

Andrus had lived in many places throughout America: he had been a country school-teacher in Pennsylvania, had worked in the factories of Pittsburgh, and drifted, as a mechanic, through Youngstown and Cleveland to Detroit. To have explained all this would have been a bother without recompense of any kind. For a while he was silent; then he said shortly: "I'm from Detroit."

"Detroit! Is that so?" Hannan was pleased, excited. "Why, I was born forty miles from there myself. What do you think of that!"

Andrus thought very little of it. The vicinity of Detroit held no particular remembrances for him. Hannan could have gained his serious attention only by affirming that he had been spat from the mouth of the Devil. Andrus frowned, or, rather, the creases in his forehead deepened and the furrow on each cheek grew straight and long. His expression brought silence from Hannan.

Both were quiet, listening to Wainwright's endless, boastful speech and the banter it provoked from the older men. The others sat about uncomfortably. They warily digested and selected bits of conversation as the candle, set on top of Wainwright's steel helmet, sputtered so low that the wax ran down to the floor in tiny streams. Andrus yawned and commenced to unroll his wrapped puttees.

"Got anybody to bunk with?" asked Hannan.

"No," said Andrus, continuing to loosen the leather thongs of his shoes. His answer was not spoken hospitably.

Hannan did not seem to need encouragement. "Then I'll bring my blankets over. They'll make the floor a lot softer to sleep on."

Andrus knew that bedfellows, under those circumstances, were seldom chosen to the satisfaction of each. He knew that three blankets were better than one. Because of which he was silent, watching Hannan cross the room, pick up the heavy marching-order pack and drag it back across the bare floor. He removed his hobnailed shoes, put his rolled puttees in them. After loosening the laces of his breeches he was ready for bed. He lay down, settled his head on his folded jacket, and stretched out. He was asleep by the time Hannan lay down beside him.

Bugles were not blown in Nanteuil—it was too near the front—but from the hall outside came the tramp of rough-shod feet as a sergeant walked from door to door, bawling: "Rise and shine, you birds, rise and shine." It was quite dark in the room, not even the faintest sign of daylight showing through the boarded window, and Andrus propped himself on an elbow and rubbed his eyes, wondering how morning could have come so soon, or if, perhaps, the Germans had broken through the lines again. The rest of the men were still asleep, or in that lethargic borderland between slumber and wakefulness. Andrus sat up and reached for his shoes, wondering whether he should rouse the men. It was none of his business if they didn't get up before noon, yet if they were late the whole squad would get the devil from the platoon commander. There was nothing to be gained by that. He drew on his shoes and commenced to wrap his puttees when sounds in the adjoining room decided him. "Hey, you fellahs! Better get up," he said.

For most of the men the act of dressing

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was easily accomplished, because they rarely removed their shirts and breeches before going to bed. But Hannan needed more time. While Andrus adjusted his gas-mask and Wainwright, with his spoon, scraped the candle-grease from his helmet, Hannan searched for his shirt and breeches, which he had taken off the night before. He found them and stood up, in once white underclothes which sagged and bagged depressingly.

Andrus was severely silent, but Wainwright exclaimed: "For goodness sake, lady, you don't think you're on Broadway, do ya?" A few of the men tittered, and Hannan, staring hard with his curiously set eyes, continued to dress. Andrus stepped into the hall and walked down the stone steps.

Fastening their clothes, some with their shoes unlaced, men were trotting from their billets to fall in line on the designated company street as Andrus passed through the outer doorway. He was seldom first and never last. To-day he struck the medium again. For less than half of the men had arrived. They were formed in two skeleton ranks, facing the Marne, a clouded emerald color, flowing primly between even banks.

Unhurriedly Andrus walked behind the fourth platoon and the third. Half-way past the second he stopped and efficiently crowded into the front rank. By the free and practised use of his elbows he made a space between number three of his squad and number one of the squad on the left, sufficient for him to see the right guide. This was the first formation for more than a month past. The sergeant in charge, before the platoon, struggled between leniency and military duty: it was time to order his platoon to attention and call the roll, though if he did many would have to be reported late or absent. Andrus, being present, wanted the roll called at once and the morning exercises begun. He grew morose, viewing the hesitating sergeant, and thought: "'Y gosh, here it is the first damn formation and half the company's late." Just as ever, from now on the same performance would be repeated each day. He was so accustomed to it he could close his eyes and form a correct mental picture of all that was going on: men in the front rank were surreptitiously buttoning their blouses; men in the rear rank leaned over, fastening their puttees; men in neither rank trotted hurriedly over the ground which remained between themselves and the company. And the sergeant fidgeted about what to do.

"P'toon, Chun!" shouted the sergeant, smartly dashing a slip of paper against his thigh. "Har-right dr-ss." Quickly, he placed himself beside the right guide, surveying the front rank. "Ste-eady-y—hup there, Johnson, wait for the command: Stead-dy-y-y—, Fr-nt." The eyes of the men, which had been directed toward the sergeant, now turned slowly to the front, and the left arms, palms on hips, dropped weakly to their owners' sides. "Tenchun to roll-call!" commanded the sergeant, referring to his slip of paper.

"Sergeants McDermott."
"He-rrr."
"Oliver."
"Hup."
"Corporals Cook."
"Urp."
"Dunbar."
"Heurr."
"Hicks."
"Up-p."
"Kahl."
"Eeow."
"Lawes."
"Heah, suh."
"Privates Andrus."
"Hurr."
"Angell."
"Hyah."
"Archer."
"Hip."
"Boudreau."

No answer. "Late," mumbled the sergeant.

"Bullis."
"Harp."
"Carver."
"Hyar."
"Eggert." (A new man.)
"Here I am."
"Freiburg."
"Yup."
"Hannan."

No answer.

"Hannan!"

Footsteps pounded down the road toward the fourth squad.

"Hannan—Hartman."
"He-e-rr." "Har."

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The sergeant glanced up from his slip of paper. "Say," he said angrily, "how many Hartmans are there in this platoon?"

"Only one that I know of," said Hartman.

"Then who else was it that answered when I called Hartman's name?" He was very put out.

"I d-d-did." A breathless voice sounded from the rear rank in back of Andrus.

The sergeant elongated his neck. "Well, what in hell's your name?"

"H— Private H-hannan."

"Why didn't you answer when I called it?"

"I did."

"Don't talk back. Report to Lieutenant Jones after chow. Rear rank, 'Bout face; Front rank, rear rank four paces forward, har-rch. Hands on hips, place." The morning exercises were begun and the men bent on one direction for the good of their livers, another for their kidneys, and still another as a preventive of flat feet.

After they had reassembled and been dismissed, Andrus found Hannan following closely after him.

For once, breakfast was plentiful. There was even guava jelly among the stores which had piled up at regimental headquarters while the battalions had been at the front fighting, with the bombardment so heavy behind them that supplies could not be got through. Andrus, with his dripping mess-kit in his hands, walked from the smoking field-kitchen to his billet for a few moments' rest before drill. But he had no sooner got inside and sat down on his blankets than he remembered the order of the day was combat packs and rifles; his pack was strung out all over the floor, his blankets were not folded and his rifle not cleaned, and he was too sensible to be found at inspection with a dirty rifle or an ill-made pack. He stood up to fold his blanket, thinking: "Damn that Hannan." For Hannan's blankets were in a mass on the floor, the carrier of his pack, his bayonet, canteen, and towel were tangled in them, causing Andrus to reflect irritably that Hannan of all people was the worst to bunk with. He finished folding his blanket, dried his mess-dish on a soiled towel, and picked up his rifle. He was drawing a bit of oiled flannel through the bore as the rest of the men came in.

Just, by golly, as he expected. Wainwright loudly wanted to borrow some oil, and oil was precious. "Why don't you fellahs take care of your oil?" Andrus answered grumpily. "You got as much chance to get it as I have." He went on cleaning his rifle, then put the oil back in the butt plate, and commenced to make his pack for drill.

Drill formation was much more military than that for morning exercises. But Andrus was never seriously troubled by that. He had come into the army, he vaguely knew, to do his duty, and his sole object during the war was to take care of himself, not to expose himself to unnecessary danger, not to get in the bad graces of his officers and thus bring extra duty upon himself. It was for that reason that he continued to remain a private: he did not want responsibility. To direct himself was sufficient. For him it was a part of the day to clean his equipment so that the most sharp-eyed of inspecting officers could never say: "Take his name, sergeant."

At a little before nine o'clock the company, standing before the Marne, was called to attention. "Squads] Left!" called the company commander, and in a column of fours they swung down the street, past the low iron bridge, and out toward a cleared but unplanted field.

It was a hot day. The sky was a sheet of metallic blue through which the sun seemed to have burned a sizzling hole. The blades of grass were singed a little, and about the armpits and on the backs of the soldiers sweat showed through the olive-drab shirts. But the company, divided up into platoons, continued to execute Left Front into Line, Squads Right and Left, to oblique, and Andrus was unpleasantly reminded of the quantity of food he had eaten for breakfast. At first he thought it was the guava jelly, but as he grew aware of a small, hard lump in the pit of his stomach he included in his condemnation the whole breakfast fare: the sergeant-major coffee, the stewed prunes, and fried mush. Damn! but it was a hot day.

"On Right into Line!" called the platoon commander. Ahead, Number One of the first squad pivoted sharply, marked time until the count of four, and then stepped off at a right angle. Andrus

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was dizzy when the men halted on a platoon front. And during the manual of arms he handled his rifle clumsily. Once he thought he would ask if he could drop out and return to his billet, but that, so far as he was concerned, would be unprecedented. He remained with the platoon until it was joined up with the company and marched back to Nanteuil.

More slowly than usual he walked up the steps of the billet, and while the rest of the men were rattling their mess-kits in preparation for the noonday meal, Andrus sat down on his folded blanket. He didn't want any chow. No, sir, this rich food didn't agree with him now. Perhaps he had got too accustomed to cold boiled potatoes and monkey meat. "Lord!" he groaned, and lay down in the now empty room.

Hannan came in, late as usual, and as he drew his mess-kit from his haversack he sympathetically prompted: "You'll be late for chow."

"What of it?" said Andrus shortly. Chow be damned and Hannan be damned! Dismally he lay face downward on the soft woollen blankets, which would not assuage his illness. The minutes dragged—he thought of the chow which would be served at luncheon, and he commenced to fret because the men had not returned. It must be, he thought, time for afternoon drill! As he lay there, Hannan appeared in the doorway, holding a warm steak in his mess-kit. "I thought you might be hungry, Mr. Andrus," he said, standing above the prostrate figure. Andrus lifted his head from the dark, woolly blanket. "Don't want any chow," he said. Hannan stared perplexedly at the mess-kit.

They left Nanteuil one evening, riding in camions along the Marne and guessing whether they were going toward or from the front. Sometimes the sound of artillery would be quite close, a chain of rumbling which stretched parallel to the direction in which the camions were moving. At other times the reverberations were faint. The men would smile their pleasure at the thought of travelling to a rest area until the sharp detonations were heard again.

It was dark when the camions stopped at a crossroad. Grumbling, the men clambered to the ground and were herded into a column of twos. They marched for several hours over a bare, shell-torn road. Everywhere was an unearthly quiet, broken when the word was passed to stand fast in case an illuminating rocket was fired. Suddenly the men stepped into a communication trench. The duckboards were slippery and the trench narrow; the men did not walk, they floundered, and, floundering in the wet with their forty-pound packs to make their balance more difficult, they cursed bitterly but with restraint. Somewhere ahead a signal pistol popped, and in a moment a bright light, like a mammoth glowing moth, fluttered slowly to the ground. The line halted, the men crowding against one another. Then they stumbled on, turning to the left side into the main trench, where they stopped again. The billeting officer was assigning the men to their dugouts.

On the second evening of their occupancy of the sector Andrus was standing at his post at the extreme left of the trench, where a machine-gun squad had their emplacement. His duty was not only to guard the machine-gunners against a surprise from the rear but also to challenge all persons who entered or left the trench, since the only passage was at that spot. He had been on watch for about an hour when he heard a group of men laboriously making their way over the slippery duckboards.

"Halt! Who's there?" he asked in a low voice, pointing his bayoneted rifle at the party.

"Wiring-party."

"Advance, wiring-party, and give the countersign."

The wiring-party, headed by a sergeant, passed by, struggling with several coils of barbed wire. Andrus recognized Hannan's ill-balanced shoulders among the men. The men filed out of the trench, walking through the black night of No Man's Land. Andrus turned to the camouflaged shelter of the machine-gun emplacement, where the crew leaned against the parapet of the trench.

Ten o'clock came, and the corporal of the guard brought the second relief for Andrus's post. Andrus mumbled the instructions of his post to the man who was to take his place, and made his way along

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the tortuous trench to his dugout. The dugout was perhaps fifteen feet in the ground. It had a boarded ceiling and a boarded floor, on which the water was several inches deep. He took off his blouse and his wet shoes, placed the shoes by his head, and drew his blankets over him. Very tired from his watch, he was nearly asleep when he was disturbed by the sound of men stumbling down the dugout steps and splashing through the water on the floor. It was the wiring-party, and one of the men was talking:

"I don't know where the hell he went. When that machine-gun opened up he was right beside me. I gotta hunch he tried to crawl into that shell-hole."

"'Y Gosh," said Andrus, "can't you let a fellah sleep?"

"Oh, I guess we gotta right to talk," said one of the men. The voice gathered indignation as it continued: "I guess you'd talk, too, if you had jist been out on a wiring-party and had the Square-heads open up and knock off one of your men."

"He wasn't knocked off, I'd swear to that," objected the first voice.

"Who?" asked Andrus.

"Why, Hannan; who do you think we been talkin' about?"

"What's the matter with Hannan?" asked Andrus.

"Ain't we jist been tellin' you?" The voice was shrill with exasperation. "He got hit out there in front of our new barbed wire."

Andrus was silent. It was, he thought, just like the numbskull to go out on a harmless wiring-party and get hit. If there was only one bullet in the whole German army and ten million men to get it, Hannan would be elected to the honor. The damn fool. He stretched out and drew the blanket over his shoulder. He supposed they were wondering why he didn't offer to go out after him. Let them! There was no reason why he should go out after him, no reason why he should even bother to think about it. Hannan meant nothing to him. Certainly he had not sought him out. He turned over and closed his eyes. But they popped wide open and he found himself on his back, staring up through the blackness. . . . They couldn't find him! Well, why in hell couldn't they find him? Must be a pretty rotten bunch. Besides, why did they have to tell *him* about it? He wasn't the official life-saver of the battalion. A rotten outfit, not much better any more than a draft division. What the hell—he drew his blanket close against his chin and deliberately set his thoughts upon something that was delectable to him: a comfortable chair, a mug of beer, and a cribbage-board and some one to play who minded his business. . . . But the blanket scratched, and in place of the comfortable chair he pictured the body of Hannan lying out on the field, perhaps in that shell-hole in front of the bombing-post. There was the chance of its being a bad wound, one that would cause Hannan to bleed to death; in two days the sun would have bloated and blackened his body. Damn that Wainwright, why hadn't he done something? . . . Oh, hell, there was no use trying to sleep. He sat up, reached for his wet shoes and pulled them on over his thick woollen socks. Picking up his helmet and gas-mask, he slipped down off his bunk, his heels striking the berth below, to the water-covered floor. He felt his way to the door and climbed up the mud-covered steps.

A pale quarter-moon, dim through the dissolving fog overhead, faintly brought out the humps in the winding trench where the bulk of the company kept watch in the firing bays, on the parapets, in the shell-holes between the trench and the barbed wire. Andrus stepped cautiously over the duckboards, apprehending the sentry's vibrant challenge, the pointed rifle thrust menacingly at his chin. To walk through the trench at night always made him nervous. There was, he thought, no telling when one of these idiots would pull the trigger on you before you got a chance to give the countersign. But he walked along, encountering no such ill luck. Even the erratic Bullis was sufficiently composed to let him pass without jabbing a bayonet in his neck, and when he got to the end of the trench the guard at the machine-gun emplacement passed him as a matter of course. He crawled into the shelter, where the gunner peered over a bank of dirt into the night. On his hands and knees beside the gunner he whispered: "S-s-st." "'Smatter?" asked the gunner, without looking

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up. "Where were they mending that barbed wire?" "Right out in front, in the first fence where that shell hit yesterday afternoon." "Well, don't shoot if you hear any noises; I'm goin' out." "Better be pretty damn careful," advised the gunner; "the Squareheads are keepin' a sharp watch."

Andrus crept out of the shelter and passed through the opening of the trench. He had still another place to go to. There was a bombing-pit which guarded the left flank of his trench and the right flank of the trench adjoining. It was just inside the first line of barbed wire, and as he approached it he debated whether to crawl or to walk. To crawl would take too much time; now if the damn fools only didn't think he was a spy! "Hey, you guys!" "Who's that?" commanded a tense, scared voice. "It's Andrus." He walked ahead, guided by their voices, and saw them crouched in a hole. "Better watch out; the Squareheads are on the job to-night," they said. Why didn't they tell him something he didn't know! "I'm goin' out in front. Jist sit tight till I git back." "What're you goin' for?" they asked, but he was already moving away toward the opening in the barbed wire.

He walked quickly over the spongy earth, his eyes staring into the darkness. To see the wire was almost impossible, and to find the opening . . . Suddenly his hand struck the wire. He drew back, startled, then felt his way along the scratching prongs until he reached the opening. He had sufficient control of his mind to reflect upon the difference the few steps had made in his feeling of security. On his own side of the barbed wire he had been safe, but now he was in No Man's Land, afraid even of the night.

His face was twitching and his hand unsteady as he groped along to the next fence. On which side was the shell-hole that the wiring-party had spoken of? He remembered seeing it in the daytime, now he could not remember its position. He was frightened, but to convince himself that he was not, he deliberately assumed the shell-hole to be on the outer side. Forward he went, tearing his body through the grasping prongs which lacerated his skin and caught at his clothing. Breathless, he worked through, and as he turned he heard a clicking noise from the German trench. He dropped to the ground as an illuminating rocket rose in the night and slowly descended, making a wide, mellow arc of light.

For a few moments he lay motionless, his eyes roving over the ground in search of Hannan. Like dice rattled in a metal box, a Maxim fired, the bullets singing through the barbed wire. Then silence. Well, he couldn't stay out all night. Crouching, his hands held before him, fingers outstretched, he felt along the ground in front of the wire. Once he ventured to whisper: "Hannan." He heard a groan, so near his body jerked upward in fright. Not daring to speak, he crawled, passing his hands over the earth, feeling the bits of rotting equipment, duds, and humanity which had lain there for months.

"Here I am," he heard a plaintive whisper, and held out his hand. Hannan was sitting. "Hit bad?" "I can walk if you help me." They stood up. With his arm about Hannan's waist and Hannan's arm about his shoulder, he plodded toward the opening in the wire. In the middle of the entanglement Hannan whimpered: "I can't make it. You go back an' let me stay here, Andrus." Grimly Andrus lifted him on his shoulders and staggered forward. His fear was gone, replaced by a white fury that made him grit his teeth and gave him strength to support his burden. He passed through the wire, the bare space which lay between it and the next, and lurched through the last gap, his puttees in shreds, his legs bleeding.

"'At you, Andrus?" asked one of the men in the bombing-pit. "No, it's the Kaiser," he said sourly. At the entrance to the trench he answered the challenge. "This the guy that got hit?" asked the sentry. Andrus stopped. Together they laid Hannan down by the machine-gun shelter. "Got it in the leg. Probably smashed. Somebody'll have to get a couple of stretcher-bearers," Andrus said.

Well, that was over. Now he could go back to his bunk and try to get some sleep. It was only a few hours before dawn, when the whole company would have to stand to in the firing-bays in case of a morning attack. Damn it! He stumbled down the duckboards toward his dugout.

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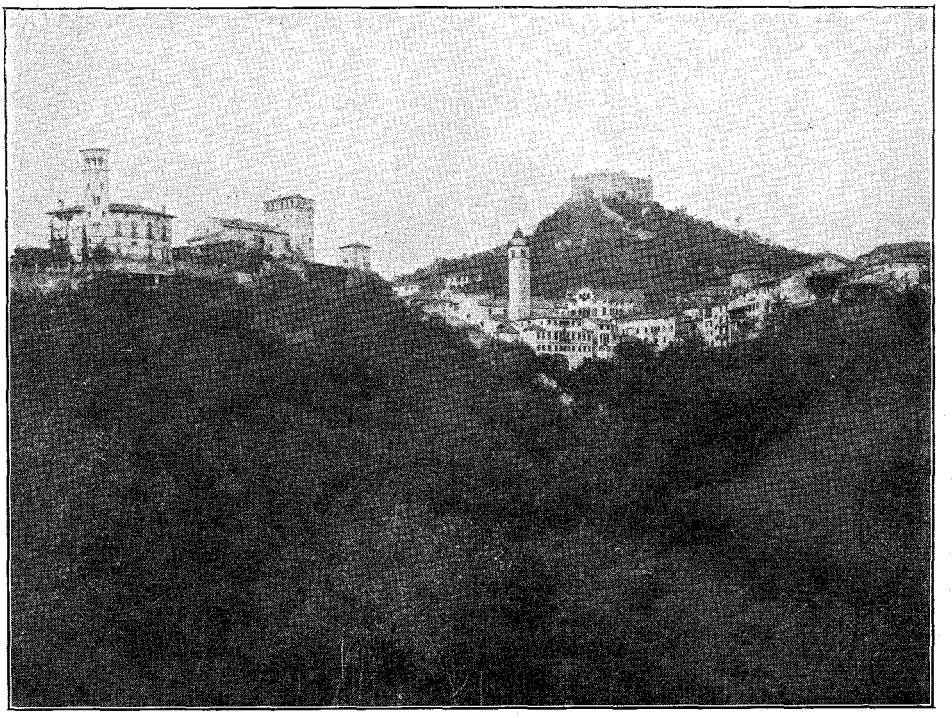

"Asolo, fairest of hill towns."

Our Asolo

BY SARAH REDINGTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND BY ALINARI, FLORENCE

OF course it was Browning's Asolo that we really had come to discover. Worshipful pilgrims, lovers of little Pippa, we hadn't been in the friendly inn ten minutes before we had said "Browning" to the padrona's pretty daughter and tried by signs and wonders to find out where was Asolo's chief literary shrine, the house where he had written "Asolando." Luisa smiled understandingly, and pointed to the window. "Ecco, signora!" We looked eagerly, only to draw back disappointed. The decorative stucco façade of the dignified villa backed by the densely wooded hill was charming, but . . .

"That can't be it—it was just a simple house in a street," I said to F. T. (short for Fellow Tourist). "She didn't understand me—I'll try again." Then to Luisa, in my inadequate Italian: "Browning, Roberto Browning, an English poet. The house is in a street and has a tablet. Where is it?" Luisa's smile was the soothing kind calculated to propitiate the eccentric ladies.

"Si, signora. An English gentleman, but not a poet, a painter. He is dead—how long since, Ida?" This in a rapid aside to the little sister who had just come in with hot water in a huge brass bucket. "Ten years, twelve? Eleven years, perhaps, signora. He died in the villa that you see there."

To this generation of Asolans, "il Signor Browning" is the amiable sporting Englishman who is buried in the beautiful

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little cemetery on the heights above the town, Barrett Browning, the "Pennini" of his mother's letters, the "Pen" so beloved by his father—their wonder-child grown to be a man. He had loved Asolo, had owned more than one villa in or near the beautiful little town. He had died in the handsome palazzo that our inn windows overlooked. He had built "Pippa's Tower"; he had tried to restore the silk industry because of the little maid that had passed through the town singing. Altogether a good citizen, and we felt that it was only right and proper that the Asolans should keep his memory green, but—it was *Robert* Browning whom we had expected to find a byword in Pippa's town! We had thought he would belong to it as Saint Francis belongs to Assisi, or Saint Catherine to Siena. But he didn't.

Let me qualify this statement by saying that he has been *officially* recognized. All honor was done to his memory on the centenary of his birth, May 7, 1912, when a street was re-named for him, and a tablet placed on the house where he wrote "Asolando." There is the statement plain for all folk to see:

IN QUESTA CASA DIMORO
ROBERTO BROWNING
SOMMO POETA INGLESE
VI COMPOSE ASOLANDO

Truly a literary shrine. But the man on the street, the woman drawing water at the fountain, the child at play under the plane-trees of the Piazza—what do they know of Browning's house? They give you a surprised stare or smiling misinformation if you question them. I admit that this argues an unexploited and unspoiled Asolo, as reposeful as Siena is strenuous, but it also argues that Pippa's town knows very little about Pippa's brain-father.

"Do you realize," I asked F. T., late in the afternoon of our first day in Asolo, "do you realize that it's going to be uphill work finding the Browning landmarks here? We haven't made any real progress yet."

F. T. smiled. "You and I have got to accept this town as Pen Browning's Asolo, not Robert's," she answered. "It's the line of least resistance."

"I refuse!" I said stoutly. "I won't get thrilled about Pen—he doesn't interest me. If I can't find the real landmarks, I won't put myself out about second-rate stuff." And then a brilliant idea came to me. I stopped short and waved my arm comprehensively at the superb view outside the old gate we were approaching. "Look!" I said eagerly. "If there never had been a Robert Browning, if we'd never heard of Pippa, if we'd just stumbled on this hill town by accident, wouldn't we be crazy about it? Don't you think it one of the loveliest places in Italy?"

"I certainly do," F. T. answered. "I'd like to stay on forever—especially since I've eaten the signora's pasta. Do you realize that we are going to be extraordinarily comfortable at that inn?" I looked at her approvingly. She had the right idea.

"Listen," I said. "From now on, this place is *our* Asolo! We'll do our best to discover the Browning landmarks—I do hope we'll find La Mura—but we won't sulk because the Asolans don't dog our footsteps to tell us all about R. B. Let's enjoy this place as if it were a town in the Dolomites where there never *were* any literary lions. I shall take long walks every morning——"

"I shall explore the town, and read and write on the hotel terrace," F. T. put in. "And we'll annex a *simpatico* driver with a strong, willing horse and take excursions every afternoon. I want to see the Villa Maser——"

"And we'll hunt up a good place for tea—though I suppose it will have to be *caffè lâtte*——"

"And we'll send post-cards from Asolo to all the Browningites——"

And much more to the same effect. From that moment the little city became Our Asolo. How livable we found it—and how lovable! Of all the Italian hill towns it is our best-beloved.

I carried out my plan of seeing the countryside on foot, and wore out shoe-leather in daily hikes. Never was there a more alluring valley; nowhere else in Italy have hills beckoned to me so enticingly. After my first excursion, I came back to the inn to announce: "Pippa showed good sense when she spent her

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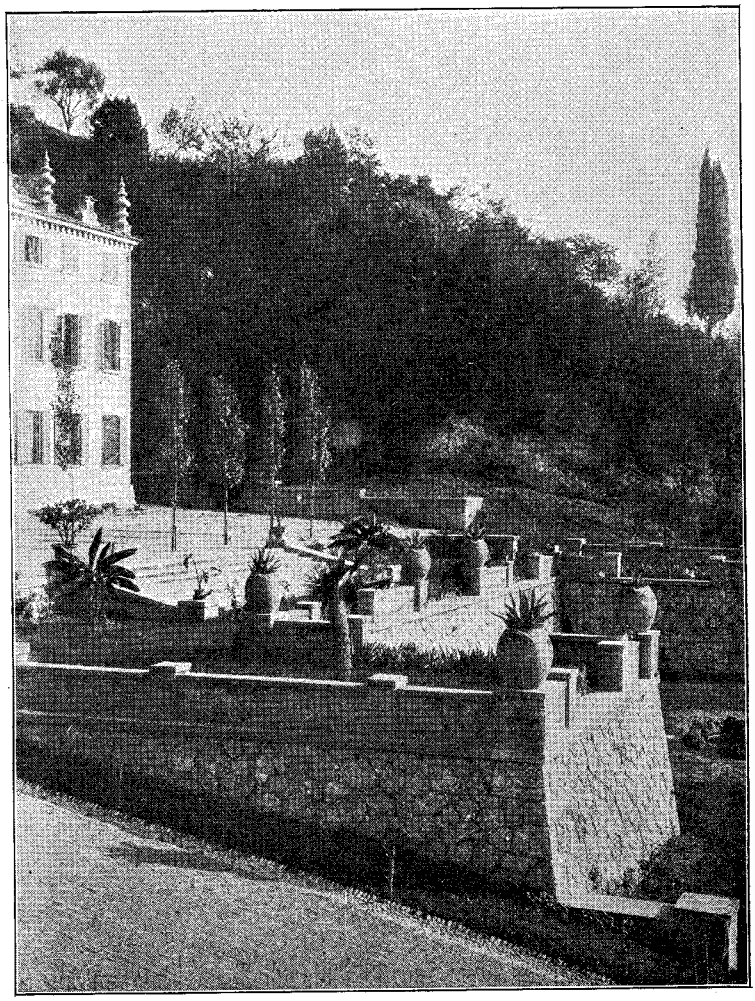
entire day walking about the countryside —it's worth it! I shall make an earlier start to-morrow, and do a lot more." From that time on it was plain to both of us that I had the Pippa complex. That

The beauty of the Asolo walks is that from every direction you get the lure of Far Country, that feeling that puts quicksilver into the heels of stay-at-home and wanderer alike at the magic words, "Over



This villa was owned by Barrett Browning. He died there in 1912.

is the irresistible urge to get the most out of the glorious day, to make every hour yield sixty supremely worth-while minutes. You remember Pippa's New Year resolution:

"Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,
. . . . . .
—My Day, if I squander such labour or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!"

the hills and far away!" Which hill shall it be this morning? There's wealth of choice. Behind us is the Rocca, the castellated ruin overtopping the town; and to scramble up there is to find Browning landmarks. For there, on the ridge beyond the archway, is the echo—Luigi's echo. Robert Browning found it on his first visit to Asolo, so he made Luigi find it too. The young, eager boy whom

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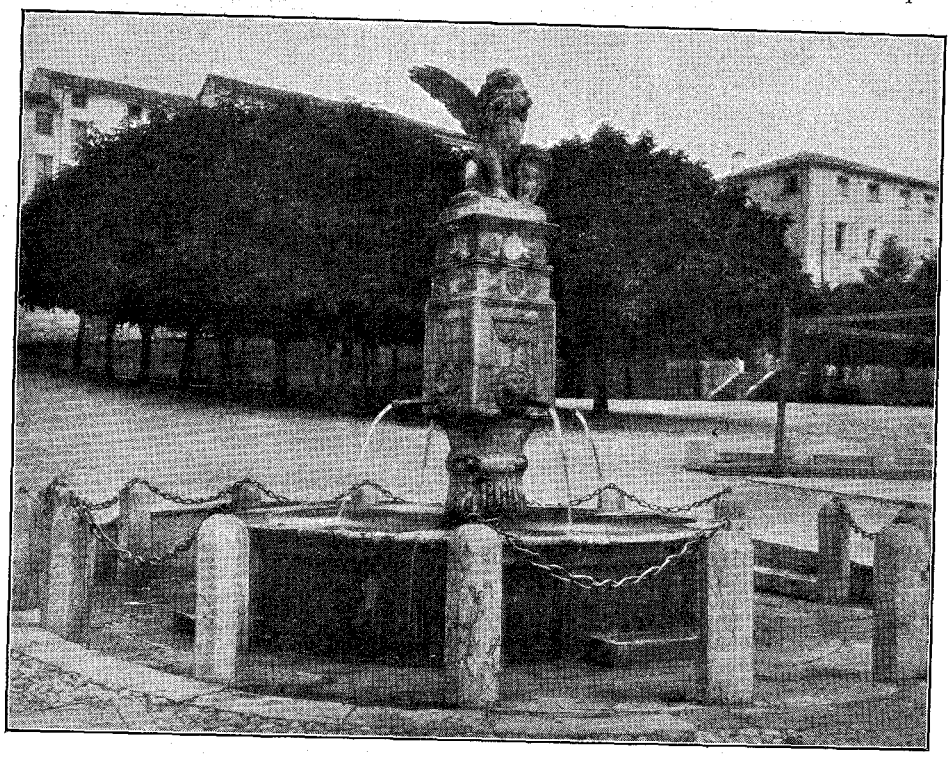
Pippa awakened to duty by her song of the "king who judged sitting in the sun" —he is still there for the tourist who can remember the words with which he tried out the mysterious call: "Lucius Junius!" —"All of you!"—"Meet your fate!"

"Pippa Passes" appeared in 1841. Thirty-seven years later Browning revisited Asolo, and wrote to his friend Mrs. Fitzgerald that he had climbed up to the Rocca with his sister and found the echo once more, although (this pleased him mightily, dear man!) village children who had followed at his heels had shouted themselves hoarse with no response. But alas! on his last visit to Asolo the echo was coy or sulky, and could not be persuaded to answer him. This was a keen disappointment. Was he perhaps thinking of his failure when he wrote, in the prologue to "Asolando":

"And now? The lambent flame is—where?"

And the rest of the bitter-sweet lines, lines that puzzle the reader who remembers Mrs. Bronson's interesting account of the poet's keen enjoyment of his visit to her Asolo villa in 1889, shortly before his death. Oh, yes, we all know what the poem means, we recognize the genuine optimism in it, but it *does* imply vanished illusions, and Browning, on that last Asolo visit, if we may believe his hostess, was as enthusiastic about everything in his old age as he was when he first discovered the little hill town in his buoyant youth. What a delightful, responsive guest he must have been! One loves to remember the story of how he used to pace up and down the loggia of "La Mura" in wet weather when drives were out of the question, walking for hours with his eyes on the panorama of valley and hills, and coming into the house at last to announce jubilantly: "Well, I have walked so many miles and seen such a beautiful country!"

La Mura, this villa of Mrs. Bronson's that she named so appropriately—it is built right into part of the beautiful old city wall—was for us one of the elusive sights of Asolo until we had been at least a week in the town. We had asked an English acquaintance innumerable ques-



"The lion on the fountain in the Piazza has . . . his paw uplifted, like a nice trick dog."—Page 287.

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The Castello of "Kate the Queen," as seen from the inn window.

tions, but on taking stock of the acquired information we realized that she hadn't placed La Mura for us, and when we talked about it to obliging natives they looked blank. Apparently "la mura" suggested nothing to them but the actual wall, and whenever we said "Bronson," they politely corrected it to "Browning," and then treated us to anecdotes about the late "Pen." (Shall I ever forget our driver explaining in pantomime that il Signor Browning was a great horseman and loved to drive tandem? The way he showed us those two horses trotting through the narrow roads below the town!) "We shall just have to stumble upon it for ourselves," I decreed, and the next day came home from my walk to announce that La Mura was found. "It's built on the wall at the end of our street," I explained. "I'm quite sure I'm right, but we'll ask the vetturino when we go out for our drive this afternoon." So we asked Gino, and he said "Si, si, signora," and we were quite happy. For a time, at least. But it wasn't long before we were reminding each other that an Italian always agrees with you, whether you are right or wrong—it is his kindly way of making the *forestieri* feel happy. "I asked him if that villa was called La Mura, and he agreed—but he would, of

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course. I should have said 'Come si chiama questa villa?' and *then* his answer would have given us some real information," I said dejectedly. But we got the real information unexpectedly from another quarter. A self-invited guide (most unlike Asolo, his chamber-of-commerce initiative!) attached himself to us on the street one afternoon, insisted on taking us into the garden of the Castello, and from its furthest corner pointed out the landmarks of the neighborhood, seen to great advantage from that high-lying spot. At his invitation I mounted to the top of the wall overlooking the grounds of Villa Beach (which is the official title of Pippa's Tower) and was trying to take in all the interesting detail of its lovely gardens when suddenly I heard:

"E questa villa qua, signora, si chiama La Mura. La mura antica de la——"

I didn't wait for the rest. In my excitement I almost fell into the flowering shrubs of Villa Beach, but I recovered my balance with an effort and scrambled down to continue the conversation at closer range. Breathlessly I demanded who lived in the villa our guide was pointing out. The name sounded like "Soolivano"—we learned afterward that it was "Sullivan"—but to further questioning:

"Who owned the villa a long time ago, signora? An American lady—her name was Bronson."

Found at last! La Mura, with all its Browning memories and associations, was run to earth, and two Browning pilgrims were happy.

Do I seem to be contradicting my own statement that we had decided to consider the town "*our* Asolo"? No, indeed, for after all we were Browningites, and besides, hadn't I announced as my platform that we would "do our best to discover the Browning landmarks"? Stumbling on so important a one as La Mura made that a red-letter afternoon, but there were other days when minor discoveries made us equally happy. Once I walked under the dense shade of fine old trees and was suddenly sure that Ottima and Sebald had had their rapturous moment in that very bit of forest. I could almost hear Ottima saying:

"Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burnt through the pine-tree roof—here burnt and there,
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me!"

On another afternoon the sun went down behind such spectacular clouds that we wondered if Browning, with his love of Asolan sunsets, had ever seen anything half as glorious. His daily drive, perhaps you remember, always had to be arranged so that he was home in time for the sight he coveted. "We must not miss the sunset from the loggia," he used to say to his hostess, and Vittorio would be bidden to drive a little faster accordingly.

But Browning's pet view was not ours. It was the Paduan plain that appealed to him; we got our thrill when we looked north and saw the Alps, with their foreground of hill towns and rolling country. When the Pippa complex had me in its grip, it was toward those Alps that I set my face and turned my steps. For the first few days of our visit, we didn't realize the great height of the mountain background, so veiled in mists it was, and Monte Grappa was barely visible. But suddenly, buoyantly, the skies cleared, and the beauty of the view almost overpowered us. Is there any hill town with such an outlook as Asolo? Where else can one say with such conviction:

"The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!"

One morning, before leaving the town for open country, I went shopping. My wants were very simple ones, only a small blank-book and a pencil (and by the way, the word "soft" as applied to a pencil is "dolce"—isn't that a delicious idiom?), but I meant to accomplish great things with this modest purchase. My Asolan note-book was to be full of worth-while jottings, things seen to be worked up in after-days. I am wondering now if the elaboration is necessary. It seems to me I hold my impression quite well enough with such pared-down phrases as these—which I choose at random from the scribbled pages:

On the way to Monfumo. Hanging baskets on farmhouse pergolas turn out

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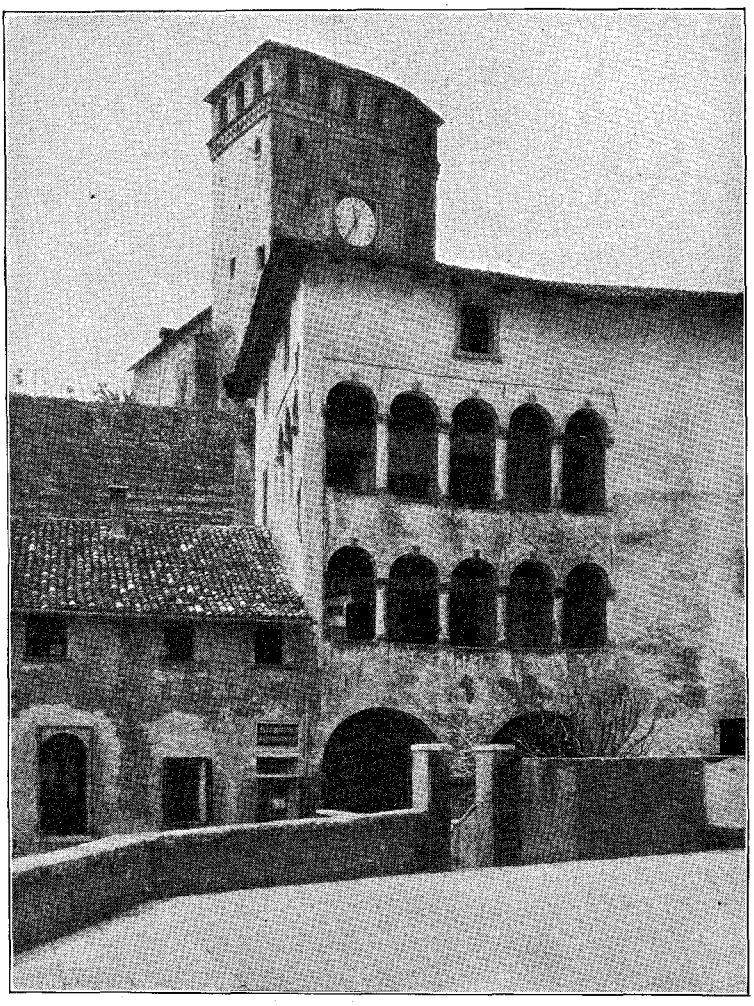
to be soldiers' "tin hats," full of ferns and drooping vines.

Not so many flowers at wayside shrines, but always two or three ears of Indian corn, bright gold in the sunlight. A sort of Harvest Home offering, perhaps. Very effective.

Strolled for ten minutes or so through a lovely hillside vineyard. Superb views of the mountains. Leaves sprayed against some blight are the most beautiful bluish-green. This same color blurred on the weathered stucco walls of every house shaded by a grape-vine. Indescribably artistic effect.

Passed through a little village that was one huge wine-press. Heady smell almost made me dizzy! Color of the lees very beautiful, like a glorified mulberry.



Tower of Queen Catherine Cornaro, Asolo.

Fire in the baker's oven transfigures his dark cave of a shop till it looks like a cache of topazes and rubies.

Sunday afternoon, and all the youth of Asolo playing Rugby (pronounced "roog-bee") in the Piazza. Query: if there had been Roogbee in the Pippa days, would Luigi have been a political conspirator? Probably not.

The lion on the fountain in the Piazza has a truly benevolent air, as if he liked

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to have Asolo under his protection. His paw uplifted, like a nice trick dog.

This is such a green country! October, but the lanes might have been made

walks, but she always maintained that her *giros* around the town were just as pleasurable. "And *you* are missing a lot by not seeing as much as I do of the

"At noonday in the bustle of man's work-time . . ."—Page 289.

in England. Probably full of primroses in the spring.

Kodaked Pippa's Tower from the road beyond La Mura. Glorious view. You say "How beautiful!" and the tall Italian cypress is like the exclamation-point after your appreciation.

Of such impressions were my daily hikes made. I used to condole with F. T. for not being equal to really long country

signora mamma," she countered. "She and I have the nicest talks together!" Whenever she reported these pleasant chats with our padrona, I would demand incredulously: "Now what on earth do you say to her? How *can* you be conversational when you don't really speak Italian!" Her reply would be a tranquil "Oh, the signora mamma and I can find a lot to talk about when you're not around to make fun of my accent." On one oc-

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casion she told me that she had been wondering (I can't imagine why!) if Barrett Browning had died of tuberculosis, so she had asked the signora mamma, who had replied that his last illness was something else. I have forgotten what; I was so fascinated with the idea of F. T. talking about deathbeds in Italian, with the dictionary in Florence, that I was interested only in her side of the conversation.

"How did you know the Italian for tuberculosis?" I asked. F. T. grinned reminiscently. "I didn't, so I acted it. I just said: 'Signora, Browning morte—*cosi?*' and gave a graveyard cough. She understood all right. She's a very intelligent woman."

She was, and more than that, she was an inspired cook. Browning's highest praise for the food served him in his Asolan lodgings was the expressive word, "Italianissimo," and Italianissimo were the dishes that we enjoyed in the Inn of Good Cheer. It was a family affair, that albergo, with mother presiding in the kitchen and the five daughters attending to the waiting and the housework, and it could give points to many a more pretentious hotel. I have nothing against instantaneous heaters to expedite one's morning bath, but it would be joy indeed if I could call out "Avanti!" to-morrow morning, and see little Ida come into my bedroom with hot water in the big brass bucket belonging to the yoke that goes to the village fountain. It glorified a prosaic bath. And with all due appreciation of my country's baked potatoes and corned-beef hash, I can get lyrical thinking of the signora mamma's vegetable soup. "Our Asolo" is full of tender memories like these.

But on the morning that we drove away something happened that made the little town Browning's Asolo once more. Once out on the Possagno road, we turned to look back at his first love among Italian cities, and F. T. said:

"Those cypresses that they planted for their War Memorial aren't big enough yet to show out on the hillside. But let's plan to come back to Asolo in our old age and see them grown into a real forest—think how beautiful they will be against the sky."

Suddenly it came to me: how perfectly that War Memorial expressed the idea in the Epilogue to "Asolando." Each slender cypress dedicated to some man of Asolo who had died for his country, wasn't it standing on that hillside to proclaim that Italy

> "Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed though Right were worsted,
> Wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better . . ."?

Yes, this is the message of the Italian cypresses on the hillside below the Porta del Colmarion. And because the old gate sees the constant passing to and fro of men and women who are never idle, cheerful toilers always, I may go on delightedly with my quotation:

> "No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
> Greet the unseen with a cheer!"

Literally a cheer! for a few paces from the historic gate are the quaint old churchly buildings (once they *were* churches) where the boys and girls of Asolo learn to read and write. School "lets out" in orthodox fashion at twelve o'clock, so every day at that hour the shouts and rejoicings of the released *bambini* echo around the crumbling walls. And if the spirits of Asolo's heroic dead ever come to that hillside—surely they do—where the cypresses stand for the faith that is baffled to fight better, they must rejoice to know that the happiness of little children makes a poet's inspired lines come true. The children of Asolo obey the poet's bidding:

> " . . . at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
> Greet the unseen with a cheer!
> Bid [them] forward, breast and back as either should be,
> 'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed—fight on, fare ever
> There as here!'"

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Three Moments

BY LEIGH MORTON
Author of "Mrs. Denton Gets Off," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

DURING that first month of independence, Sarah Randall had a great deal of time in which to wonder what she was going to do with the rest of her life—for the month was August; and August in Cambridge, with every one away, and the doors of the university closed—even its summer school over—is a period of time so stagnant and barren of physical and social activity, that one either ossifies or, out of self-preservation, uses the brain. But Sarah didn't try to preserve herself at first; she just loved getting up in the morning with nothing to do and not a responsibility in the world, having her breakfast on the piazza, and wandering out to dig in the garden among the marigolds, monkshood, and asters.

She knew now, because she so loved this luxury of idleness, that she was tired with years upon years of routine and management. Her mother had been a difficult person to live with, and her invalidism had been long and arduous. Her death, after two months of special struggle, had come as a mercy, and Sarah was tired out and relieved and oh, so thankful, for as much as three weeks, to be alone with books and the garden, and maids pottering silently about, doing all the work and bringing her delicious food.

And then, because she was keen and strong and a worshipper of the sun and the northwest wind and all things clean and optimistic, she came to, as if from a revivifying state of coma, and she realized that life was *hers* to do with what she would. She stretched her arms above her head—reaching, reaching, in a kind of ecstasy of awakening. Time was hers; money was hers; the world was hers. Should she travel first? What, in her wealth of opportunity, should she choose to do first?

Sarah was over forty. That sounds pretty awful, but, you know, it wasn't. Sarah seemed just to have *acquired* with the years, and to have lost nothing. If she was a lovely young girl, she was a beautiful woman. The lines that were added to her deep-set, shadowy, gray-green eyes, gave them the charm of eyes that have seen; the thinner curve of her cheek and the sharpened line of her chin had but ripened her face, and her smile was the smile of one who *knew* and, without illusions, was yet glad of life. You could count the gray hairs in the mass of dusky waviness, and the slim, tall long-waistedness of her gave somehow the look of a race-horse, tried and fit.

She had seen something of the world, but she had always returned to Cambridge; she had known many people; she had loved and been loved, but she had never married. She felt regretful at times, and out of it, and she loved—well, she loved *boys*, anyway. There had to be girl-children, of course, or nothing would happen in the long run, but Sarah never really saw the girl-children of her friends, when she looked at them; the boy-children she saw and understood at a glance.

"You know where you are, with boys," Sarah said.

In the back of her mind there had always been a longing to be connected with a mass of boys.

"If I had ever had the faintest chance, I would have married the master of a boys' school, whether I loved him or not," she had often remarked.

The old dream came back to her now that she was free—now that she was digging in the garden, all sole alone, and wondering what to do with the rest of her life. She might be housekeeper, or housemother—some such position. She played

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with the idea, and played with many others—Life stretched ahead—crammed with such possibilities; she was getting together—and the sun was high——

And then her problem was solved for her in one solitary half-hour at breakfast, through the reading of a letter that lay waiting at her plate. She picked it up and knew the handwriting in a flash, though she hadn't seen it for ten years or more. It brought back to her, with a flood of tenderness, her youth—and his youth. Childhood and its games; hide-and-seek in the back yard, where the flowers still grew; parties—the first parties of all; football games and teas, baseball games and class days. Ricky was always there—one of her set—charming, gentle, and loving. She was so used to him that she hadn't known she loved him, or that he loved her, until class day and parting brought it upon them both. Class day does that to Cambridge boys and girls. It acts like lightning from a summer sky. When you sit up and catch your breath, everything is changed; he is going forth, a man, to find his fortune, and you make up your mind in a rush—you, who have had all your life in which to make it up—as to whether he shall go forth alone, or take your heart with him.

Sarah had sent Ricky Warren forth alone. They were to be friends, always—dear, devoted friends.

"I adore Ricky," Sarah said lightly.

She had said it lightly whenever his name arose, for nearly twenty years. The extravagance of the phrase suited her purpose: it meant what she meant, but no one, hearing, believed the half of it; and it soothed her to say it and mean it, for something within her, that she would never admit, had been torn and outraged when she had sent Ricky Warren away, and it had lain there always in her heart, unhealed. She had covered it with tenderness, but she never looked at it. When Ricky was married, three or four years later, Sarah, who was still in the prime of her youth and gaiety, felt this sore thing quiver, but she only said, lightly:

"Good for Ricky! I always adored Ricky!"

As she lifted his letter from beside her plate, she felt as if she had grasped his hand, and the tears rose achingly in her eyes—because, she supposed, the past had come tumbling back with all its hope and laughter, to her who stood alone and adrift.

A photograph fell out of the closely written pages, and her tears dried as she looked at it in questioning surprise. It was the face of a boy, with eyes that gazed straight and happily; a long face, with a wide mouth ready to smile, and a nose that was long and undecided as to whether it should turn up, but inclined to do so just for good cheer. A very dear face of a boy of, probably, seventeen. But he didn't look like Ricky—who was he?

"Dear Sal," the letter began. "Years don't count—little things like years—don't count to you and me. Was it last winter or last week that we met and talked and told each other all we'd lately thought and meant to do? Years don't count. It was fifteen years ago we talked that way together, but that only means that we'd talked that way for fifteen years before; and so we know each other for what we are. And I know, Sal, that you've the heart of youth in you, and everything else that ought to be close to youth and that youth needs. I don't want you to miss it. I don't want you to go down the years alone. Here's a son for you, Sal. Look at him. You want him—you know you do. He's our neighbor in the country. His name is Devereux Reid, and he's one of the best. I wish he were mine, and he might be—but, Sal, I want, more than anything, that he should be yours.

"His father was the parson here. He and his wife were killed together in a motor accident, last month. It leaves the boy utterly alone and penniless. His father lived on his salary, with not another cent.

"Dev is ready for Harvard, and would have come on in another few weeks. But now—he's staying with us at the moment—now, he says he's going to work. *I'd* send him to Harvard, but I want *you* to, Sal. You're a rich, childless woman—and you're alone. If you're going to live on in the old house in Cambridge, take him—adopt him—get the joy of him. He's your son, if I ever saw one worthy of you. He's the idol of my boys, and he's the nearest to a beau my daughter has! Lord, she's fifteen!

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"Say 'yes,' and I'll bring him on at once, and you can get to know him before college opens. He has a room in a freshman dormitory, which I haven't cancelled.

"With the news of your mother's death, and all the memories of you that flocked, I've had you in my thoughts for weeks. And this is the outcome. I'm right—aren't I, Sal? This is what you want. That I can give it to you is the best that I could ask. Yours, Ricky."

Sarah looked up from the letter and off to the garden, where the monkshood stood boldly blue under the autumn sun. Only the last paragraph held her mind. For one moment she was without a past or a future. Everything was nothing for that space, and all of her she put into words.

"Ricky dear, I'll do whatever you say — You know best— You always did."

Slowly she picked up the photograph and looked at it.

"Little Dev," she began; but life surged overwhelmingly back through her veins—like breakers it came in cresting succession, beating over her, roaring in her ears, and crashing on beyond. "Oh!" gasped Sarah, suffocated, "Oh—I'm going to cry—I'm going to laugh—Oh, God in heaven!"

Ricky brought Dev to her the following week. They came at dusk, but Sarah, watching for them, saw them swing in at the gate and up the path, and knew with a flame of emotion that these two men were coming to *her*. She opened the door for them herself.

"Good old Sal," was Ricky's greeting.

"Oh, Ricky— Come in!"

She gave him her hand and there they stood. Ricky at forty-three, tall and gone a little gray, with the eyes that had always understood, and the smile that was both gay and sad.

"And Dev—you too," Sarah said, with her other hand in the boy's.

Dev was so beautiful, too—not strictly beautiful, but tall and young and beautifully built, and with that same responsiveness. He might have been Ricky's son; he *felt* the same.

"Here he is—our boy," Ricky said, cheerfully, when they had all moved inside. He put his hand on Dev's shoulder, and nodded toward Sarah. "Isn't she great?" he asked.

"Yes, she is—great!" Dev answered, his smile wide and intent, his eyes ingenuous.

He sat by congenially, as Sarah and Ricky reviewed the last fifteen years, that evening. He was one of those who fit in. But when the older man left to take his midnight train back to New York, Sarah caught a distraught expression that was piteous. She thrust her arm through his as they stood in the doorway calling good-by, and then she spoke tactfully.

"You want to go to bed, now, don't you? It's after eleven."

"All right—I will, I guess— Can I help you about anything?"

"No, thanks— You know where everything is, don't you? Good-night, Dev— Go to sleep— We'll make a fresh start in the morning."

She smiled up at him, and they both hesitated.

"Good-night," the boy said, and went up-stairs without turning back.

Sarah watched him out of sight, speechless because her heart was so full. "Our boy," Ricky had said; and he was so young and bereft and gallant! It had nearly killed him when Ricky left. She had once seen her dog look like that. He had stood very stiff and gallant and without one whimper, knowing, as dogs do know, that she was deserting him, perhaps—for that she couldn't reassure him —forever; his eyes alone stricken. Those eyes had laid a scar on her memory. Dev's eyes had been stricken, deserted—but his shoulders as straight; his head as high——

"Think what he's going through!" Sarah cried painfully. All her own great happiness in the hours of reunion just past, fled, before a consuming passion of pity. She wandered aimlessly back and forth, her hands locked together. "He's been so much loved— He's been so much loved," her brain repeated like a cry, "and now he has only *me*."

They hadn't talked much of Dev, except as he had entered into the stories of Ricky's boys and of the girl, Eleanor, whom they called Bunny. They hadn't talked at all of his mother and father, or

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For one moment she was without a past or a future. Everything was nothing for that space . . .—Page 292.

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of the shock and tragedy he had just lived through. Sarah understood; Ricky had trusted her to handle that.

"Perhaps not now," she murmured, as she climbed the stairs, but something must be said before she could sleep for the hurt of him.

The hall was lighted and the door of his dark room ajar. Sarah knocked, and came in to him with the words:

"Dev—are you all right?"

"Yes, Miss Randall," he propped himself on his elbow, "everything's all right."

There he went again—the little sport!

Sarah sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I think we'll rub along, Dev—don't you? And—let's not take each other very seriously—I mean—you know—Ricky likes us both—that's enough to go on. We're pretty sure to like each other after that. And—if we're to be sort of brother and sister, you won't call me Miss Randall, will you, Dev—please."

"All right, I won't," he said, simply.

"I'm so glad you're here, you know—I'd have been so desperately lonely. You see—my father died years ago—and my mother was sick for so long that life was only a great burden to her. I could only be thankful when it was over, but——"

"*My* mother wasn't old or sick," Dev said, and he lay down again, suddenly. "She wasn't much older than you—and my father was—the—best man—" he gave a gulp and turned his face into the pillow.

Sarah got up and stood over him.

"Dev—do you want me to go?" she whispered. "Do you—dear?"

There was no answer. She hesitated, and then, laying her hand with one caressing stroke upon his head, she crept toward the door.

"Don't go!—Sal!" He only knew Ricky's name for her!

It was the finishing touch.

"Oh, my boy!" Sarah's whole love went out to him. "Tell me—I want to know— I'm so sorry, Dev—so sorry!"

In after-years Sarah counted three moments—epochs all. The first was the color of monkshood. From Ricky's letter she had raised her eyes to behold that garden-bed of massed and gorgeous blue, and in that same flash had known herself—her perpetrated outrage—her torn heart—for what it, irretrievably, was. She was born in that moment of discovery, accepting the justice of retribution.

In the second moment her eyes saw nothing; her lips felt, her arms felt, her nerves and being felt and throbbed with the first real beating of her heart. She knew the meaning and worth of life in that moment when Dev called to her to stand by.

Some years later came the third moment.

Those years encompassed Dev's college career, and held for her the joy of enterprise and possession. Her element surrounded her. She stepped back into the atmosphere of youth with a sureness of tread and an enthusiasm that made for her and Dev the happiest kind of popularity. Dev was just naturally popular. He wasn't a leader, but his was a personality, genuine and charming, that stood out from the crowd. Sarah found her boy a strictly normal proposition, and herself meeting the normal succession of emotions.

She fought through the hopes and—for the first time in her Cambridge life—the fears of four football seasons. It was a different matter, she discovered, to watch your *own* hurled against the defense of an opposing team, buried beneath a ton of writhing bodies that wore boots with iron cleats. But Sundays were wonderful fun, going over the game with Dev and the other boys whom he brought home.

"Did you see the game, Sal?" Dev would greet her eagerly.

"You bet I did! I wish they'd put you in earlier!"

"Oh, no—Sandy was going great!"

"I know—but he makes me nervous. He fumbled twice. He's always fumbling, Dev. You *do* hold onto the ball, and you follow it, too. That was a grand-stand tackle of yours, old boy!"

"Wasn't that the limit?" Dev would roar, delightedly.

He loved her criticisms. There was nothing to shame him about Sarah in a crowd of boys, commenting bitterly.

"Who the deuce is working with the ends—will you tell me? They don't know anything! A school-boy team could box them! It's nerve-racking!"

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"They certainly were way off, yesterday," some boy would admit, bleakly. "It was better after Stone went in, though."

"Better!—because he's so marvellously fast! Because he can cover the ground he oughtn't to have to cover! Well—there are still two weeks to fool Yale!"

Dev got his "H" in the Yale game of his junior year. He didn't win the game, or anything like that. He was just useful. He had football sense. That was a characteristic of his—he had sense, quite generally. He manœuvred his studies with sense, and squeaked through the years with a gentlemanly flock of "C's" that did nicely; meanwhile acting in "Pudding" shows, and dancing till dawn night after night. He roomed always in one of the dormitories, returning home only for vacations or an occasional refuge.

"She's not cruel— She won't hurt—*if*—she can help it!"—Page 297.

"I've got to break away and study, Sal." He would burst in upon her, like

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a hunted creature. "Hour exams all this week and I don't know a damn thing!"

"What have you been doing lately?" Sarah would hold him by the shoulders for a moment, smiling up at him, tasting the ever new wonder of his being there to *come*, and herself being there to come *to*.

"Oh, a lot of parties this week. I don't know where the time goes to, I swear I don't!"

Laughing, she kissed his incredulous and worried brow.

"Are you going to drink coffee all night?"

"I'll have to!" he'd answer frantically.

Sometimes she looked in upon him at midnight, on her way to bed, and if his groan was not too frenzied, she would perch upon the arm of his chair, while he relaxed and leaned an addled brain against her.

"Was it a good party last night?" she would seek to lighten the studious gloom.

"Good enough."

"Was Mary there?"

"Yes."

"In good form?"

"Yep—fine form."

"Shall we have her to dinner before the next dance?"

"We might."

Not too much enthusiasm!

"I heard from Ricky. Incidentally, Mrs. Ricky *and* Bunny want you for the spring vacation— Think you could manage it?"

"Well, rather!" Dev rolled ingenuous eyes up to meet her mischievous smile. "Darn you, Sal," he added, admittedly caught.

Sarah suspected it from the first, and eventually she knew, long before Dev knew, that the only girl in the world for him was Bunny Warren.

During the first summer of their partnership she had gone with him to visit the Warrens on Long Island—the spot where Dev had been born and brought up. He had stayed on with them all summer, but Sarah had stayed only two weeks. It had been for her an oddly disconcerting experience—that meeting with Althea Warren, Ricky's wife. One of those intangible experiences that both women were aware of, but which passed directly over Ricky's head. Sarah, who had buried the past with her own hand, had gone to that meeting completely disarmed, to find Althea Warren, beautiful, vital—triumphant, one might say—with nothing to fear, no one to envy, and yet—before Sarah's honest presence—definitely on her guard. Sarah, with wide-eyed incredulity, even saw her struggling to break down that guard.

"*You* take Sal, Ricky—I don't think I'll go," she sometimes said.

And again her arm embraced Sarah with a warm pressure.

"It's made Ricky so wonderfully happy to find you again—and to have made *you* happy, Sal," she said.

Sarah knew that the pressure was forced, and that the words were forced. She longed to turn her eyes and challenge Althea's. But she refrained; she looked instead at Ricky when he came in sight, and the whole expression of him was peace. It came to Sarah that that was the heaven she had always found in Ricky—peace. Quite suddenly she could scarcely bear it; it was so poignant, so beautiful, and so lost to her!

She carried away with her from that visit—that she never meant to repeat—the memory of Althea struggling incomprehensibly; of Ricky all unconsciously at peace; and of Dev—about to fall in love with Bunny.

She was a lovely creature—Bunny—with her golden bobbed hair, long gray eyes, and supple height; and she was sixteen and appallingly sophisticated. Dev was a child in comparison. She dealt with him with no coquetry; she was too used to him for that, perhaps—literally—too sure of him. It was still the brother-and-sister attitude for them both, though Dev would awaken soon to realize that she was a very special sister. And then, with the first real competition, he would realize that she wasn't a sister at all! This much Sarah knew after two weeks. And what would happen next? If one could count on Dev, it was just as sure a thing that one couldn't count on Bunny. She was unlike her father. One felt a restive wilfulness—an onward urge, about Bunny. With that father and mother it was hardly conceivable that she hadn't a heart, Sarah pondered—but the man who won it would have to master it.

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For the following two years she watched Dev play with the Cambridge and Boston girls and she heard him talk of Bunny. He talked with open pride and admiration but with no growing self-consciousness, nor did there come the moment of confidences to which Sarah had somewhat looked forward. In fact, Dev put it over on her, finally, with the most unintentional subtlety. Of a sudden it was *she* who woke to find that the moment for confidences, which had never been, was passed. With no words at all it was born in upon her that Dev knew, and that he tacitly accepted the fact that she knew, that, in the world of girls, there was only Bunny!

The revelation was made on the night that he returned from that spring vacation in New York with the Warrens—the last vacation of his senior year. He had given, during dinner, a glowing account of festivities and theatres, and had appeared at his gayest. When, afterward, they had wandered into the library and stood looking out through the door into the garden—soft under a new April moon—Sarah, surprisingly, felt his two arms come round her from behind, felt his cheek pressed against her cheek, and heard his voice quite changed and wistful, saying:

"She says—she'll come on for class day."

Sarah's heart leaped with all it had been told, and then stood still, wondering and questioning the appeal that had crept into the telling.

"Darling—how lovely!" she ventured, at last.

Dev said nothing. He held her, leaning against him, and their eyes strained toward the beauty of the night.

"What's up, Devvy?— Anything wrong?" she dared murmur presently.

"No, Sal." There was another pause. "She's a little—too popular!" His voice was humorous now.

Sarah turned her face and kissed him, and he laughed and let her go.

"Shall I write and give her a proper invitation?" she asked lightly, meeting the end of his mood.

"Oh, I suppose so—some time," he agreed casually. "Mr. Warren," he added, "is coming for commencement. He's so busy he can't even get off for the game. And, Sal, he says he'll take me into the office, the first of July. Isn't he a world-beater?"

Dev lit a cigarette and returned to earth.

But Sarah spent a heartrending night. It had taken three years for her prophecy to come to pass—competition, stimulus, not to say jealousy; and Bunny queening it, in the high assurance of her youth and beauty; Bunny, dazzled, with her eyes on the stars; onward, upward—let the best and truest follow with the crowd!

"Oh, child—child! Can't you *see* him? Don't you *know* him?" cried the heart of Sarah, and the words echoed and rang in the stillness all about her, like the protests—of vain memories——

If that girl, at the test, didn't prove herself to be Ricky's daughter, *she*'d fight for Dev—fight for him!

Thus the night passed; and day came, and turned over like a page; and other days followed, turning over and over, until class day. Dev had been his normal, cheerful self—up to his eyes in work and the strenuous last weeks of a senior's life. But one change Sarah noted—though he made it with no stage effect whatever—he simply dropped girls. They ceased to exist for him.

There was just Bunny.

And class day came, and brought to him—and to Sarah—Bunny.

She looked so exquisite—so smart in her slinky white, and close black-and-white hat; her eyes brilliant as jewels, with excitement. And she was sweet too, in her gaiety. Sarah thought: "She's not cruel— She won't hurt—*if*—she can help it!"

Dev's eyes were brilliant, also, as he came to meet them, after the class-day exercises. In his cap and gown, he looked potential, somehow. His gaze flew straight to Bunny—not supplicating, nor ardent, but full and intense, with a smile just shadowing it, and hovering on his lips.

"I liked it, Dev— You said I'd probably be bored!" Bunny greeted him chattily, "but listening makes me so *hungry!*"

Dev glanced at Sarah, with a laugh that seemed to break up some emotion. Sarah thought she knew.

"I had a beautiful time, Dev—I cried a lot!" she responded.

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"I know," Dev nodded.

"Cried!" exclaimed Bunny. "Oh, yes—like a wedding— At the end, when we all sang Fair Harvard——"

"Come—let's go over to the Pudding—shall we?" Dev interrupted, starting them forward, toward the club where he was spreading.

Sarah did the minimum of chaperoning all day, though she had the really precious certainty that Dev was glad to have her, and that his friends were glad to see her. But she far preferred that they should want her there, than be there. She was through, she would have said—she had served her term; class day was only sad now, hot and crowded, crowded with lost faces——

She slipped away from Beck—the great evening spread—and left Dev and Bunny to their dancing, and all the things that happen on class-day night. She smiled a little apprehensively, as she left them to make for themselves and each other their first class-day memories.

They came home at midnight, both frankly weary and hot. Dev dropped his cap and gown in the hall and entered with his white shirt clinging damply, and Bunny sat on the edge of the table for only a minute, before announcing that she was going up for a long, cool bath.

"Good night," she said. "It's all been wonderful."

To herself, with a sharp intake of breath, Sarah whispered: "Something *has* happened—darn it!"

She watched Dev return from the stairs whither Bunny had escaped, and throw himself into a deep chair, his legs sprawling. He raised his arms and locked his hands on top of his head. At intervals he brought them down to his eyes and then slowly pushed them back again.

"Lord, what a day!" he said, without spirit or rancor.

After a long pause, Sarah observed:

"It can be worse—it can rain."

"No one ever told me the half of it," Dev muttered, as if he hadn't heard her. "I suppose people forget— The horror dulls—" He was working up a little humor in spite of himself. "But oh, my—it's eternal!"

Sarah, from her opposite seat, laughed gently.

"Dev, dear—don't sound so wretched!—Want a cold drink of something?"

"Oh, no, Sal." His hands were over his eyes now. "I ruined everything, Sal— It's my own fault—and I've spoiled her whole visit for her, too."

Sarah stiffened involuntarily. Then she said stanchly:

"Well, dear?"

"Oh, I was a fool!—I told her how I felt—I couldn't seem to help it— It was just—burning me up."

"And she said?"

"She said it was absurd—and that we must never think of it again."

He dropped his hands now; rose, after a second, and found a cigarette which he lighted from a twitching, flickering flame.

"Do you think she meant it?" Sarah asked quietly.

"Yes, I do," said Dev evenly. "She—cares for me, of course—just as she always has, but—she doesn't want to marry me." He crossed the room—stopped—and moved on again: "She's out for bigger game—and she'll get it—easily enough."

Though he stated this in all fairness, Sarah heard injured pride in his voice; it was that that was keeping it steady—holding him up, and aloof. But he wasn't trusting himself very far.

"I think I'll go to bed, Sal—dear. Good night," he said from the door, and vanished.

"Good night, old boy," Sarah answered, without moving.

She sat there in the dim, warm room and the enveloping silence, and she knew that she had been waiting to play that scene—almost word for word—for weeks; that she was prepared, and for that reason, she was calm and tense, when otherwise she would have been raging, hating, and despising.

Bunny wasn't the only one—the only girl—who had ever gone hunting the world for big game—her eyes so dazzled by the glamour of power, that she failed to see the very king of beasts lying upon her own threshold.

Sarah grieved and feared for Dev, but oh, she grieved, too, and feared for Bunny.

Her work was cut out for her; some time during the next two days she must fight her fight. To-morrow held the

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From a drawing by Clarence Rowe.

"And do you know how I know he's the only man I ever loved, my dear?— It's because he's the only man I ever regretted——"—Page 300.

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Yale game; the following day commencement, and Ricky's added presence; but some time—somehow——

Dev appeared at breakfast next morning with himself well in hand. Bunny's face, troubled at first, cleared quickly. Sarah could feel the girl's spirit urging: "Oh, be my Dev—as you've always been. I love you that way. Don't change!"

And as they all wandered about Cambridge that morning, showing the visitor its landmarks, Bunny's hand was, most of the time, tucked through Dev's arm, as if in loving appeal: "Don't change, don't change!"

Though Sarah knew that it was putting Dev to torture, the sight of it was lightening her own heart momentarily. She had laid her plan, overnight, and she saw the girl's mood ripening to meet it. Again, Bunny was not the only one who had ever sought to keep her dear, devoted friend! Sarah would like to have caught a word alone to hearten Dev, but a tête-à-tête with Bunny was to be seriously avoided. She saw them off to the game, with a sigh of relief. Dev was marching with his class, rejoining Bunny and her cavalier—an enviably free junior—when it was over. On, then, to a tea, a supper-party, and a dance.

"Don't be too awfully late—will you?" was the only plea that Sarah dared offer for her plot.

Out on the piazza, in the canvas hammock, she lay waiting for them. It was dark there, and she wanted it to be dark. The night wind breathed over the garden and brought the scent of flowers that never smell by day—iris and peonies and Solomon's seal. Presently it shifted, and brought lilies-of-the-valley and lilacs—though the lilacs were gone. She grew nervous and intense, waiting and wondering whether she had lived and suffered only that in this moment she might atone. And then, because the spirit of Ricky was very close, she couldn't be morbid. No mouldy scents should stir among the lilacs, and this night of romance was not alone their children's.

The clock on Memorial tower had struck eleven before they came in quietly, through the house to the library doorway, where they stood peering toward the outside darkness.

"I'm here—in the hammock. Come out," Sarah called. "It's too lovely, now that it's cooled off."

"Oh, it *is* lovely," Bunny said, sinking down. "Have you been here all alone?"

"In a way, alone—I've been thinking," Sarah's voice came with a smile in it.

Dev had found his way over to her.

"Thinking?" he asked.

"Thinking."

"Of the only man you ever loved?" His voice smiled, too.

They groped, simultaneously, for each other's hands. It was uncanny that he should have so unerringly given her cue.

"Of the only man I ever loved," Sarah told him softly.

There was a little pause. Dev drew her toward him, and slipped round her onto the seat of the hammock, pressing her against his shoulder with an encircling arm. Sarah knew why: because he was achingly miserable. When she spoke again, she spoke to Dev—intimately—as if Bunny were not there in the darkness beyond, listening.

"And do you know how I know he's the only man I ever loved, my dear?— It's because he's the only man I ever regretted— It takes the passing of time to get that perspective—and then one knows—when it's too late— One looks back and sees so clearly—so strangely clear—all that one couldn't see—at the right moment."

She felt Dev move a little, nervously. He was afraid of where this was leading, embarrassed. She gave his hand a pressure that commanded, "Trust me!" and he subsided with a half-laughing protest.

"Sal, dear, you sound so tragic!"

"Well—perhaps I am." Her voice continued, on its reminiscent note: "I'm paying the price of ignorant, ambitious, blinded youth— No one told me he was my mate—I learned it from years of living."

"Do you really think there are *mates?*" Bunny's voice asked wonderingly.

"I do. I think that every woman, when she reaches the age of looking back, recognizes the man who was her mate—more often than not, in the man she didn't marry— And yet, when you haven't that perspective, how *are* you to know?" Sarah seemed to ask, and the boy and girl were silent. "There are so

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many things to distract and put you off! I'd known this man so long and so well—we'd grown up together, here, in Cambridge. We'd played games in this very garden, and we'd danced, and talked, and done everything together, like brother and sister. I was devotedly fond of him, but there were such lots of others. Brighter, flashier stars. Rich boys with rich backgrounds—glittering creatures with glittering futures. This boy of mine had nothing in comparison—he was poor—a gentleman—but poor, struggling, working his way. I looked far over his head—and yet, you know, I loved him all the time—" Her voice trailed with a soft thrill in it.

Dev's lips, so close to her ear, barely whispered the one word: "Don't!" She felt his body taut. Lifting her face, she spoke again, like a penitent kiss against his cheek; but she was inexorable.

"When he asked me to marry him, it hurt me to say 'no.' But it never occurred to me to say 'yes'—even though I loved him—even though I *knew* I loved him."

"Oh, Sal—you're so romantic!" Bunny cried, suddenly, an hysterical waver in her voice. She stood up, and with swift steps reached the hammock, fell to her knees, and laid her head in Sarah's lap. "Go on, please—go on."

Sarah placed one hand on that soft hair, and the other she raised to press Dev's face against her own.

"You see—I didn't think he was good enough," she told them, gently, as if there had been no break. "I saw myself with quite a different husband. I meant to shine, and glitter richly, and be a—personage— And so, when class day came, and he was going—I said 'no.'" She paused, and stillness reigned. "He went away, and in about three years—he married—a rich and glittering girl, who could have had the highest in the land—A girl who knew him for what he was; loved him for himself—his fine, true, brave, and charming self. A girl who was *proud* to marry him—poor and struggling as he was. But he worked like a dog; he was keen and men believed in him, and it wasn't awfully many years before he made a fortune. And so—they lived happily ever after."

A moment later,

"Is that the end?" Bunny asked, in muffled tones.

And,

"I don't understand how he could have married, when he couldn't get *you*," said Dev's young, loyal voice.

Sarah laughed softly.

"You wouldn't, dear— You're so young that you wouldn't—believe it possible! But it is, Dev. Hardly ever does a man stay single for love of the woman he couldn't get. You'll see as the years go on. They seem very long—and you're lonely, and you want a home and children—and so you marry, even though that other woman still holds your heart. That's the way it is with men, Dev—But women—well, I don't think it's quite the same with women— They don't always know why they can't take another man— *I* never knew—I might have known if I'd ever once been honest with myself—I had my other chances, but when they came, I didn't want them—as I thought—for one reason or another. It was only ages after, that I looked back, and faced myself, and knew that I'd stupidly, outrageously, broken my own heart with my own hands, Dev."

Very slowly she withdrew herself from his shoulder, and her stirring made Bunny sit up, at her feet.

"My very dears," Sarah said, "forgive me—but I've loved to tell you my story, because I love you both so much."

Bunny's hand stayed her as she was about to rise.

"Tell me—one thing—have you ever seen him again?"

"Once in a while I've seen him," Sarah said.

"And—has he kept you in his heart, Sal?"

With barely a perceptible pause, Sarah answered; but in that pause it was Althea's face that she had seen. Althea, strained and forcing a generous friendship. Her voice rang as she answered:

"Yes—he's kept me in his heart!"

There was another vibrating silence.

"Mates!" whispered Bunny wonderingly. As if she were alone, she rose and wandered to the piazza railing, her figure a pale blur in the blackness.

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"Come," Sarah said, "it's late— Let's go in."

She took Dev's hand, meaningly, and drew him with her past the girl back to the dimly lighted doorway.

"Come, Bunny," she called, as they stepped inside.

There was no response from without, and they stood together—absorbed, tense, in a suddenly pregnant waiting. At length, with a warning gesture, Sarah left him, and stole toward that slim, white silence.

"Bunny," she murmured, "I'm sorry, dear— Did I make you sad?"

"Go away— Go, Sal," Bunny's answer trembled, "I want Dev!"

Dev came, as if the call had reached him before the words were spoken; and Sarah turned to look back at their merged figures, cloaked by the dark, sweet night.

"Suppose I hadn't known!" she thought, in sudden awe. "Suppose they, too, had had to live on crumbs!"

Ricky was coming to-morrow, for just one day.

The Battling South

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

BEYOND peradventure, the most startling contribution made to American history by the South since the beginning of the century is the origination of the Ku Klux Klan. Not a few critics have assumed that it is the only noteworthy contribution, which is not the case; and some have concluded that it is the first of a series of similar contributions, which is unduly pessimistic. The activities of the singularly unknightly knights have centred upon the South innumerable searchlights of criticism, some of which illuminate it and some of which merely bathe it in the color of the critic's individual prejudices, but all of which tend to make it squirm. The South went into shadow in 1865. It is unaccustomed to occupying the centre of the stage. In the sudden and unflattering prominence which the Klansmen have achieved for it, it shows to little advantage. It has forgotten the art of make-up, and in consequence all its warts stand out terrifically.

One result of the section's inability to put its best face foremost has been the growth of a theory that the States which Mr. Mencken designates as "the late Confederacy" are of a distinctly different order from the remainder of the forty-eight in that they have diverged from the highroad of American development and have followed a bypath which has led them into fens and quagmires; and that this erratic course was their deliberate choice to begin with, and has not been regretted since. This reasoning leads inevitably to the conclusion that the South must be dismissed as a possible field of development of American culture.

To substantiate this theory there is the Ku Klux Klan, and behind the Klan a group of incredible hoodlums sent from the South to Washington with commissions to high office, and behind the hoodlums the hideous record of lynchings in the United States for the last fifty years. There are the illiteracy statistics, from the standpoint of an educated people absolutely damning in their implications. There is the notorious artistic sterility of the region. There is its prevailing impermeability to ideas. There is its political Bourbonism.

Unhappily, these are not matters of opinion, but facts, all too easily demonstrable. The history of the South as a part of the republic is now divided into two almost equal parts by the Civil War. The disparity in the record of visible Southern achievement in those two periods is astounding. The former included the gift to the nation of a group of giants

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almost unrivalled in its history. What other group of leaders has influenced the nation more profoundly than George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and Abraham Lincoln? But since 1860 almost the only Southerner who has impressed the country as powerfully as the least important man in that list is Woodrow Wilson, and he went into the service of the nation by way of New Jersey.

Great Southerners simply have not appeared above the national horizon since the Civil War, which lends color to the theory that the civilization that produced them is to be counted one of the casualties of the war, along with the doctrine of secession and the institution of human slavery. The fact that the assumption is painful to Southerners does not make it any the less the natural view for others to take. No candid Southerner can review the record of the last fifty years without realization of the fact that the positive alarm with which his section is viewed by the rest of the country is not altogether unjustified. That alarm is real enough, for it is based on the known frailties of other sections. The astonishing and sinister success of the Ku Klux Klan in the North and West is amply sufficient evidence that religious fanaticism of the most unenlightened type is no monopoly of any section. Were the South to devote its energies to the organization of bigotry and prejudice, it would unquestionably find a great following north of the Potomac and west of the Mississippi. The results might easily prove disastrous. America—not the South alone—lacks as yet sufficient enlightenment to be immune to social poisons administered with the skill which Southern demagogues admittedly possess.

Then if the typical Southern demagogue can mobilize and captain the energies of the South, the outcome will be portentous for the rest of the country and tragic for the South, for those energies are immense. Because the section was prostrated by a fearful war and lay for a generation quiescent, some superficial observers assumed that it was moribund. That has been proved an error. It was convalescent. The last quarter of a century has witnessed its material and physical regeneration. By comparison with the best-endowed sections of the country, the South is still poor; but by comparison with its own condition forty years ago, it has recently gained enormous wealth. By comparison with Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, it is sparsely populated; but, except in Florida and Texas, its population per square mile is well above the average for the United States and far above the average for the whole area west of the Mississippi. A section possessed of great wealth and a huge population is necessarily powerful. But, theoretically at least, it is as powerful for evil as for good.

In so far as material progress is concerned, the recovered strength of the South is admittedly being used wisely and fairly efficiently. In 1857 a North Carolina insurance company wrote into its policies a clause cancelling the contract if the policy-holder, between June and October, travelled below the southern boundary of South Carolina and Tennessee. The explanation was the prevalence of yellow fever and pernicious malaria in the Gulf States. These are two horrors that have been abolished by the energy and intelligence of Southern health officials. With them have gone the hookworm and typhoid fever, while chronic malaria has been driven into the more stagnant backwoods communities. Insurance companies now make no invidious distinction against any Southern State. Much the same story can be told of other public works. The greatest construction companies in the North and West now regularly arrange to shift a considerable proportion of their personnel and machinery to the South during the winter months, on account of the great demand for engineering work which there can be carried on all the year. Many Southern cities are as handsome as any towns of similar size anywhere in the country. Within the last ten years a marvellous change has come over them in the matter of hotels, for instance, and excellent paving has come to be the rule, rather than the exception. There is a rapidly increasing group of philanthropic Southern millionaires, to endow hospitals and schools. The mushroom-like growth of hydro-

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electric plants has brought modern conveniences, not only to every city and village but to many isolated farmhouses as well.

"All this," as the Lord of Montaigne remarked of the Cannibales, "is not verie ill," but in an otherwise attractive polity the essayist found a fatal defect—"but what of it? They weare no kinde of breeches nor hosen." Haberdasheries, indeed, cover the South in every direction, and pantaloons are worn universally, but of the moral and spiritual investiture of the natives there is more to be said. The veracious Mr. Lewis assures us that George F. Babbitt lives in a house of excellent architectural lines, tastefully furnished by a well-known firm of decorators, and located on a beautiful boulevard in the handsome city of Zenith. No doubt he patronizes a good tailor, too, but the moral and spiritual nakedness of Babbitt has become nationally symbolical. The financial and material development of the South may be admitted without invalidating the inquiry into whether or not its spiritual nudity is assuming the proportions of an American scandal.

In other words, the South is proved capable of producing millionaires, forests of smoke-stacks, Rotarians, clean, comfortable cities, and advertising clubs. It is also proved capable of producing the Ku Klux Klan, lynchings, persecutions of biologists, and ignorant, ruffianly politicians. To put the most charitable construction upon it, the account, thus far, is about balanced. There is in the account here presented no perceptible sign of the existence of the civilization which was illuminated, during the first half of the republic's existence, by the long line of illustrious Southerners from Washington to Robert E. Lee. If that civilization is extinct, smoke-stacks and Rotarians can never replace it. If that civilization is extinct, the South is dead, and its material activity is not a genuine revival, but a species of galvanism, the horrible twitching of a cadaver stimulated by electricity.

The Southerner who would accept such an interpretation would be a pessimist indeed, but in the face of the facts those who reject it are under the necessity of furnishing some explanation of the faith that is in them. This is easier said than done. There are reasons, and they are understood by most Southerners; but to make them intelligible to the rest of the world is a task of some difficulty, because the rest of the world is for the most part ignorant of all save the superficial aspects of history in the South since Appomattox.

The South's losses in wealth and manpower during the conflict of the sixties are known of all men. What is rarely understood outside the South is the fact that the most prodigious loss did not occur until after Lee had surrendered. That was the loss of the tradition of government in accordance with the law administered by the people's representatives, which the South had inherited in common with the rest of the American people. It is evident that the stability of any form of self-government depends upon the respect of the people for the institutions that they have erected for their own governance. If there is any Anglo-Saxon inheritance from the seven centuries that have passed since Runnymede, that inheritance is comprised in the individual's willing submission to the institutions that the people have set up.

But it is just this inheritance that was wiped out of the Southern States by the aftermath of the Civil War. The blast of hatred that seared the country through four murderous years incinerated whatever remnants of mutual understanding may have survived the controversy over slavery. When the war ended, neither section was capable of harboring decent sentiments toward the other. A crazy fanatic shot Lincoln. A Northern general manacled Jefferson Davis. Each instantly became the archetype of his section in the minds of the people of the other section. The fact that these mental images were equally false is entirely irrelevant, because it was upon the images, not upon the truth, that men based their actions in those bitter days. And the actions were real enough.

The North had the upper hand, and the North acted upon the assumption that it was dealing with a treacherous and ignoble foe, who would hesitate at nothing, not even at assassination, to escape the admission of defeat. One does not argue with the rattlesnake; therefore the North

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proceeded to make a vigorous and determined effort to murder the autonomy of the South. With bayonets at their throats, the Southern States were compelled to subscribe to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, which the North believed would assure to the negroes equal participation in government. Not content with that, the victor then disqualified the white South to participate in its own government, thereby turning control over to the blacks.

The South, equally blinded by its bath of hatred, promptly assumed that nothing short of total destruction of Southern civilization would slake the blood-thirst of the North, and that appeals to Northern reason, justice, and generosity would be so much wasted breath, as no such qualities existed north of the Potomac. One does not argue with a homicidal maniac, armed to the teeth; therefore the South abandoned the theory of government by the will of the majority and resorted to government by trickery.

The result of these misapprehensions was the horror summed up for Southerners in the word "Reconstruction." All the fruit of the toil of statesmen, all the structure of government, from the magistrate's court to the organic law of the republic, was corrupted and tainted for the South. So it was forsworn. Those bulwarks of democracy, respect for the orderly processes of the law, acceptance of the sanctity of the ballot, loyal support of the institutions of popular government, instead of being the marks of the good citizen, became disreputable when the law, the suffrage, and all the institutions of government were in the hands of newly freed slaves, who had had no part in their creation, and no training in their proper use. When all men of proved character, ability, and trained intelligence were debarred from participation in government, who could respect it? After all, respect for government is predicated on government's being respectable, which it was not in the South in the late sixties.

The Constitution of the United States, the Congress, the courts, and the federal army all decreed that Southern white men should not rule in their own country. So Southern white men consigned to hell the Constitution of the United States, the Congress, the courts, and the federal army, and ruled anyhow. But to do it they had to terrorize negro voters, stuff ballot-boxes, horsewhip judges, and in general violate the principle of submission to the constituted authorities which is the foundation of orderly and enduring government by the people.

None the less, by this process the South lost more than the war had cost her. Destruction of the citizen's belief in his government was destruction of the moral values accumulated through seven centuries of training in self-government. Nobody knows this better than thoughtful Southerners; but at the time when the damage was done nobody in the South looked far beyond the immediate necessities of the moment, for it was then apparent that the end of all things was at hand. After a few years the leadership of the South did wake up to a realization of the abyss to which the rule of violence was leading. The moment of its awakening is easily fixed in history—it is marked by the sudden subsidence of the wilder manifestations of revolt and the dissolution of the original Ku Klux.

But work of the sort that went on in the South in the late sixties and the early seventies is never easily undone. Reestablishment of the prestige of the repudiated institutions has been tremendously difficult. It has been so difficult that the effort has absorbed the energies of the ablest men in the South to the exclusion of well-nigh everything else. The leadership that it might have supplied to the nation has been fully occupied in recapturing the leadership of the South itself, trying to sweep back the tide of demagogy, ignorance, stupidity, and prejudice that the dynamiting of civilized government loosed upon the luckless country.

But a leader, no matter how able, who confines himself to advocacy of public education, obedience of the law, and respect for the sanctity of the ballot, will hardly impress the country as a brilliant and original captain of democracy, seeing that those things are taken for granted in sections not chained to such a body of death as Reconstruction fastened upon the South. Passionate advocacy of the theory that two and two make four is not

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calculated to impress the faculty of mathematics; yet if that theory had been seriously and resolutely challenged, it might be far more difficult to prove it than to establish the Einstein hypothesis. The theory that every honest man owes obedience to the law, respect to the courts, and support to the institutions of popular government has been challenged in the South; and the fight to re-establish it has been the main concern of the best minds of the section for two generations.

There is nothing brilliant, nothing spectacular, about this battle. It is a sort of fighting as dull and obscure as it is murderous. An Edgar Gardner Murphy can wear his life out in it, and beyond the boundaries of his native Alabama hardly any one will know that he has lived and died. Who was Murphy? Only a theologue, who stood manfully against negrophobia and child labor. It rarely occurs to a Northerner that in Alabama twenty-five years ago such a stand required a chevalier as stainless and as fearless as Bayard. A Charles Brantley Aycock can lash himself to his work until outraged nature revolts, and apoplexy strikes him dead with his boots on, in the midst of a plea for the common schools. But few will note his passing. Aycock? Only a North Carolina politician, who, as Governor, in the beginning of the century argued rather ably for public education. But the man had the gift of swaying the mob, and he might have had any office he chose, simply by swimming with the tide. On the contrary, he chose to champion huge expenditures for education in a State that had been completely looted in the name of public works, including education, some twenty years before. It was political suicide, and, as the event proved, physical suicide from overwork.

Here are two Southerners who will never have a place in any national Hall of Fame. They might easily have deserted and gone North, where their brilliant talents would have been recognized and fittingly rewarded; but the very fact that they chose poverty, obscurity, and apparent defeat in their native section is as heroic as any exploit of the military idols. The Jackson at New Orleans, or the Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, never fought better for the South. Nor do I believe that the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, or the man who established the authority of the Supreme Court, laid foundations more enduring; for, while Murphy is dead, Tuskegee exists in Alabama, in spite of the Ku Klux Klan, and the State has a good child-labor law. While Aycock is dead, North Carolina now spends annually for common schools twenty-three times as much as she spent when he was Governor, and votes $13,000,000 for a single building programme at the State university and two State colleges. They flung their lives away, but they broke the phalanx. The South has never lacked men who would die for it on the battle-field. These are two who gathered the spears of ignorance, suspicion, and prejudice to their breasts and died like Winkelried.

The number of their peers is beyond computation, for the hardest part of these men's lot in life is that often they must go unrecognized even by their neighbors—nay, distrusted, disliked, sometimes persecuted, by their own people. But the conclusive evidence of the power of their opposition to the forces of disintegration is the very fact that the South has not lapsed completely into barbarism. On the contrary, she emerges steadily into the light. Demagogy is still rampant below the Potomac, it is true, but where has it been completely stamped out? Fantastic and unbelievable ruffians still appear in Washington from Southern States, but Oscar Underwood has Alabama behind him, regardless of the Anti-Saloon League, and Virginia stands to Carter Glass, even though he dared speak and vote against the bonus. Perhaps most significant of all, six years ago when the guns were still thundering, North Carolina re-elected Claude Kitchin, who spoke and voted against war with Germany; and this in spite of the fact that the National Defense League declared that the spy-hunters found less evidence of disloyalty in North Carolina than in any other State of the Union. If these facts are not convincing proof of the growth of a liberal spirit below the Mason and Dixon line, consider this: William Louis Poteat is both a biologist of repute and president of a college supported by the

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Baptist denomination in North Carolina —this with the Kentucky solons legislating Darwin out of the schools, and Bryan raging like a pestilence through Florida. Furthermore, at its last meeting the Baptist State Convention gave President Poteat an overwhelming vote of confidence, evolution and all!

It would be too optimistic to assert that the end is in sight, and that the date when the South will come once more under the sway of the spiritual heirs of Jefferson and Marshall can be fixed, even approximately. But it is not too much to say that the fight for moral domination of the region veers now toward men of the old school. This material prosperity helps. The South makes too much of it, no doubt. Every section that attains it makes too much of it for a while. But it is giving Southerners the leisure that is essential to the production of an aristocracy. It is, in Mr. Wilson's phrase, releasing the generous energies of the superior minds of the section, and by giving to inferior men property, it gives them a stake in social stability and orderly government, which makes them wonderfully amenable to reason. With increasing leisure comes also increasing interest in the graces of civilized life and in the beautiful arts, an interest that enables the Carolina Playmakers to establish a state theatre that actually pays its own way, that enables Nashville, Tennessee, to set up a symphony orchestra, and that finds expression in a dozen poetry societies and in such magazines as the Richmond *Reviewer* and the New Orleans *Double-Dealer*.

Small gains, if you please, but gains; and the fact that there are any gains at all is sufficient evidence that the destructive forces now operative in the South are not unopposed. The social order that produced William Joseph Simmons and his Ku Klux Klan, that sent To-Hell-With-the-Constitution Blease to the United States Senate, that lynched fifty-four negroes in 1922, and that persecutes scientists who repudiate the medieval theology of hedge-priests, is challenged every year with increasing sharpness and vigor by the civilization that produced the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and Robert Edward Lee.

Iseult or Lilith

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

Be not confused. I am Queen Iseult; she
Is Iseult-of-the-White-Hands, whom you know
Made for your moment's hope, but who must be
After a time your spirit's overthrow.

Or I am Lilith, formed to your desire;
She who is Eve may keep her delicate claim
Upon your heart, while your good days expire,
And lost, you cry my unforgotten name.

I am the wildness that no god created.
Matched with your own divinity, I hold
The flame of being, to all time related—
Fused in a fire that proves the suns are cold.

Seek of the fair White Hands—seek of sweet Eve
Release from your high hour's importunings . . .
I shall be with you when you come to grieve
The passing of these momentary things.

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Transparency

A WAY OF LOOKING AT PEOPLE

BY GEORGE SARTON
Author of "The Message of Leonardo," "Science and Style," etc.

I FIRST met him a few years before the war in Saint-Guénolé, the little harbor of the mediæval city of Penmarc'h —once flourishing but now almost dead—in one of the most melancholy and grandest parts of Brittany. He was a charming boy of about twenty, a student of music. We met on the beach on a cold and gloomy day, when we alone had spirit enough to bathe. He was as exuberant and irrepressible as a young fawn, outspoken and indiscreet, and I knew his theories of life before I knew his name. He spoke impulsively, with great vigor and clarity, without ever the slightest hesitation. He did not seem to pay much attention to what I said, or if he did, he would brush my objections aside with such impertinent serenity that I was too wonder-struck to resent it. He would bluntly make the most bewildering statements with the utmost candor, and then later he would announce, after careful preparation and apparently with much less confidence, some commonplace ideas which he had but just discovered. It was obvious that he would take nothing for granted, except perhaps some extraordinary fancy of the moment. I have never heard anybody utter more foolish and wise talk, all mixed up, in the same space. My friend Jean— for such was the lad's name, as I found out after we had already exchanged the most sacred confidences—my friend Jean shocked me often, he hurt me sometimes, but I loved him none the less, and an hour's talk with him invigorated me like a bath in the heavy surf of Saint-Guénolé.

The poor boy died a few months later in a railway accident, but even to the day of my own departure, I will see him as distinctly as I saw him then, when we were discussing on the rocks, mindless of the sun which burned our skins, of the ocean hammering the cliffs and sometimes jumping high enough to give us a wet kiss. He is standing near me even now as I write; sometimes he speaks to me; when I meet new people, he clings as it were to my arm, holding or withholding my hand, and I hear him whisper: "This is a real man, that is a fake." Sometimes when my duty is not quite clear to me, or when I seem too slow in doing it, he will shake me and put me to shame, and then I can no longer hesitate.

It was almost by accident that I met him. I had been travelling southward along this fantastic coast. The "Hell of Plogoff," the "Bay of the Dead," and other scenes which do not belie their names, had keyed my soul to a very high pitch. Penmarc'h was the aim of my pilgrimage, and I had reached it on the previous day, but a hasty reconnoissance had driven me almost to despair. This shore was so desolate, the rocks of such tragic grandeur, the ocean so ill-tempered and boisterous, the contrast between the emerald waters and the bare stones so violent, the red carpets of goémon* had such an acrid smell that—in the mood to which I had been gradually brought—it was more than my sensibility could endure. I would have run away on the same eve, if it had been possible, but I had spent my last money arriving there and was now obliged to wait on the spot until more ammunition came from home. When the money finally arrived, I was acclimatized, I had become inured to the vehement solitude of the place; the ghosts of old Penmarc'h had given me up and the awful landscape had no more terrors for me. There remained only supreme and rare beauty to be en-

* Various seaweeds thrown up on the shore.

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joyed, and my young friend had cast a spell around me. We spent together many weeks, and the ardent conversations of those summer days have left marks in my heart, never to be defaced.

It is because of my friendship with this young man, who is even now my constant companion—one more faithful than my very shade—and who will ever be as young as he was when we first met in Brittany (for it is only the living that grow old), that I feel in me such an immense respect for children and for the very young boys and girls. I mean those who have not yet passed the crisis of adolescence and are still in that most perilous stage, apparently as helpless as soft-shell crabs. The combination of youth and wisdom is immensely impressive, for such premature wisdom is necessarily genuine. This combination is not rare by any means, and many children, indeed, are uncomfortably wise. They amaze me. Their ignorance is, of course, tremendous, their uncouthness obvious, they may be ill-mannered, they may lack reverence to a degree and make fun of the things most sacred to me, yet, when they are well-born, their wisdom is uncanny. Tell me, where did they get it? I try to imagine myself when I was still in my soft shell, and, O God! how foolish and yet how weirdly wise I appear to be! Of course, I know more now than I did then; I have learned to keep my more heterodox thoughts to myself and to let them mature very slowly before ventilating them; I am far more prudent and thorough, but am I wiser? I doubt it. I have become more considerate; I have learned to behave more or less, but am I better? Will I be better twenty years hence? I doubt it. We seem to become wiser simply because we mistake experience, or mere cautiousness, for true wisdom.

We are constantly deceived in our judgments of men by our inveterate habit of attaching too much importance to values which are merely external and accidental. We may not be so crude as to judge people by their clothes, and we may take pride in this even when what we are doing is hardly better. We judge them by their manners, by their learning, by their wealth, by their position in the world. Mind you, when we are speaking of them in any one of these respects, too often we mean to judge the man; we think that we have really fathomed him, or, as you say, that we have "sized him up." We do not realize that what we have been doing is in most cases as illusive as if we had measured his shadow.

To my young friend people seemed absolutely transparent, and his opinion of them was entirely independent of the accidents of their lives. His judgment was swift, clean-cut, intolerant, final. I do not believe that he was always right, yet I would have had more faith in him than in a whole academy of experts. When he seemed to me particularly severe or even unjust, I would sometimes object: "But don't you know that he wrote an excellent book on this or that, full of knowledge and tenderness? Don't you remember his generosity in such and such a circumstance? Did he not look kind and candid?" . . . Jean would simply answer: "Never mind how he looked. Never mind what he did or did not. The thing that matters is what he really is. A deed is important only to the extent that it is genuine. One can act generously without being generous or speak of love without loving. I do not like him." That settled it. I knew there was no use in discussing longer, and I knew, too, that in nine cases out of ten, Jean was right, dead right.

Since my friend's death, I have had to walk alone and to struggle a great deal; I have made and shed many new shells; I have lost and built many illusions; I have believed in many shibboleths; I have abandoned many prejudices only to fall into new ones; I have sinned and suffered; I have loved and hated . . . and I am still active and strong, though weather-beaten, ready to love more and, if needs be, to hate vigorously. I have slowly discovered one after another the eternal truths, the hallowed commonplaces, which millions of people have discovered before me. My discoveries are not less genuine for that, but what I take most pride in, is to have discovered—at least I believe so—my young friend's secret. People are transparent to me. They may try to fool me; their souls may try to play hide-and-seek with mine; but

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it is to no avail. I see them in their pristine nakedness; my eyes know no mercy.

What is this secret? . . . I will try to explain it to you as soon as I am sure that we understand one another. I would like to talk with you first. You would choose the subject of our conversation. We might talk of the weather, of our children or of the political problems of the day, of art or science, as you please. It would not make much difference. Indeed, you might think that I am not listening to you, for I would seem very inattentive. Maybe I would not hear half the things you would say, and I would answer like one who speaks in his sleep. That would not mean indifference, for I would be listening all the time, though not necessarily to the things that you said, but rather to those which you did not say, to those which you might have said but left unspoken. Detached as I seem, my soul is anxiously bent upon yours. Your lips may be silent or speak nonsense, but your eyes will speak, your very finger-tips will betray you. The fact is, that you are very obviously what you are. Do not try to fool me, for you can't. The best actor cannot impersonate another character all the time. It is as difficult for an honest man to tell consistent lies as for an inveterate liar to tell the truth. Of course, it is easy enough to fool a few people for a short time, especially in a field in which they themselves are strangers. A boor may succeed in making other boors take him for a dandy, or an ignorant man may be passed off for a pundit before an assembly of men more ignorant than himself. But that is hardly to the point, for what I mean is simply that no individuality can be successfully hidden for a considerable time from any competent and attentive observer. A man's speeches may conceal him for a moment like the smoke screen of a battleship; his gallant carriage and refined manners may leave the impression that his is, indeed, a refined personality. Or else his education may put us temporarily on the wrong scent. Happily, education is never more than a varnish. There may be many coats of it, but, deep or shallow, varnish it is; it cannot affect a man's substance. The selfishness and brutality of an educated man may be less blatant, but it is there all the same.

Thus when I am talking with people, I hear at once two voices: the material voice uttering the symbolic sounds of the language which happens to be the vehicle of our thoughts—and another voice, immaterial and undefinable but, if you hear it at all, far more distinct and, to be sure, more trustworthy. And for all the world, these two voices may contradict one another! For example, one speaks to me eloquently of his disinterestedness. It is a mania with him: his words always are sweet and generous, yet I descry his ugly, selfish soul none the less. Another called upon me and talked business and money all the time. He is very poor and as he has not the knack of making his great talent profit himself, he finds it very hard to solve the practical problems of life. "How much would the editor pay him? Was such a contract fair to him?" A stranger might have thought that he had no other interest in his work, but his soul belied his every word. Any shrewd business man must see that as clearly as I did, and it would be easy enough for him to let my friend *talk* business, and at the same time to take full advantage of his complete lack of business instinct, to leave him with all the dream and the glory, and run away with most of the "substantific marrow." This other man, dressed like a mendicant, speaks of humility and seems to enjoy his self-abasement. Yet his immoderate pride is shining through every hole of his garment. It is a more pleasant surprise to discover occasionally behind her mask the intense seriousness of a society woman. She is not aware of it herself, or else she would not idle her life away as she does, but her soul speaks too clearly to remain entirely unnoticed. Some must hear it, this persistent little voice, and maybe, some day, she will hear it herself. This silly butterfly is at the bottom a good woman, a good mother, but she is handicapped by the possession of more wealth and leisure than she can bear; she needs only poverty and suffering to realize and bring to light her real self. "Of all unfortunates," remarked Stevenson, "there is one creature conspicuous in misfortune. This is he who has forfeited his birthright of expres-

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sion, who has cultivated artful intonations, who has taught his face tricks like a pet monkey." But even this wretch of a snob is not as depersonalized as he seems. Hard as he may try to make others and himself believe that he is something different from what he really is, the snob is not less transparent for that. Once his snobbery has been pierced through, he is as unable to hide his real self as any professional actor. He may pose as an artist, but he will only succeed in proving to the real ones that he is not one of them; he may impersonate any hero, but somehow the stuff he is built of will always show through.

I never cease to admire the indelibility of human nature. It does not wear off. Whatever they may do, men are and remain what they are. They may deceive themselves; they may deceive others, especially the short-sighted ones, those who cannot look from the proper distance. Thus the surface of the sea seems quite dark when you are very near to it, but if you climb into the crow's-nest, you will see how clear the water is; and the higher you go the deeper you see.

If you have learned to contemplate life in its true perspective, how transparent, how beautiful it becomes! This transparency is, indeed, the very spice of life. Among the many splendors of nature, what could be more impressive, more delightful than the infinite variety of the men and women who pass, mix, and play before our eyes? Birds are pretty enough, and there seems to be no end to the beauty and fantasy of their plumage, but what of women! what of men! Can there be anything under the sun more complex, more varied, more full of problems and enigmas of all kinds than the soul of man? The mystery seems bottomless, for even if we were to understand each soul in itself, we would still but be at its threshold. For we would not yet know how each of these souls would react upon the others. Each possible combination, each pair of souls, opens a new vista of endless secrecy.

How beautiful is life seen from above! How innocent and lovable are men—every one of them—from a distance! To be sure, if one comes nearer, one finds that they are not all equally good, but one forgets it easily if one has enough understanding and love. From a higher point of view, sins are like spots in the landscape; they are not necessarily ugly. Each of them contributes its little share to the picturesqueness of the ensemble; a few small dissonances are of no account in the grand harmony of the world. I remember having read that in the Near East some fountains along the country roads are contrived in such ingenious fashion that while the passer-by pumps a drink for himself, a hundredfold more water escapes on the other side into the thirsty fields. Is this not a good image of reality? Does nature not use every man in a similar way? However self-seeking, no one can accomplish his petty aims without helping and serving others.

Some men have a definite purpose; others pursue a will-o'-the-wisp; some go straight, others change their course at every stage. Perhaps it is better so. If all had a reasonable aim and went straight at it and never made an excursion, if all pursued the same wise course, without any sally or truancy, without relaxation, the human comedy would be far less interesting and life would become intensely dull. Such danger, however, hardly exists, and, thanks to God, there will always be enough fools and rogues to play the odd parts. The purpose of mankind is sufficiently fulfilled if the main caravan travels in the right direction, however slowly. There is no reason to hurry, for the journey is very long and each of us can but do an infinitely small portion of it.

Sometimes we travel in the dark, but the darkness never lasts very long. We are soon surrounded from everywhere by brave little souls shining like stars in the sky. Many of the stars that we see may have long ceased to exist, but they are not less brilliant for that. They guide and cheer and help us wait for the sunrise and the joy of a new day, of a new hope. How beautiful are the starry heavens of a summer night! The brave little souls of the millions of good men and women who surround us and help us by their very presence, are not less beautiful. I wish I could thank and love personally every one of them. But this is the vainest of all wishes, and we approach here the

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greatest tragedy of human life—the fact that our personal relations are so terribly restricted.

It is because life is in the main so transparent that it is so beautiful and so rich in joy. Transparency has two faces: sincerity and trust, and the structure of society implies their existence. Without them no social organization would hold together. Think of how much your life, every detail of it as well as the essential, depends on confidence. If we can trust our fellow men implicitly, we feel safe and happy; if distrust enters our soul, we are uncomfortable and soon distressed. Even the most critical scientist is obliged to accept most facts on faith, though his faith is never blind and his acceptance always subject to revision. And, to take another example at the other end of the human scale, the crooks themselves could not carry on their business to any extent, if they could not trust, nor be trusted, if there were no honesty left in the world. The necessities of life oblige us to trust, not simply our friends and associates, but also the very strangers whom every new day places on our path. Trust is the very essence of happiness, and it is made out of the sincerity, the transparency of our neighbors.

Social progress is fundamentally a progress in veracity of thought and action. One might classify the peoples of the world according to their respect for truth, and this would give one a fair idea of their hierarchy in the scale of civilization. As transparency increases, social relations of every kind become smoother and more pleasant. Justice and kindliness thrive best in the daylight. But even this will not satisfy the scientist, for his quest of truth is so imperative that to be happy he needs to achieve a transparency of a higher order. His purpose is to unfold the veils of nature, to penetrate nearer to her bosom, to increase the light everywhere, to chase out the bats which live in the dark corners, to destroy the superstitions and fears which paralyze men and hinder their advance. The history of mankind is essentially that of a long warfare against darkness and ignorance, and the scientists form the vanguard of the army as it slowly marches and redeems new fields from the unknown. As one of the greatest of conquerors, Napoleon, once remarked (and he certainly knew what he was talking about): "The only conquests which are permanent and leave no regrets, are our conquests over ignorance."

But I hear you say: "Where is the secret which you promised to disclose? What sort of magic did your friend teach you?" . . . Well, if you have followed me thus far, dear reader, without impatience, I think I can tell it to you. There is no magic in it. It is exceedingly simple: The world will be transparent to you to the extent of your own transparency. Be candid and candor will grow and thrive around you. Be trustful and the people will trust you. Be genuine and the snobs will run away from you like rats, as you approach. If you want to see clearly, insist on more light. Don't let the muddle-headed people who try to conceal their ignorance in obscurity impose upon you. Do not subscribe to loose statements; do not accept vague ideals; do not worship unknown gods. One meets nowadays lots of well-meaning people whose main business is to "uplift" their neighbors. Theirs is possibly a generous intention. For my part, I do not mind being uplifted, but I do not like to be left in the air. If they must lift me up—all right, I am only too willing—but they shall give me something that I can grasp or hold to, something tangible.

The most transparent people are the most lovable. Be simple and you will be adorable. Do not try to be something else; if you pose as being better, you will not be better, but worse. The greatest obstacle to our transparency and indirectly to our happiness lies in our being too easily pleased with ourselves. Each time that we approve of ourselves, a little danger-signal should appear in our conscience. If, after having done some good deed, you pat yourself on the shoulder, so to say, beware! If you reach the point of believing that you are good, you are half lost; if you think that you are better, you are ill; if you think that you are best—alas, it simply means that you are rotten. I am not inventing these things. I am speaking from personal experience,

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for I have gone through these successive states of mind, time after time; nor am I yet immune.

For him who is simple and does not pretend to be anything but what he is indeed, the hearts of other men and women are clear like crystal. Jean did not tell me any other secret. In fact, it is no secret. It is perfectly plain. As he would put it in his own quaint manner: "If you wish to see people as they really are, it is enough to take away from them everything which is accidental and external, to do as if those things had never existed, as if those accidents had never occurred." Or, more bluntly, for he enjoyed giving to his thoughts a paradoxical or shocking turn: "To see them naked, it suffices to undress them. If they have millions, imagine that they have lost them (such things happen easily enough); if they have titles, try for a moment to forget them. Try to consider the man, the naked man, without any regard for his office, or his wealth, or his relations, or his power. What sort of fellow is he then? Does he still attract you or does he repulse you? Follow this impulse, for you may be sure it is the right, the honest one."

Said Ruskin: "That virtue of originality that men so strain after is not newness, as they vainly think (there is nothing new), it is only genuineness." That genuineness of which Ruskin spoke is not very different from what I call transparency, though my term is more comprehensive. All people are more or less transparent, though few be genuine. Many, regardless of their own indisputable grace, try to hide themselves under alien clothes. They do not succeed in hiding anything; they simply forfeit their highest privilege, their birthright of originality. Genuine people, however humble, are always interesting, for there are no two people alike in the world, and each, if he be himself, has something important to tell and teach. What we call genius is largely extreme genuineness. There are people who are so fundamentally simple that they are no longer embarrassed by all the irrelevant details which obscure the outlook of the average man; they see the essential at the first glance and go straight to it. For instance, the scientist of genius is not necessarily more intelligent in other respects, but he has that uncanny faculty of perceiving distinctly, among an infinity of futile questions, the one problem which is crucial and, maybe, the means of solving it. The genius of the artist is also to a large extent the ability to simplify a vision which millions of other people may otherwise share with him. It is typical enough that the evolution of most great artists has proceeded from original complexity and luxuriance to increasing simplicity. Think of Rembrandt, of Hals, of Velasquez! We can almost date their works with this single principle as our guide. Hokusai tried to express the same idea when he wistfully wrote:* "All that I have accomplished before I was seventy is not worth mentioning. I was seventy-three when I began to understand the arrangement of nature, the structure of animals, herbs, trees, birds, fishes, and insects. Hence, by the time that I am eighty, I will have advanced even further; at ninety, I will penetrate the mystery of things; at a hundred I will have arrived at something marvelous, and when I reach the age of one hundred and ten years, everything in my work, be it a dot or a line, will be alive. I ask those who will live as long as myself to see whether I keep my word." . . . He meant, of course, that as he grew older, his knowledge, his power of synthesis, would be developed to such a degree that every stroke of his brush would be pregnant and only a few would suffice to express completely his message.

The transparency of genius is, as it were, the transparency of the race. Whenever a man of genius intervenes and says quietly a few words, it is as if new windows were suddenly opened upon the unknown, as if man had made suddenly a great leap forward in his eternal quest for more light and more beauty.

*Preface to the "Hundred Views of Fujiyama," 1835.

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Humanizing Industry

THE WORK OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY (GREAT BRITAIN)

BY CHARLES S. MYERS, Sc.D., F.R.S.
Director of the Institute

ON February 11, 1921, after about two years of preparation, the National Institute of Industrial Psychology (Great Britain) was incorporated as an Association for Promoting Science. The title of the institute may not fully indicate the scope of its work. The word "industrial" is intended to include "commercial," and, indeed, every kind of occupational work. The word "psychology" is used to cover the study not only of the *mental* processes, but also of the relevant *bodily* activities involved in any vocation. Thus, industrial psychology is concerned with the entire field of human labor; it approaches the problem of industry from the human standpoint.

We may regard the nineteenth century as the age of mechanism in industrial history: it was the age of the invention and construction of machines, during which the worker had to adapt himself as best he could to the machine. The engineer had little consideration for, and, indeed, scant knowledge of the demands of, the human organism. Little was known about, and little attention was given to, such problems as the best position of the levers and treadles of a machine in regard to the limbs of the worker, the regulation of the height of working materials in relation to the worker's stature, the most effective movements, methods of selection and training of the worker, the most effective lengths of the work-spell or shift, etc.

To provide, to apply, to spread such knowledge, the National Institute was founded. Its work may be ranged under seven main heads:

(1) The determination of the best conditions of work in factories, offices, etc., especially in regard to (*i*) the elimination of needless movements, (*ii*) the most advantageous distribution of periods of work and rest, (*iii*) the reduction of monotony, increase in interest, etc., (*iv*) the influence of lighting, temperature, humidity, seating, etc.

(2) The formulation and introduction of systematized scientific methods for the training of the young worker in his vocation.

(3) The elaboration and application of suitable physiological and psychological tests, so as to secure (*i*) more efficient and scientific selection of workers, and (*ii*) more reliable guidance for adolescents when choosing their occupation.

(4) The improvement in incentives to work and in relations between management and labor.

(5) The study of the human factors influencing the sale of products, *e.g.*, advertisement, designing.

(6) The provision of suitable lectures on the above subjects for employers, managers, foremen, and welfare-workers, and for workers generally.

(7) The encouragement and co-ordination of research work in the above-mentioned subjects throughout the United Kingdom, and the publication of the facts established by research in a form which will indicate their practical value.

In accordance with the constitution of the institute, its entire income has to be applied in extending its activities—not in the payment of dividends to its members. From its initiation many firms and private individuals have offered it liberal financial support, and the trustees of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust have annually made a generous grant from its funds which are used to assist undertakings having as their aim the well-being of the masses.

The institute arose out of a letter addressed to me in 1918 by Mr. H. J. Welch, a director of the well-known firm of Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd. I was at that time engaged in the preparation of certain lectures to be delivered before the Royal Institution on "The Present-Day Applications of Modern Psychology," and had already begun to realize the future importance of industrial psychology. Little persuasion was therefore needed for me to

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collaborate with Mr. Welch in the foundation of the institute. During its earliest days I endeavored to carry out my duties as director of the new institute in London and of the Psychological Laboratory in Cambridge simultaneously. But it became increasingly clear that such a division of work was impossible if the duties of either were to be performed satisfactorily. In view of the national importance of the institute's work, I decided in 1922 to resign my Cambridge appointments and to give myself up wholly to its objects.

From the first Mr. Welch acted as treasurer, and was later elected, also, to the chairmanship of the new institute. He was supported by representatives of various commercial and industrial firms:

Mr. E. R. Debenham (chairman of Debenham's, Ltd.), Sir Robert Hadfield, Bart., F.R.S. (chairman of Hadfield's, Ltd.), Mr. W. L. Hichens (chairman of Cammell Laird & Co., Ltd.), Mr. A. F. Lake (director of Whiteway, Laidlaw & Co., Ltd.), Mr. Kenneth Lee (chairman of Tootal Broadhurst Lee Co., Ltd.), Sir John Mann, K.B.E. (chairman of Mann, Judd, Gordon & Co., Ltd.), Mr. F. J. Marquis (director of Lewis's, Ltd.), Mr. L. E. Mather (director of Mather & Platt, Ltd.), Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree (director of Rowntree & Co., Ltd.), H. Gordon Selfridge (chairman of Selfridge & Co., Ltd.).

All of them have joined the council and advisory board of the institute, several showing active interest in the institute by attendance at the monthly meetings of its executive committee.

The impartial scientific methods and objects of the institute were likewise appreciated from the side of labor. Conferences were held with representatives of the more important trade-unions, the Industrial Council for the Building Industry, the National Industrial Council of Painters and Decorators, etc.

Special interest was taken by labor in that part of the institute's work which aims at vocational guidance, and in the attitude adopted by the institute in regard to industrial efficiency. It was explained that the aim of the institute's investigations is not to "speed up" the worker, but to discover the most effective methods of work, eliminating needless movements and wasteful energy. The adoption of this attitude in actual practice has been found invariably to secure the worker's confidence and to result in greater efficiency. Thus an investigation conducted by the institute into packing resulted not merely in an increase in output of over 35 per cent, but the packers at the same time expressed their gratitude spontaneously to the investigators, because they returned home so much less tired than before at the close of each working day. So, too, in an investigation in a coal-mine, the confidence of the miners was so fully won that they consented to be trained to the best rhythm of movement by wielding the pick to the beat of the metronome; and quite spontaneously they suggested the application of similar methods of training to other operations in the mining industry. Again, in an inquiry into breakages, the co-operation of the workers was so completely obtained that they freely gave the investigators valuable information as to how the broken articles came to be broken.

The interest of labor in the aims of the institute is also attested by the following names on its council: Mr. John Baker, assistant secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation; Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., Labor party; Mr. D. T. John, of the Ministry of Labor; Mr. J. J. Mallon, warden of Toynbee Hall; Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., international secretary, Textile Workers' Association.

In actual practice, less difficulty has been experienced in allaying the suspicion of the worker than in persuading the employer that the investigations of the institute can only profit both himself and the worker. The employer is apt to raise the bogie of trouble with trade-unions; but no such trouble has yet been encountered. Or he will express a fear that his managers or foremen will resent the introduction of outside help. Or he will ridicule the notion that investigators, untrained in his industry, can give him any help. Perhaps he has already had experience of the numerous "efficiency engineers" or "experts in scientific management," to one of whom he may have paid a huge fee for a few days' inspection of his works, and from whom he has received merely a report of what is considered advisable, generally in terms of some complicated system of tasks to be set and bonuses to be paid.

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It is not on these lines that the investigations undertaken by the institute are planned. One or more assistant investigators, trained in psychology and physiology, live the life of the worker, spending the first few weeks or months of the investigation by "soaking" themselves in the present working conditions. They are supervised by one of the senior investigators, who visits the factory or office as occasion demands. Careful note is taken of wasteful movements on the part of the worker, bad arrangements, and defective supplies of material, etc. Detailed records are taken of the output, hour by hour throughout the day. Improved methods are devised and tried, and their results are accurately ascertained. Throughout, the co-operation of the workers, foremen, and managers is sought and obtained.

For the successful practice of the institute's methods and object, it was clearly important from the very outset to obtain the best scientific support and advice available. A scientific committee was therefore formed, containing such experts in physiology as Professor Sir Charles Sherrington, G.B.E., and Mr. W. B. Hardy, respectively president and secretary of the Royal Society, and Professors A. V. Hill, Leonard Hill, E. H. Starling, Doctor Henry Head, and others; Professors Pear, Spearman, and others in psychology; and Professors Nunn, Thomson, Valentine, and others in education.

The next step was to engage suitable premises and staff. A suite of offices was taken at 329 High Holborn, W. C. 1, which was subsequently added to. The accommodation is still inadequate to meet the increasing work of the institute, and can only be regarded as provisional.

Doctor G. H. Miles succeeded Mr. G. Spiller as secretary to the institute, later becoming assistant director, and acting as senior investigator. As the work increased, various assistant investigators were engaged, who had received a training in psychology and physiology, and the services of other senior investigators, *e.g.*, Mr. E. Farmer, Mr. B. Muscio, and Miss May Smith, were obtained on loan from the Industrial Fatigue Research Board, now reconstituted to act in an advisory capacity to the Medical Research Council.

The Industrial Fatigue Research Board differs from the National Institute in being supported mainly by contributions from the state, and in being concerned with the general problems of each industry, considered as a whole; whereas the institute is entirely dependent on voluntary support, and investigates more particularly the needs and conditions of individual firms or persons which, of course, a state-supported body is precluded from doing. But these differences are complementary, not opposed to one another. Indeed, no clear line of distinction can be even theoretically drawn between the work of the board and of the institute. Their close connection has been also realized in practice. Mr. D. R. Wilson, the secretary of the board, is a member of the executive committee of the institute; I am a member of the board, and many other members of the board and of its committees are also members of the executive and scientific committees of the institute. Quite recently a joint committee of the board and institute, comprising Sir Charles Sherrington, P.R.S., Mr. W. Graham, M.P., Mr. H. J. Welch, and Mr. Piercy, B.Sc., has been constituted to confer on matters jointly affecting the interests of the two bodies.

Inasmuch as every investigation carried out by the institute involves and implies research, it is impossible to relegate research wholly to the Industrial Fatigue Research Board. The profits of the first year's work of the institute were largely spent in research into vocational tests. Mr. Cyril Burt, M.A., has been engaged to superintend this new section of the institute's work; several research studentships have been awarded to postgraduate students, and voluntary research workers have also offered their assistance. Investigations on behalf of the institute are now being carried out on tests for the various branches of engineering work in polytechnics and works in London and Manchester, and on tests for different branches of dressmaking in London trade-schools. These investigations have recently been combined with others of the Industrial Fatigue Research Board on tests of motor abilities, so as to form a joint investigation under the direction of Mr. Burt.

This research work of the institute has

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only been possible through the donations it has received and the remuneration it has earned from the work of its investigators in various firms. The results of these investigations, in so far as they are of general interest, are published in the quarterly *Journal* of the Institute, which is sent out to all who, by subscribing one pound or more annually, become members of the institute. The *Journal* contains other articles on industrial psychology, written in non-technical language, and reviews and abstracts of current literature and research work.

In addition to the investigations which the institute has so far undertaken for three different firms of chocolate-makers, special mention may be made of those conducted in a tin-can factory, in a wardrobe factory, in a margarine factory, in a catgut factory, in the coal, bakery, and textile industries, and in restaurants—which suffice to indicate the scope of the demand that has arisen for its services. Some of the outstanding results of these investigations and other features of the institute's work are herewith described.

REST PAUSES

A rest pause of seven minutes was introduced daily at 11 A. M. and at 4 P. M., in a process consisting of light physical, semi-skilled, sitting work which demanded close attention, a high standard of workmanship, and a training period of about six months. Wages were paid on a time basis with a small group bonus on output; they were well above the trade-union rates. During the rest periods the workers left their seats, washed, walked the length of the room, and stood chatting together. In the afternoon cups of tea were served. Five workers, of superior, average, and poor ability, acted as the subjects of the experiment. Their output was checked half-hourly for a week before the rest pauses were introduced, and for a fortnight afterwards. The daily output during the former period averaged 83.44 units, and during the latter period 88 units. That is to say, a gain of 5.47 per cent in output was obtained through the introduction of rest pauses, despite nearly a 3 per cent reduction in the number of hours worked, owing to the fourteen minutes spent in rest. All five workers testified to their great enjoyment of the relief afforded by the rest pauses. They believed that such breaks stimulated them to better output up to the end of the spell. The curves of the half-hourly records of their output confirm this belief. Those obtained after the rest pauses had been introduced are not only at higher level, but they are of a better shape.

CHANGE PAUSES

In this experiment an increase of over 14 per cent in output was obtained by the introduction of a fifteen minutes' interval in the morning and the afternoon. The workers, who were engaged (in another factory) in the same work as that referred to in the previous paragraph, spent the interval mainly in a change of work, namely, in collecting materials, a task which had been previously carried out partly during the first few minutes of each morning's work, and had been partly distributed irregularly throughout the remainder of the day. The output curve showed an enormous improvement in form as well as in height. The workers were unanimous in their approval of the change.

SPOILT WORK

An investigation was conducted into the breakage of china and glass in a large London catering firm. One shop was first examined, and there resulted a reduction in breakages amounting to over 53 per cent on the average (and to over 70 per cent in the case of one article), by introducing changes in method and organization which alleviated fatigue, irritation, and worry on the part of the workers. The workers themselves bore testimony to the greater smoothness and ease of their work after the changes had been carried out. The firm subsequently remodelled all their new shops on the lines recommended by the institute's investigators. Ampler provision for the "rush periods" was made; indicators were installed to facilitate intercommunication between different departments, the workers were screened from undue heat, the benches were altered in type and height, the tables and carriers were improved, guards and other forms of protection were

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introduced. The curve of fluctuations in breakages recorded every two hours throughout the day was not only at a lower level, but was of a better shape. Thus, between 10 A. M. and noon, a reduction of 20 per cent was obtained; between noon and 2 P. M. it fell to 44 per cent; between 2 and 4 P. M. the reduction was 34 per cent; while between 4 and 6 P. M. it amounted to 72 per cent. The increasing reduction in breakage frequency toward the end of the day may be ascribed to the very considerable reduction of fatigue effected. The whole investigation resolved itself into (*a*) lessening the number of danger points, thus diminishing needless effort and attention, and (*b*) removing numerous causes of petty irritation and annoyance.

TRAINING OF THE WORKER

The wide individual differences in the efficiency of packers is attributable in large measure to a lack of systematic instruction in method, which prevents the less intelligent workers from fully developing their latent powers. Accordingly, after careful observation and consideration, the best methods of packing were determined which were calculated to reduce to a minimum the range and the number of the worker's movements, and to encourage the use of both hands in a rhythmical easy fashion. Instruction cards were drawn up, and a suitable packer, highly skilled, was chosen as instructor.

Five inefficient packers (by no means the slowest) were first selected, to receive a three weeks' course of such instruction. Their efficiency improved by nearly 27 per cent. The same training was later applied to twelve novices who were rather below than above the standard of the girls usually engaged for packing. A week after their systematic training had begun, a large number of new girls were drafted into the packing-room, who were taught in the less satisfactory methods then in vogue in the factory. The output of the best five of these packers during their fifth week of working was compared with the output of the best five of the twelve girls during the fourth week of their training in accordance with the methods of the institute's investigators. It was proved to be 21 per cent less. The detailed time study carried out on each individual worker in the separate processes of packing enabled the investigators immediately to detect the mistaken methods which a new or inefficient packer might be making. The investigators recommended the future employment of an expert who should slowly demonstrate his methods and also of a teacher who could both explain what is being done and indicate the reasons for each movement and its value. They found that an expert often does not realize the precise movements he makes, and so cannot explain them, and that he tends to find fault with the novices' work rather than to teach them correct methods.

So, too, by the use of systematic methods of training in chocolate dipping, the period previously required for a learner to earn the average piece rates was halved. An expert in fork-dipping and a chargehand in fondant-dipping under similar training increased their output by about 13 and 28 per cent respectively.

MOVEMENT STUDY

In a wardrobe factory, the constant interruption, owing to the resetting of machines, which were needed to meet the frequent changes of work was shown to affect the mental condition of the workers. The repeated changing from one task to another lessened their interest and caused irritation, reacting on the quantity and quality of the work produced. Moreover, careful training by the institute's investigators demonstrated that less than 40 per cent of the machinist's total time was spent on productive labor, the remainder being required for readjusting and resetting the machines, fetching materials, etc. The investigators concluded that a total increase in efficiency, amounting possibly to 50 per cent, would follow the complete separation of the wardrobe-making from the joinery department. Upon the basis of this report the firm decided to reconstruct the works entirely. In the polishers' department a new arrangement was devised by the investigators for supporting the material to be polished, dispensing with the use of nailed supports, which took several minutes to fix and release, and sometimes caused scratches requiring several hours

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for their removal. The new device fixed the material in about half a minute, without the use of nails, and was highly appreciated by the polishers. Further, a bench, arranged to hold the wardrobe-fitter's tools and nails, thus avoiding the previous loss of time in searching for them and clearing them away, proved to effect a considerable economy in time thus wasted.

A saving of about 37 per cent was effected in a tin-can factory by providing the workers with sheet metal cut to appropriate size. Over one hour per worker per day was saved by the abolition of needless stooping in order to pick up lids fallen to the floor. In the soldering department the optimum weight of soldering-iron causing least fatigue to the worker was ascertained, and readily adopted both by the management and the worker.

An average increase in output of over 35 per cent was effected in five chocolate-packers, chiefly by the introduction of an improved form of bench on which the workers could arrange their chocolates, so that their work came to depend less upon a series of voluntary decisions than upon rhythmical movements. Preliminary timings had indicated that the packers wasted much effort in discriminating between different chocolates and in overcoming states of mental indecision. The packers spontaneously testified to the fact that, despite their vastly increased output, they went home feeling much less tired after the day's work. The hourly records of output throughout the day bore them out. After the introduction of the new methods of work by the institute's investigators, the output was not only higher throughout the day, but it was maintained at a high level toward the end of the afternoon, instead of falling considerably as under the old conditions of work.

Similar results, involving an increase of over 34, 17, and 16.6 per cent in output, were obtained in packing boxes of mixed confectionery, sweets, and bonbons, respectively. By improved arrangement of material and redistribution of work, a diminution in labor cost of over 16 per cent was obtained in cocoa-packing.

In the process of stalking raisins a new method involving the use of both hands was introduced, yielding an increased output of over 11 per cent. In almond-blanching the introduction of an improved form of desk increased the output by over 23 per cent. Increases of 10, 22, and 30 per cent were obtained in coating chocolate biscuits, making meringues and packing biscuits, respectively. In other departments of the same firm the following increases were obtained by improved arrangement of material and better equipment and redistribution of work: Roll-making, 32 per cent; frame-cleaning, 14 per cent; tin-cleaning, 36 per cent; apple-crushing, 40 per cent; cake-packing, 31 per cent; labelling, 12 per cent; bottle-packing, 18 per cent.

In a Lancashire coal-mine, the miners' confidence was so completely obtained that they consented to be trained in the use of the pick by improved methods recommended by the institute's investigators. The latter spent the first period of their work in familiarizing themselves with mining conditions, and in getting to know the miners and to interest them in the investigation. They were carefully observed at their work and their methods noted. It was observed that energy was needlessly spent in checking the upward stroke of the picking, and in regaining speed for the downward stroke. The investigators trained the workers to wield the pick in a continuous curved path. They also determined the varying optimal rate of swinging the pick, according to the hardness and nature of the material against which it is employed. The weight of the picks also received study, and it was found that many of them, owing to repeated sharpening, weighed only 75 per cent of their supposed weight. A considerable number of groups of miners were trained according to the methods just mentioned. They were found after training to maintain the rhythm they had been taught, and expressed themselves highly satisfied with the new method after the initial difficulties of adaptation had been overcome. Here are a few of their remarks: "I can now use the weight of my body when picking coal." "The movement is easier." "I have more strength at the stroke

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and a better aim." "We are doing better, but cannot say why, except that we feel we are working more smoothly. We also feel more contented." An increase in output of about 16 per cent appears to have resulted from these improved methods.

ILLUMINATION

Experiments conducted by the institute's investigators, partly in the same coal-mine, partly in the laboratory, indicated that greater output would follow the introduction of a brighter and more diffused form of illumination. A miner volunteered to use a porch-lamp giving approximately six times the brightness of the miner's standard electric lamp and being about five times as heavy. He carried this lamp, provided with a translucent glass cylinder, to the coal face for eight weeks. Comparing his and his mate's output during this period with that during a previous and a subsequent eight weeks in which the ordinary lamp was used, the investigators obtained an increase of nearly 15 per cent; the amount of "dirt" sent away with the coal increasing by 47 per cent when the period of improved illumination was succeeded by one of ordinary illumination. As, owing to the nature of the work, only one of the two miners of the group could take full advantage of the increased illumination, it seems reasonable to suppose that this change observed in coal output and in the amount of dirt is an incomplete record of the result obtainable per miner. Further experiments are still in progress on the subject.

VOCATIONAL SELECTION AND GUIDANCE

A series of tests, devised by the institute's investigators for the selection of candidates for coal-getting, is now being put into practice. In two other factories, which, as a result of the institute's investigations, have engaged their own works' psychologists, similar selection tests are being applied, with the object of drafting newly engaged workers to the departments to which their abilities are best fitted.

In the newly established Vocational Guidance Section of the institute, individual cases have been brought to the laboratory for special examination. Group tests are now available for general intelligence, and individual tests for shorthand-typists are now ready for use. Fifty boys and girls of school-leaving age in a school under the London County Council are being tested and examined, with a view to selecting for each the most appropriate occupation. Both parents and teachers have already signified their hearty appreciation of the work, which is a joint investigation by the institute and the Industrial Fatigue Research Board.

TRAINING OF FUTURE INVESTIGATORS

The University of London has recently approved of the institution of an academic diploma in psychology, the syllabus of which is specially adapted for the requirements of the industrial psychologist. Arrangements have been made for a course of lectures in industrial psychology, to be given at the London School of Economics by the senior members of the staff of the institute.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IT was a fortunate moment both for John Galsworthy and for English literature when he first happened to think of the Forsyte family. "The Man of Property," which is still in many respects his best novel, appeared in the year 1906; the Forsytes and their creator became famous. I wonder if at that time Mr. Galsworthy fully realized the magnitude and significance of that particular book. Years later, finding that no matter how many other works he produced, the world persisted in talking about the Forsytes, he returned to the old theme, and with much more success than is customary in such hazardous undertakings. Finally he brought together five books under the sardonic title, "The Forsyte Saga," assembling a prose epic dealing with the conflict between property and beauty. I supposed it contained his last word on the family.

But the Forsytes have now become something more than a theme; they are so close to their maker's heart that they seem essential to his happiness. Thus "The White Monkey," a well-wrought and brilliant novel, takes the Forsytes along into another generation, and we have an accurate picture of contemporary life. One of its most interesting features is the author's treatment of Soames. In "The Man of Property" Soames was a combination of dulness and brutality; he was so repellent that it seemed as if he incarnated everything that Mr. Galsworthy hated. In the later portions of "The Forsyte Saga" Soames rises so rapidly both in moral stature and in amiability that the reader passes from disgust through tolerance, through sympathy, to admiration; in "The White Monkey" Soames is an attractive man. If any reader should turn without pause from "The White Monkey" to "The Man of Property," he would be impressed by the improvement in this man and by the change in the author's attitude toward him. Perhaps it is simply another illustration of the pardon that follows understanding. Soames must have risen in Mr. Galsworthy's estimation before he rose in ours; as one grows older and knows people better, one becomes more tolerant. Young persons, I think, are more apt to be severe in their judgments than their elders.

Two of the most remarkable instances in fiction where a character has gradually gained his maker's respect and affection may be seen in Mr. Pickwick and Dick Swiveller; compare the unpromising first appearance of these men with their development. Dickens could not have imagined any such growth in grace when he conceived of these characters; they won his heart in spite of himself.

Clyde Fitch used to say that he would begin a play with a perfectly definite idea of what his characters were to be and to do; and then the characters would insist on behaving in a totally different fashion and he was forced, in spite of himself, to obey and follow, rather than have his own way with them.

I can never have enough of the Forsyte family; and I am glad that in "The White Monkey" Mr. Galsworthy returned again to the original theme. Incidentally, toward the end of the book, there is a good advertisement for M. Coué.

Mr. Galsworthy, unlike many contemporary authors, always writes like a gentleman, because he cannot help it; not only in reading his books, but in talking with him, he is to me the ideal English gentleman. Virility and intellectual power are accompanied by a lack of affecta-

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tion and by that finest flower of character, "high humility."

He seems to have no theoretical philosophy, because life is to him an insoluble riddle; but his practical philosophy may be summed up in the word "kindness." He is, although he does not know it, a Christian in everything except creed.

Mr. Ansley Newman, of Buffalo, a young man who won many literary prizes in college, nominates for the Ignoble Prize books with uncut leaves. After mentioning one, he says: "But even worse has been the slow progress of slitting my way through my Manaton edition of Galsworthy. There is a set with type that is truly a 'sight for sore eyes' such as mine, and gorgeous paper. But that very paper makes reading a series of ocular hiccoughs, because it is so tough to cut. It seems to me that books with uncut leaves were meant for people who keep their libraries behind glass doors."

Now it so happens that I particularly like books with uncut leaves. They look so attractive that I wish all books except dictionaries, encyclopædias, and reference works would come to me with the leaves uncut. Yet I knew of a citizen in Mystic, Connecticut, who returned a book to the publishers because of this feature. She thought it was not "finished." Uncut leaves have a true literary flavor, though I cannot tell why.

Mr. Newman wishes to join the "I" Club, which reminds me that I have just received a letter from one who perhaps ought to be regarded as the original member. Miss Celia Baldwin, of Denver, informs me that in a book she published in 1880 she came out in her preface uncompromisingly for the first person. I hope there are many of my readers who see I to I with me in this matter.

Few recent books of reminiscences are more entertaining than the anonymous "Uncensored Recollections" and "Things I Shouldn't Tell"; and although the author says he gives himself away in every chapter, I haven't the remotest idea who he is, my acquaintance with the British nobility being extremely limited. In one of the few serious moments in these frivolous volumes, I find the worldly minded author in exact harmony with that gloomy prophet, Jeremiah. He is talking about one of the most interesting and mysterious of all subjects—the human heart. He says:

> Abraham Lincoln once said to Lord Lyons, who told me the fact himself, "There are two people to whom even the most naturally truthful person is apt to tell a lie—not wilfully, of course, but rather out of a desire to be specially correct—the doctor and the interviewer." Lincoln was by no means the extraordinary man silly people have said he was, but merely quite an ordinary man with courage, honesty, and knowledge of men—far more useful in a crisis than a man of genius—but what he then said to our ambassador in Washington is profoundly true, and shows how well Uncle Abe knew that curious hostelry, the human heart; that is, knew it as well as a shrewd student of his fellow beings *from the outside* can know it. Joseph de Maistre says, "I don't know what the heart of a bad man is; but I do know the heart of a good man; and it is a very repellent thing!" But an outside view of human nature teaches really nothing; it is too thickly shrouded in conventionalities, mendacities (both voluntary and unconscious), and the like, to provide any really reliable data. There is only one man who knows humanity as it really is—the Roman Catholic priest to whom the penitent confesses. The father doesn't know; the mother doesn't know; the husband doesn't know; the wife doesn't know; the lover doesn't know; and the mistress doesn't know. But the priest knows; and he alone.

The reason for saying that this *Weltkind* is here in harmony with the prophet Jeremiah is found in the latter's profound remark, "The human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

Speaking of Catholic priests, I cannot agree with my friend John Jay Chapman in his protest against having a Catholic on the Harvard Board of Overseers. I agree with Mr. Chapman in so many things that it is almost a luxury to find myself for once in opposition. He says: "The outspoken purpose of the Roman Church is to control American education." Although I am not a Catholic, I do not believe this. I do not think that Catholics are plotting to control American education; what they want is to control the education of children in their own church; and I cannot see why they should be blamed for this, or why in a country supposedly free they should not be allowed to do it. I was very glad indeed that the Constitutional amendment in Michigan, which would have prevented them from giving their children a religious education,

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was voted down last autumn by an impressive majority.

The great scholar of the seventeenth century, John Selden, wrote in Greek on the flyleaf of every one of his vast accumulation of books, "Above all, Liberty." It is a good motto, and never more needed than in the year of grace 1925.

I knew that my attack on Burke's Speech on Conciliation would shock many, but I have received thus far only one strong protest. Mr. Harry Eugene Kelley, of Chicago, courteously but positively dissents from my opinion, and quotes a considerable number of authorities, all of whom are more weighty than I. Now if there is any right and wrong in a matter of personal taste, these men are right and I am wrong. But my sole object in these essays is to state facts as I like; and to me that famous speech by Burke is a bore. My articles are not hortatory; they are confessional. No candidate for the Ignoble Prize can be received unless it is a shock to orthodox opinion.

When I was in Honolulu in 1916, in the course of a public address delivered on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Punahou School, I said that Hawaii ought to be ashamed that it had no orchestra of its own. I am highly pleased by a letter just received from the Reverend Brewer Eddy, who writes, "This afternoon is the first effort of the Hawaiian Symphony Orchestra of 25 or 30 members! So your words bore fruit."

Those who have travelled all over the world inform me that there are two places which are more beautiful than any others, the Hawaiian Islands and Ceylon. I have never seen Ceylon, but I think, in vernacular phrase, Hawaii will take a lot of beating. It is an earthly paradise. In his old age, Mark Twain used to return again and again in memory to the happy days of his youth spent in those delectable isles; and although I have read many glowing descriptions of their charm and beauty, Mark Twain's account is still the most vivid and the most persuasive.

That admirable newspaper, *The Christian Science Monitor*, recently contained an article by Franklin Snow, in which he commends my emphasis on personality in railway trains. I am glad to be supported by such an authority, not only because it appeals to my vanity, but mainly because I welcome anything and everything that elevates human beings from machines to individualities. One man sees a group of section hands, and he is interested only in the amount of work they can do in a given time; another observer cannot help imagining what goes on in the mind of each worker, where he lives, what is his home life, what are his thoughts and dreams.

The long-awaited "Autobiography" of Mark Twain, while it is not so valuable a book as the "Life" by Paine, contains many pages of intense interest. It certainly repays a careful reading, and all who are interested in the career of one of the greatest of Americans will not neglect this work. With Mark Twain, democracy was a religion, in fact, his only one. Page after page shows his fierce hatred of injustice and cruelty, his fierce passion for individual liberty. Although Mark Twain said that nobody had an original thought or ever made an original remark, I can find no resemblance between him and any other writer. He was unique. His bitterest satires, his hottest denunciations, sprang from his love of justice and his unfathomable tenderness.

Apart from more important ideas in the "Autobiography," his remarks on Night particularly appeal to me. Speaking of his boyhood, he says:

> My repentances were very real, very earnest; and after each tragedy they happened every night for a long time. But as a rule they could not stand the daylight. They faded out and shredded away and disappeared in the glad splendor of the sun. They were the creatures of fear and darkness, and they could not live out of their own place. The day gave me cheer and peace, and at night I repented again. In all my boyhood life I am not sure that I ever tried to lead a better life in the daytime—or wanted to. In my age I should never think of wishing to do such a thing. But in my age, as in my youth, night brings me many a deep remorse. I realize that from the cradle up I have been like the rest of the race—never quite sane in the night.

That last sentence is a true generalization. Why is it that, no matter how long we live, we never outgrow our terror in

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the dark? Why is it that so many thousands of persons wake up suddenly at 2:45 A. M. and are struck with the swiftness and unexpectedness of a blow by some worry, some regret, some remorse, some neglected duty? Why is it that these things torment our minds in the long watches of the night and dwindle to insignificance with the rising of the sun?

Of all forms of religion except Christianity, the worship of the sun seems to me most reasonable. I have been a sun-lover from my earliest recollection. The best thing said about Heaven in the Bible, is that there is *no night* there. I am a child of the morning. To use another Biblical phrase, I have often said, "Would God it were morning!" but never in my life have I said, "Would God it were evening!"

When I was a boy, I saw a picture of a woman carrying her baby in a room dimly illumined by half-light. I remember how ardently I hoped the dimness was caused by the dawn, and not by the evening.

The two summers I spent in California were to me particularly enjoyable because of the perpetual sunshine. Many told me that I should find it monotonous; that I should long for clouds and rain. But I have never found good health monotonous; I have never longed for sickness and pain by way of change. Now that is exactly the way I feel about sunshine. If I were running the world, I should have it rain only between 2 and 5 A. M. Anybody who is out then ought to get wet.

It is interesting to see certain phrases become so popular that they interfere with certain standard works, and then to see them pass away and the standard work remain in its pristine purity. The last line of one of the most famous hymns is

"I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

I can well remember a time when no minister dared give out this hymn in church, because of the popularity of "Pinafore"; but no one to-day thinks of such a relevancy. There was a time when no teacher in school dared call upon a boy to read the last words of "A Tale of Two Cities," because Sydney Carton's number was *Twenty-three;* but who thinks of that ridiculous association to-day?

Some one ought to write an essay on The Decay of the Toothpick. The public use of this implement, however common it still may be, damns its manipulator, and justly so; but for centuries the toothpick was the badge of the gentleman. In Elizabethan days, the young swells paraded in St. Paul's manipulating the toothpick as conspicuously as possible, in order to prove that they had dined; and even so late as a century ago, young men exhibited their gold toothpicks with pride. An individual used the same toothpick for years. I remember in one of Jane Austen's novels—it was either "Sense and Sensibility" or "Emma"—a highly polished gentleman entered a shop and bought a fancy toothpick. The thing must have begun to become unfashionable about the middle of the last century, for I learn by the Detroit *Free Press* that some one has just discovered in the Lansing Law Library "Ye Book of Etiquet," published in 1850, which, in addition to saying that unmarried ladies must refrain from the waltz, tells them "Picking your teeth, however fashionable it once was, has now gone out of fashion."

Unfashionable it is, but alas, not uncommon. Nor is this vulgarity most common in America. I was driven from a hotel in Nice at the point of the toothpick. The French and Russians and Germans in that hotel employed the instrument as though they were performing a religious rite. Nor can I yet understand why it took every person fifteen minutes to perform it.

I recommend to all Scribnerians William A. White's awakening biography of Woodrow Wilson. To read this book is to see a thrilling drama, for Mr. White has made the story more dramatic than many plays. I do not care much for his thesis or theory, which attempts to explain the late President's character by an ancestral combination of the Woodrows and the Wilsons. But his theory—whether correct or not—really makes no difference, for in his introduction he sums up the man very well indeed in one sentence: "He was neither God nor fiend,

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but in his political career rather a shy, middle-aged gentleman with the hoar frost of the cloister upon his public manner, with an academic respect for facts, and with a Calvinistic addiction for digesting the facts into his own God-given truth." Wilson always had more admirers and followers than personal friends; and I suppose he was the best-hated man in the world. The reasons for all this are abundantly supplied by Mr. White. The book is written with great vivacity. I am sure the author enjoyed its composition. It is no compliment to say that it is more interesting than a novel, for the vast majority of novels are extremely dull; but it is safe to say that nearly every reader who begins it will finish it, which cannot be said of most books.

The greatness and littleness of Wilson are well brought out; very few of his contemporaries could have equalled him in his great qualities, whereas millions of commonplace men could easily have avoided his mistakes. No one can read the long Tumulty interview and the Tumulty correspondence without amazement, and without reflecting that great men are sometimes exceedingly small. This aspect of Wilson makes one not only ashamed of him but ashamed of human nature. Yet I believe he was a great man.

I myself had something to do with the elevation of Wilson to the Presidency; and I may add that I never have regretted it. Some seventeen or eighteen years ago, I presided at a Yale Phi Beta Kappa dinner, and on my right hand sat the Honorable William H. Taft; not many months thereafter, he was nominated and elected President of the United States; the very next year I again presided, and this time the President of Princeton, Woodrow Wilson, sat on my right hand; and we know what happened. Then I became tired of the rôle of Warwick, and quit presiding at these dinners, for I feared if I kept at it, I might make a mistake.

During the meal I told Wilson the story of how two men were walking from New Haven to Bridgeport, and after they had walked for an hour, they asked a stranger how far it was to their destination; he said, about twelve miles. They walked another hour, and asked another stranger the same question; he said, about twelve miles. Another hour, another stranger; the same question, the same answer. Then one of the pedestrians turned to the other and said, "Cheer up, Bill, we're holding our own. It isn't getting away from us." The President of Princeton seemed decorously amused.

I was not only amused but interested, when the newpapers reported that during the balloting at the Democratic Convention in 1912, a journalist asked Wilson, "What do you think of your prospects?" And Wilson replied, "Well, once upon a time two men were walking—" and gave the whole story, with the comment, "I'm holding my own."

All who are interested in the theatre, in the American drama, and in the striking personality of the late Clyde Fitch, should secure a copy of "Clyde Fitch and His Letters," a copiously illustrated volume by Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. It is one of the most attractive epistolary works that I have seen in a long time.

In Paris I spent a pleasant and memorable afternoon talking with Emma Eames, my favorite prima donna. She said that once when she sang as Eva in "Die Meistersinger," the man who took the part of Pogner kept talking to her on the stage, and telling her how much better he could sing Hans Sachs's rôle than the one who was singing it on that particular evening. This conversation did not help her at all; but if that was the night when I was in the audience, and I think it was, whatever nervousness and annoyance she felt were not perceptible. She is my favorite prima donna because every time I heard her—and I heard her often—she always seemed to be a little better than her best. She not only never disappointed me, she seemed invariably to prove that sometimes reality can surpass anticipation.

She is a most interesting conversationist, because she has seen humanity not merely from the angle of the artist but from that of actual life. A good American girl, brought up strictly in Maine, then making her début in Paris, her point

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of view was neither narrow nor egotistic. During our conversation that afternoon, I happened to mention a passage in the Book of Proverbs, and, wishing me to verify it, she immediately produced a Bible. I wonder how many operatic stars have a Bible within reach?

I recommend the following books, which will fully repay the reader for his time and attention: Barrie's "Mary Rose," which is a beautiful illustration of Thoreau's saying, "One world at a time"; "Recollections of a Happy Life," by the late Maurice Francis Egan, which is crowded with diverting anecdotes, especially those relating to Theodore Roosevelt; "Quaint Companions," by Leonard Merrick, one of his most interesting novels, a strange study in black and white; Clayton Hamilton's "Conversations on the Drama," containing stenographic reports of his lectures at Columbia, and very good talks they are, on Barrie, Galsworthy, Shaw, O'Neill, Maeterlinck, his idol Pinero, and others—talks that will arouse as much dissent as acquiescence, which all good talk should do; Arnold Bennett's "Elsie and the Child," because every one who read "Riceyman's Steps" will want to know more of Elsie (unfortunately only one of the short stories in the volume is devoted to her); "The Diary of a Dude-Wrangler," by Struthers Burt, because of its vivid account of actual experiences; "Wilfred Grenfell," by Basil Matthews, a sprightly history of one of the most useful men in the world; and "Les Trois Mousquetaires," which I have just read for the *n*th time with undiminished gusto.

Picking up the Chicago *Tribune* in Paris one day, I came upon a quotation from Victor Hugo which is new to me, and as it may possibly be unfamiliar to some other readers of SCRIBNER'S, it is worth repeating. It was contributed to the newspaper, with a good commentary, by Cobb Hall.

> Between two servants of Humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation. . . . Let us say with a sentiment of profound respect: JESUS WEPT: VOLTAIRE SMILED: . . . of that divine tear and of that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization.

Mr. Hall calls the four words "volcanic and majestic."

I cannot help paying homage in these pages to Mr. Mortimer L. Schiff, of New York, who, although a leader of the federation for the support of Jewish philanthropies, gave $25,000 toward the completion of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, with an admirable letter in which he said: "I believe that this great edifice dedicated to the service of God will stimulate the spiritual life of the people of this city and is therefore of such civic importance as to entitle it to the support of the entire community irrespective of religious affiliations. . . . We need that spiritual influence which only religion can supply; we need practical idealism applied to every-day existence; we need cooperation and mutual faith; we need discipline and a sense of duty."

This seems to me an ideal letter, and as it is backed by such generosity, its influence ought to be even greater than its material aid. I never had the honor of meeting Mr. Schiff, but I salute him as representing the highest type of citizen of the world.

For some time I have been collecting the names of the "last survivor" of the Charge of the Light Brigade. He has appeared with some frequency in the papers for the last seven or eight years. I wonder how many are alive. I am indebted to Mr. A. M. Wilson, a Yale undergraduate, for sending me the name of Ellis Cutting, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who, although dying of paralysis, made at the last Presidential election a cross on the ballot brought to his bedside. It is seventy years since these heroes fought, and I hope that Ellis Cutting was not really the last one. He survived until December 11.

One of the greatest living athletic heroes is Mr. W. G. George, who in England in the year 1886 ran a mile in competition in the record time of four minutes twelve and three-quarters seconds, a record that stood for about thirty years. But it is not merely because he ran such a wonderful race that he should be remembered. He was an amateur, and held all the records from one thousand yards to twelve

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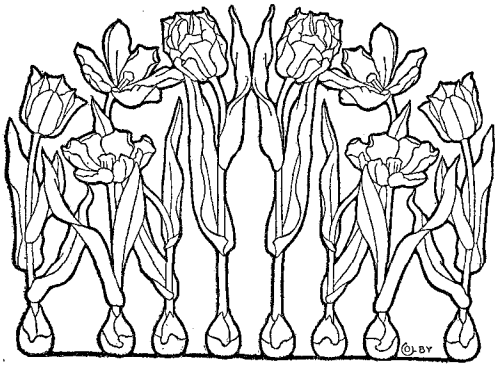
miles; the *professional* championship was held by the late W. Cummings. Mr. George requested permission of the Amateur Athletic Association to run against Cummings in one race, without forfeiting his amateur standing, the proceeds to be given to charity. This request was denied. He therefore gallantly sacrificed his amateur status for this event, beat Cummings, and made a marvellous record. In a London newspaper interview a few months ago, he said that during his trials he ran a mile in four minutes ten and one-fifth seconds, which, although the fastest mile ever run by a human being even until now, cannot stand as an official record. Athletic records always interest me, because I cannot help wondering what is the limit of human capacity. There is a limit, but where is it?

Mrs. D. M. Hughes, of New York, nominates for the Ignoble Prize the word *Xmas* for Christmas. There is indeed no reason for the abbreviation; but the first person to attack this in print is, so far as I know, F. P. A., the accomplished columnist of the New York *World*.

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize all boxes in the theatres—not at the Metropolitan Opera House. There is as a rule only one good seat in a box, and that one is worse than any seat on the floor. Now the box usually contains six or seven persons, all of whom are acutely miserable. The one most favored suffers because she feels all the time that she has taken the only good place, thus depriving the others; the rest suffer because they can see nothing. When you observe a company entering a box, you will see a long and spirited altercation arising from politeness; then, when the matter is finally adjusted, and the curtain is up, you behold the men in the rear, standing, leaning forward, in the vain hope that they may see something. Boxes should be abolished.



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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

A BRIEF note in *Le Gaulois* the other day reported certain ceremonies which had, as a matter of fact, a high significance. They were held at Lyons, in the house in which Pierre Puvis de Chavannes was born on December 14, 1824. Faithful as always to the memory of her illustrious dead, France officially recognized the centenary of one of her greatest painters. We, too, have reason to remember him. He did some of his finest work for the walls of the Boston Public Library, and many of our artists have profited by study of his genius. To the mural decorator and to every student of art who cares for monumental design he is one of the outstanding European figures, an incomparable master. Why, I wonder, has not a more voluminous literature gathered about his fame? Marius Vachon published a good book on his work in 1895. A condensed monograph has since appeared from the pen of M. André Michel, really a collection of illustrations with sketchy text. The exhaustive work by M. Léonce Bénédite has not, that I know of, as yet been published. Marcelle Adam made an amusing brochure out of his numerous caricatures, and of course there has been much writing on the subject in the French periodicals. But very little has been done to bring the man as well as the artist into view, and from all the printed matter available I have gathered less than I have received from M. Joseph Durand-Ruel, who from his boyhood was intimately acquainted with Puvis de Chavannes. I regret my own lost opportunities. He was a painter I greatly desired to meet; I was frequently in Paris prior to his death in 1898, and I knew men like Rodin, who could easily have taken me to his home on the Place Pigalle or out to the studio at Neuilly. Perhaps I was a little hesitant about tackling his Olympian aloofness.

IT is a trait which disengages itself decisively enough from the facts that have been made known about him. Puvis de Chavannes seems to have been a man apart, from the beginning. He came from the old Burgundian noblesse and he was not unconscious of it, reserved, a man of a kind of hauteur, giving of himself freely to those he loved but on the whole keeping himself to himself. The portrait which he painted at twenty-five shows a lean, aristocratic visage, very thoughtful in expression. More expressive of his legend is the portentous full-length painted by his friend Bonnat. It is that of a stately academician. There was nothing academic about him, it is true, but the canvas is eloquent of his dignity, his gravity, his mundane weight.

His father was an engineer and he was destined to follow in the paternal footsteps, but illness interrupted the preliminaries and a journey to Italy gave a new direction to his ideas. Initiated into the world of pictures, he came back resolved to be an artist. He threw himself upon his chosen career not only with artistic ardor but with the warm, human energy of youth, and said, long afterward, that he did not know more about the technique of his craft at this time than he knew about the *argot* of the *rapin*. He liked to tell the story of his encounter with the wife of Lamartine, when he was spending a vacation at Mâcon. She asked him if he painted, and, on his replying in the affirmative, wanted to know if he drew "the figure," meaning did he draw a portrait. "The face?" he answered. "I draw the entire man." His master then was the now fairly forgotten painter, Henri Scheffer, but later, following a second trip to Italy, in the company of his friend Beauderon de Vermeron, he was for a short time in the studio of Delacroix and after that enjoyed the criticism

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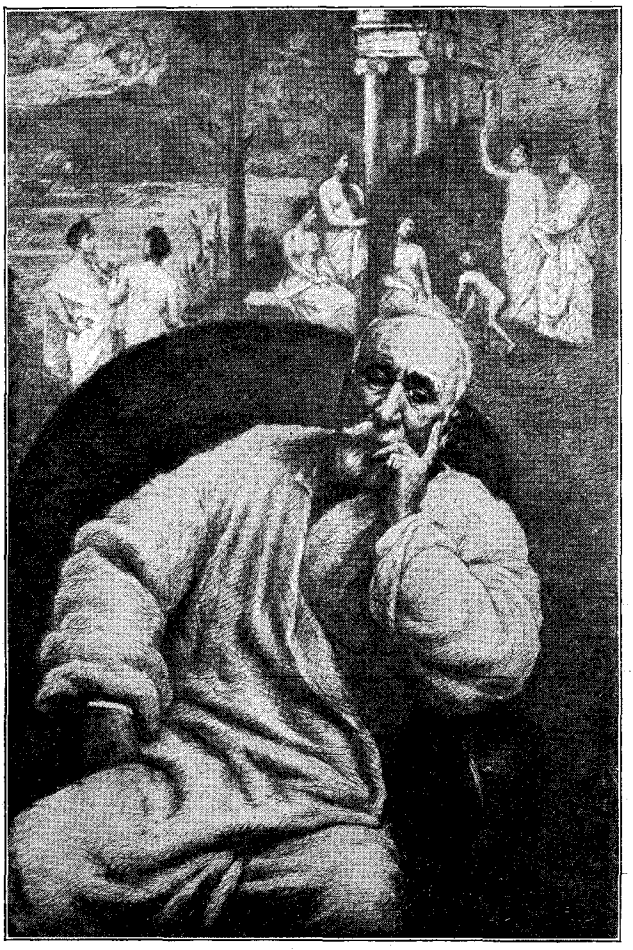
of Couture. I cannot trace in detail the history of his contacts with that remarkable painter and decorator, Theodore Chasseriau, but I know they were close, which I may cite here. The Princess Cantacuzène belonged to Chasseriau's circle, and one of the most brilliant of his drawings is a portrait of her. Puvis de Cha-



Puvis de Chavannes.
From the dry-point by Marcelin Desboutin.

on the authority of John La Farge, who told me about them long ago. It used to amuse La Farge, by the way, to recall the time when Puvis de Chavannes came into the studio of Couture, where the young American was working, and picked him out to pose for one of his figures. La Farge couldn't remember which one it was and would joke about some day getting a lot of photographs together and hunting up his physiognomy. There is another personal souvenir of that distant period vannes succeeded him in her friendship and they were married in his old age.

IN some cases these questions of master and pupil might assume importance. With Puvis de Chavannes they are of slight moment. He was his own man. That, to be sure, was one of the reasons why he became a great painter. He took his own line and fought his battle in his own way. He had to fight. They let him

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into the Salon of 1850, but in 1852 they refused him and for some years he met the same repulse. There were writers on his side, Théophile Gautier and Paul de Saint-Victor among them, but there were others who could not endure his work and in officialdom there were as many malcontents, if not more. It did not matter.

La Pêche.
From the painting by Puvis de Chavannes.

He went on making studies and painting, especially making studies. The nature of those compositions on which his renown is based might well beguile the student to inquire into the matter of the master's intellectual equipment. Paintings like his must necessarily, we say, imply a deep culture. Vachon gives the best commentary upon this idea in a passage he quotes from the painter, asked about the genesis of his designs. "I am ignorant," he replied. "I have no philosophy, or history, or science. I am occupied with my profession." He was sheer artist and, into the bargain, a type of appalling industry.

When he settled in Paris in 1852, joining with his friends Bida, Ricard, and one or two others in the organization of a happy circle, he fixed upon an apartment on the Place Pigalle, which was to remain his home for nearly half a century. He was a rich man, with an annual income of some 200,000 francs, and though there was a studio attached to his quarters he did none of his work there. Painting on a large scale from the outset, he built himself a great studio at Neuilly, with all the mechanism required for the manipulation of vast canvases. Between these two places he led with unbroken regularity a life partly Spartan and partly luxurious. Since he wanted a full day for his work, he would see his friends only in the morning. You could call as early as six but not later than nine. There were always devotees there. One of them was the famous Marcelin Desboutin, nominally the oddest of associates, for he was as untidy a Bohemian as ever lived and his comrade was nothing if not the pink of all the amenities. But Desboutin, like Puvis de Chavannes, was the great gentleman to his fingertips. Legend has it, indeed, that he was really the Marquis des Boutins. M. Clement-Janin, in his biography of the artist, scouts the idea of a noble origin, but it would seem to have had the sanction of Puvis de Chavannes, at all events. They were companions from adolescence and Desboutin was nearly always on hand in the mornings when his friend sat in his white dressing-gown and "held court." I gather that he warmly welcomed all manner of artists to these early soirees, but was rarely intimate with any of them. Besides Desboutin, among those who knew him well, there was Degas (who was entitled to call himself the Comte de Gas), and there

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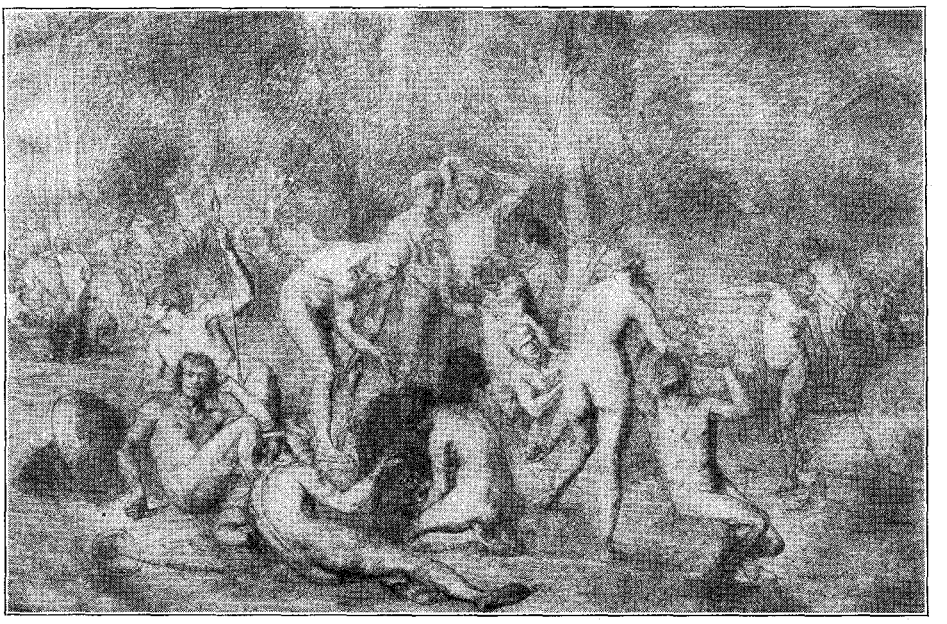

La Paix.
From the drawing by Puvis de Chavannes.

were inevitably divers others, but most of the visitors were, so to say, on professional terms alone with him.

While he talked—and it is said that he was a charming, gracious, deeply interesting talker—he would have his breakfast, consisting of a glass of milk, without so much as a bit of toast or a biscuit. Then at nine he would start out for the long walk to Neuilly, a matter of about two miles and a half. Arrived there, he would work, standing, until the light failed, and without a bite of luncheon. In the dusk he would walk home, dress with the meticulous care of a man of fashion, and dine out in the great world where his personality and his conversational powers made him a constantly desired guest. He was a mighty trencherman. With nothing to keep him going all day but that minute draught of milk he had a heroic appetite for dinner, and his hosts took pains to see that his gigantic hunger was satisfied by food enough for two. He was otherwise sobriety itself. A very little watered wine was all that he wanted to wash down his Gargantuan repasts. As an artist he remained detached from groups as such. He knew Degas, as I have observed, and Manet, Monet, Renoir, and the rest. He had friends, too, in the academic camp. Bonnat was one of his intimates. But he made few ties and thereby suffered no losses. A trait to be mentioned appositely here is his admirable discretion. He never disparaged any one he disliked. M. Durand-Ruel tells me that he often saw him smile but never knew him to laugh.

At Neuilly his labors were assisted by a corps of pupils, who served as instruments in the execution of his paintings. He chose them with great care, paid them well, and altogether carried himself there as elsewhere, with marked poise and dignity. The circumstances of his whole life seem so ordered, so measured, so beautifully balanced, and in so many ways so successful that it seems positively incongruous to find that his work was long a drug on the market. He put high prices on his paintings, disdaining to cheapen them, and was unperturbed when they did not sell. The elder Durand-Ruel bought the famous "Décollation de Saint-Jean Baptiste" out of the Salon of 1870 for 5,000 francs and for fifteen years was unable to dispose of it. At the end of that time

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Puvis de Chavannes, with his characteristic gesture of the *grand seigneur*, insisted upon buying it back. He had that majestic way with him. When he painted the first of the great decorations in the Musée de Picardy, at Amiens, he heard that it was to have neighbors from other hands as yet undecided upon. Promptly he offered to fill all the remaining spaces at his own expense, counting the serious cost as nothing in the balance against the pain of seeing his work in juxtaposition with things in a totally different key. The story of the Boston panels shows delightfully how, for once, the tables were turned upon him. McKim was resolved that Puvis de Chavannes should do the work, and when the committee waited upon the artist it was prepared to make any concessions. He was busy? They could accept any delay. He had not seen the building in Boston? They could send him a model. Then came up the question of cost and he thought he had them. He was really overborne with work, he didn't want to do the thing, and by naming a prohibitive price he would scare off these importunate Americans. They blandly met his figure and he surrendered, to find, as it developed, peculiar happiness in working out one of the loveliest decorative schemes in his career.

A la Fontaine.
From the painting by Puvis de Chavannes.

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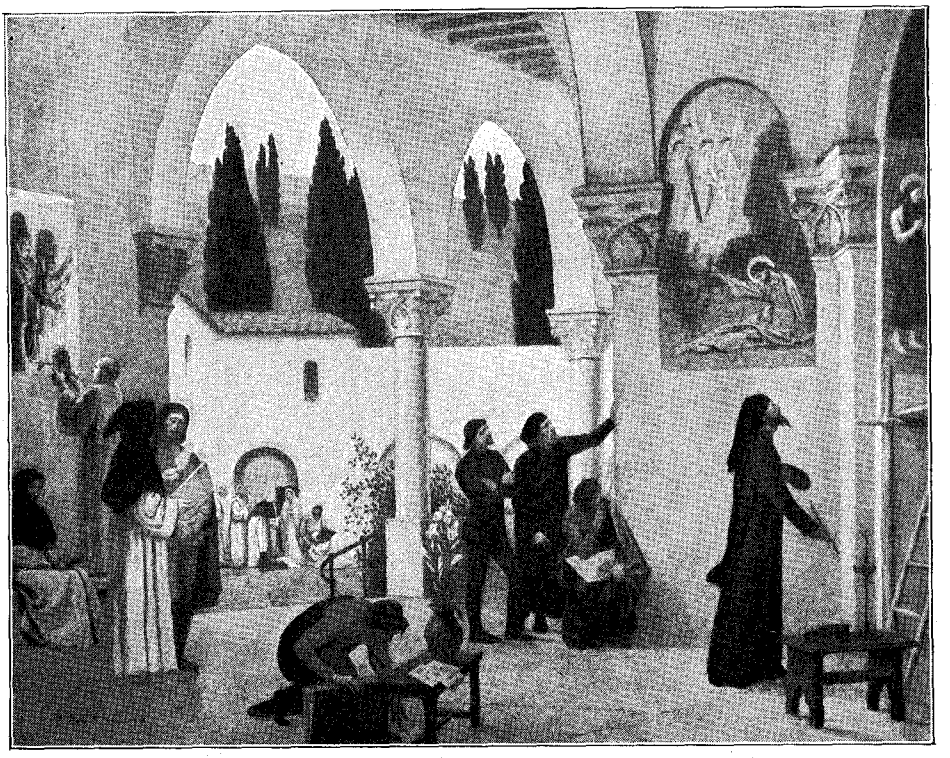

Inspiration Chrétienne.
From the painting by Puvis de Chavannes.

I HAVE alluded to the modesty with which he spoke of his resources in the production of all those schemes of his. The truth is, of course, that he was a born poet, with a brain teeming with ideas and an imagination that instinctively played in the grand manner around grand themes. Apropos of one of his easel pictures, "L'Enfant Prodigue," he used to say that what started him painting it was the sheaf of sketches he had enthusiastically made from a herd of swine once observed in the country. But we may agree with M. Michel not to take this *boutade* too much *au pied de la lettre*. The composition has too much tenderness for that, too much elevation. Elevation, nobility, are inseparable from the work of Puvis de Chavannes. He had, far more than Chasseriau, whose powers of *ordonnance* he otherwise recalls, "the large utterance of the early gods." There is something primeval in the sense of space he gives you, of imposing space peopled by heroic figures. And his heroic forms are always tinctured by beauty. In "Le Travail" and "Le Repos," which date back to the early sixties, his men and women have an antique amplitude and simplicity. They are rather massy figures, types of almost rude strength. Yet they have grace, too, the grace that comes from rich contours, full flowing lines, and, above all, a kind of innate purity. As time went on his faculty for thus transmogrifying life only gained in potency. For whatever he did he required a generous scale. Gautier noted this early in the painter's career. He painted many easel pictures, *chevalet* pieces, as the French call them, and some of them are among his most felicitous performances, but there can be no question about the essential gravitation of his genius to big wall spaces.

He found them in divers important French cities—in Amiens, in Marseilles, and, when once his long fight with the augurs was over, in Paris. His work beautifies the Pantheon, the Sorbonne, and the Hôtel de Ville. Once neglected,

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he became one of the recognized glories of French art, and with the good-will of the government there went also an increase in public appreciation. It dated most decisively from the exhibition that Durand-Ruel organized in 1886. That silenced the scoffers. For the rest of his life

Les Muses

Fragment of the decoration in the Boston Public Library by Puvis de Chavannes.

Puvis de Chavannes was a classic in his own country and was so accepted throughout the world. He is a classic, but that is not to say that he is classical. On the contrary, he breaks with the term as it is implied in the works of Ingres, say, and cultivates a spirit far removed from the spirit of that marmoreal master. There is nothing Greek about Puvis de Chavannes save that humanity which you may discern in the idyls of Theocritus. He lodges his symbolical figures in landscapes that are Virgilian in their sweetness. His groups are freely arranged. There is no Raphaelesque symmetry to his design. The equilibrium he establishes is almost naturalistic. He is nearer to Giotto than he is to the more sophisticated craftsmen of the high Renaissance. Least of all has he any points of contact with eighteenth-century formalism as it was understood in France and as it has been carried through more modern phases by certain of his contemporaries.

THIS side of Chasseriau, Flandrin, and Delacroix, French mural decoration has been largely an affair of picture-making on a large scale. The huge *machin* which is graduated from the Salon to some place in a provincial museum, even when conceived originally for its ultimate position, remains very much the product of a Salon formula. Between Baudry and Besnard there stretches an immeasurable acreage of mural decoration which is picturesque, realistic, effective, and in its commemoration of historical episodes undeniably clever—but it is never an integral part of an architectural ensemble. Baudry offered a handsome solution of this problem in his work for the Opéra, and Besnard has functioned

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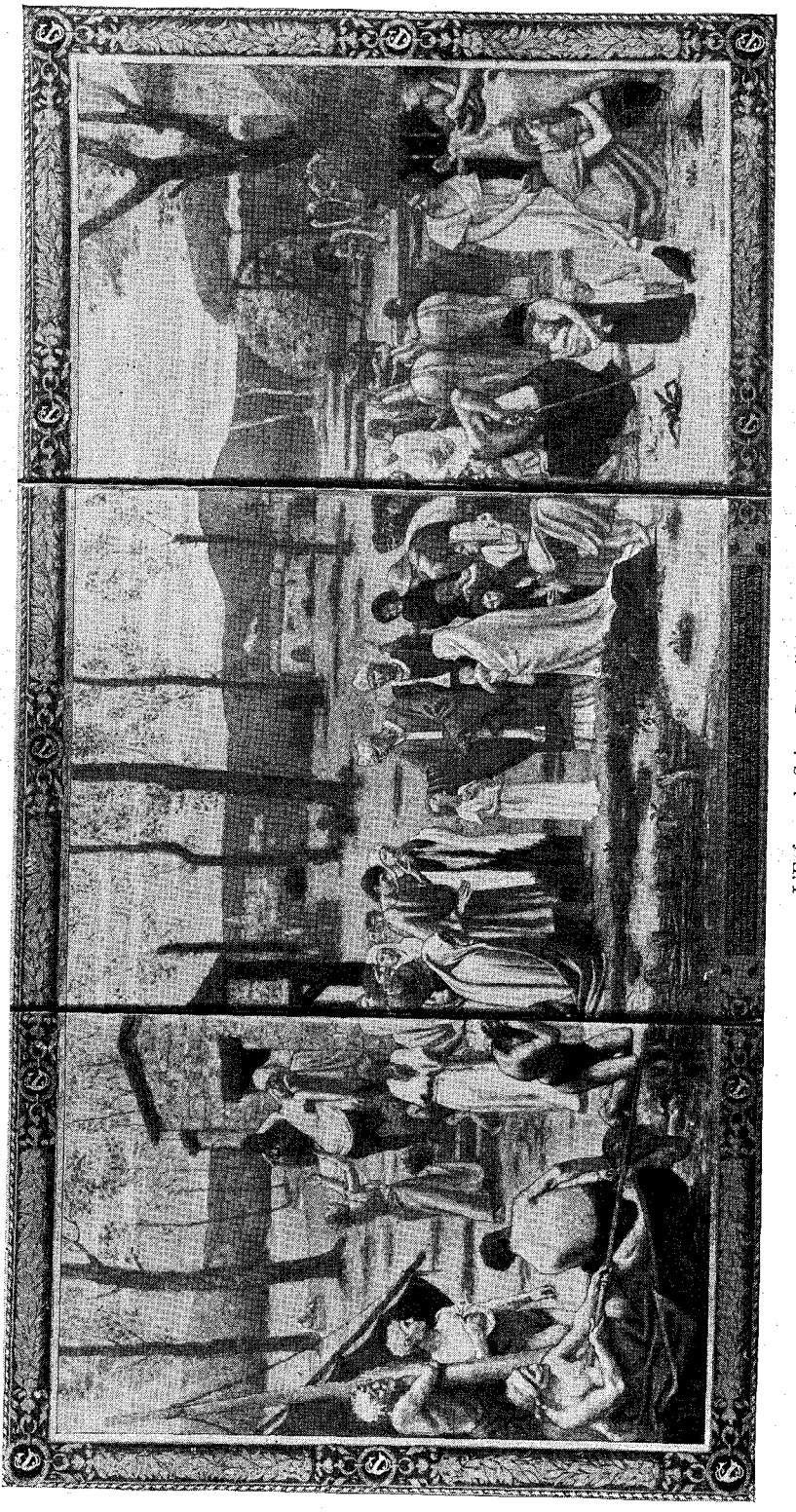

L'Enfance de Sainte Geneviève.
From the original design made by Puvis de Chavannes for his decoration in the Pantheon.

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to the same good purpose, but neither of them ever had the feeling for a wall that Puvis de Chavannes had. He would build up a broad, serene landscape background, distribute his figures against it with the happiest fidelity to that axiom of Whistler's, that the artist is known by what he omits, and, when he laid down the brush, he had somehow given to the wall a new integrity, as just and convincing as it is original. His originality consisted in a grandiose simplicity, a very fresh and interesting development of symbolic motives, and an extraordinarily beautiful gamut of color. It was a gamut of light tones, on the whole, though his love of landscape sometimes led him into wonderfully deep and resonant passages, as in the glorious background of "L'Été," in the Hôtel de Ville. But the tints by which you know Puvis de Chavannes are delicate tints of pale green, quiet violet and rose, subdued white, and an all-pervading gray. I have touched upon his tenderness. He is never more tender than in his color. He drew with great force and suppleness. He modelled with the same august authority. That ravishing fabric of coloration which distinguishes his art is superimposed upon a groundwork of superb construction.

He is a type of French industry, of French discipline, but he had inspiration if ever a painter had it, and the splendor of his work lies in nothing more than in its quality of creative individuality. With the possible exception of Chasseriau—and that only in slight degree—he had no predecessors in his school and he has left no followers. The accent of Puvis de Chavannes is as personal as that of Gluck, with whose music, for some indefinable reason, I am always inclined to associate his designs. He had, no doubt, the minor traits that do so much to make us all kin. He was very sensitive, almost unduly so. Marcelle Adam tells us what happened after Dalou had one day permitted himself to speak lightly of a painting by the master. Several days later Puvis de Chavannes went to dine at the house of Philippe Gille and caught sight of his critic at the foot of the garden. He disappeared as if by magic and presently sent in a note to Madame Gille: "I have seen Dalou. I could not stay. I could not stay." But there was nothing really little in either the man or his work. "To think that he has lived among us!" cried Rodin. "To think that this genius, worthy of the most radiant epochs of art, has spoken to us! That I have seen him, have pressed his hand! It seems as if I had pressed the hand of Nicolas Poussin!" The sculptor made a bust of him, which the painter did not like. He thought it, in fact, a caricature! But there are some words of Rodin's, on the other hand, which I may fittingly quote: "He carried his head high. His skull, solid and round, seemed made to wear a helmet. His arched chest seemed accustomed to carry the breastplate. It was easy to imagine him at Pavia fighting for his honor by the side of Francis I." Thus he endures among the historic painters of France, high-bred, gallant, splendid, doing great things nobly.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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